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AT NINETY MILES AN HOUR.

SAVING A DAY BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC.—EXPERIENCES ON RACING LOCOMOTIVES IN RECORD-BREAKING RUNS.

By Cleveland Moffett.

Illustrated with drawings from life by W. D. Stevens, who, in order to make the drawings, accompanied Mr. Moffett, and took several journeys besides, on the engines and in the cars of the flying mail.

THEY call it a race for a million, but that gives small notion of what has been going on these recent months between Chicago and the Missouri River, ever since the great mail-hustling order was sent out by long-headed managers on the first day of 1899. Huge locomotives, tearing through the night faster than locomotives ever before were driven; rival engineers keyed up beyond what human nerves can bear, but bound to "get there, or smash something;" superintendents, train-despatchers, and their kind lying awake of nights figuring out how the schedule may be shaved down ten minutes—all this is exciting enough; but the struggle now on between the Chicago and Northwestern and the C. B. & Q., or rather the struggle that each one of these roads is making against all records in the world, stands for much more than any paltry million-dollar mail contract that may be awarded from Chicago to Omaha. It stands for a business day saved in crossing the continent. It means that tons of mail from the Atlantic coast now reach California and Oregon so that bankers and business men there receive their drafts and other money papers before three o'clock on a certain day, instead of at noon on the following day. It means a day saved in steamer connections for China and the Orient. And a very clever statistician were needed to say what that is worth.

Thanks to courtesies of railroad officials and post-office authorities, we may now watch the carrying of this transcontinental mail in the hottest, maddest part of its sweep between the oceans; we may journey with it across Illinois and Iowa, where level ground and keenest competition offer such a spectacle of flying mail service as has not been seen before since letters and engines came upon the earth.

It is 8.30 P.M., any night you please, and for miles through the yards of East Chicago lights are swinging, semaphore arms are moving, men in the clicking signal towers are juggling with electric buttons and pneumatic levers, target lights on a hundred switches are changing from red to green, from green to red; everything is clear, everything is all right; the Lake Shore Mail is coming, with eighty tons of letters and papers in its pouches. Relays of engines and engineers and firemen, the picked men of the road and the pet locomotives, have brought these messages, this news of the world thus far on their journey. Up the Hudson they have come and across the Empire State and along the shores of Lake Michigan, nearly a thousand miles in twenty-four hours, which is not so bad. Formerly this same mail reached Chicago at midnight, and did not go on again until three in the morning. Now

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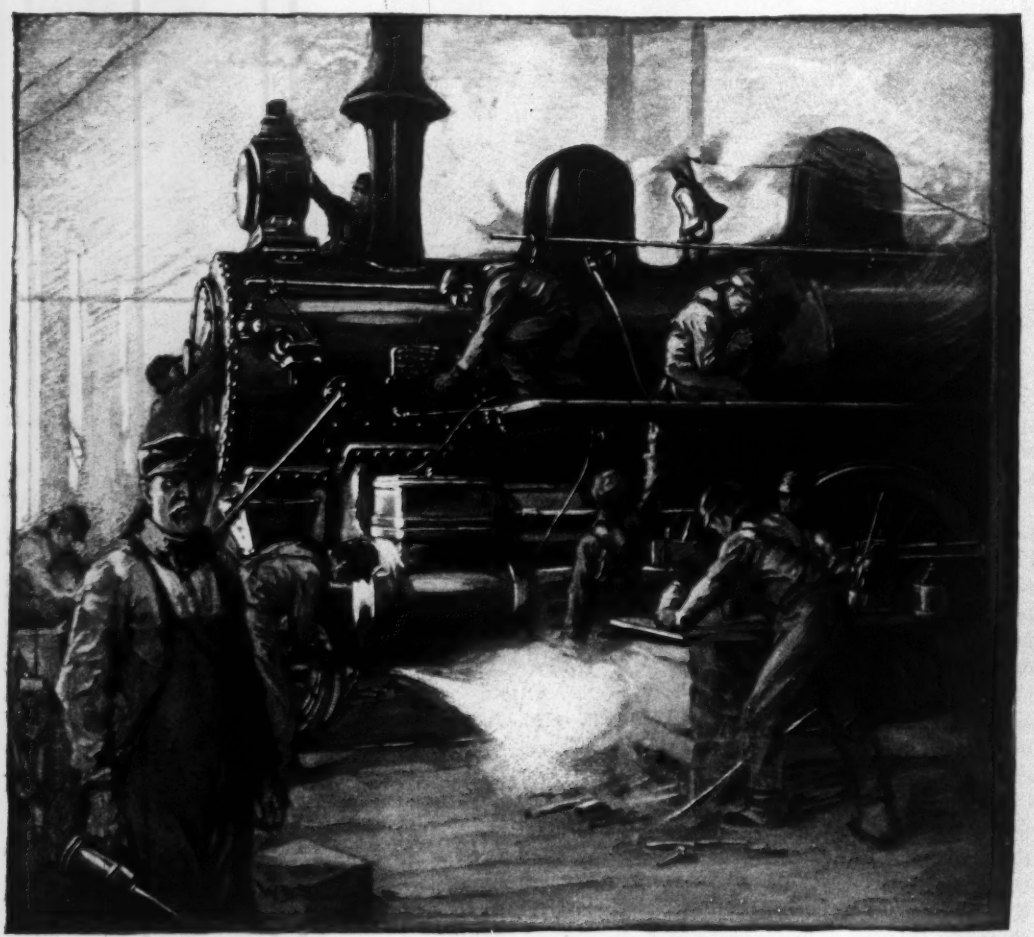
we shall see it start for Omaha in a single hour, and before that, it must be unloaded and piled into vans and hauled across the city, then loaded again. Only a local transfer here; but watch it if you would have some idea of the hurry involved in this business.

Outside the station ten of the largest mail-wagons wait, drawn up like fire-engines, two big horses for a wagon. The platform crew work like circus men packing the big tents away. There is a rumbling of trucks, a bumping and thudding of leather, and presently off go the horses west on Van Buren Street, north on Pacific Avenue, then, swinging into Jackson Boulevard (where no other heavy traffic is allowed), they make a dead run for the river, with the same right of way that ambulances have; and the drivers cease not to ply their whips as they near the bridge: they know that a city ordinance holds the draw for the passage of this mail.

So six wagons reach the Burlington station at Canal Street, with horses in a lather. Meanwhile the others have dashed through Sherman Street and Fifth Avenue to the Wells Street station of the Chicago and Northwestern. This latter is the longer journey by some five minutes, but the Northwestern vans make compensating gain in backing right up to a platform near the waiting train, while the C. B. & Q. pouches must be slid down a chute, then handled on trucks. This whole operation of transfer is accomplished in half an hour, more or less (as the mail is heavy or light); and it is a thing to remember, like some giant foot-ball game, the way these steady-legged, quick-handed men send the



MAKING READY ENGINE 908 OF THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN ROAD.

Before going into the round-house the engine is dumped, watered, and coaled, and her fires are banked, after which she is put on the turn-table and sent into her stall. There she stands and blows while the wipers rub her down, for all the world like a thoroughbred after a race. Some time before she starts out on her run again the engineer comes and directs the last details of making her ready. Dan White, the engineer of 908, is standing in the foreground of the picture.

EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR. 590 OF THE BURLINGTON ROAD ON THE RUN OUT FROM CHICAGO.

Occasionally the warning shrieks of a whistle, or the signal lights ahead, put the engineer and firemen on the lookout. Our picture shows Bullard, the engineer, looking ahead while "hearing and smelling" for possible breaks in the engine, or for a hot box, or for oil burning. Behind him stands Dan, the fireman, looking ahead.

pouches flying out of the vans and into the cars, dragging and tossing and spinning them through the air, until all are stowed away.

And now begins the effort of steam and brain and skill of the hand; now start the trains. Perhaps some distant eye far above can watch them speed to the West, two fire-spots creeping through the darkness in pursuit of the setting stars, one might fancy. Side by side they go, with slight divergence, the Burlington keeping a little more southward; side by side they cross the Mississippi; then come together as the sun is rising, and pause on the Missouri's banks, this stretch over. Both trains cover the 500 miles in about ten hours, including stops, slow-downs, and delays of every kind: which means that both attain a velocity at times of eighty, ninety, or a hundred miles an hour; some claim as much as 120 miles an hour for short distances, but this cannot be verified, since no instrument has yet been devised that will make reliable record of these great bursts. The Northwestern route is ten miles shorter than the Burlington (489.9 against 500.2 miles). On the other hand, the Northwestern flyer leaves Chicago at ten o'clock, while the Burlington train leaves at 9.30.

By schedule time the two reach Omaha at about eight in the morning (the Northwestern at 8.15, the Burlington at 7.55), and no man can say that one is better or faster than the other. Yet this is true, that both do more than has ever been done by any other train in the world running daily.

It is a fine thing to know the men who drive the engines on these trains; just to see them is something, and to make them talk (if you can do it) is better business than interviewing most celebrities you have heard about.

To this end I set out one evening early in January for the great round-house of the Northwestern road that lies in the outskirts of Chicago. A strange place, surely, is this to one who approaches it unprepared; a place where yellow eyes glare out of deep shadows, where fire-dragons rush at you with crunching and snortings, where the air hisses and roars. It might be some demon menagerie, there in the darkness.

To this place of fears and pitfalls I came an hour or so before starting time, and here I found Dan White, one of the Northwestern crack-a-jacks, giving the last careful touches to locomotive 908 before the night's hard run. In almost our first words my heart was won by something White said. I had mentioned Frank Bullard of the Burlington road, a rival by all rights, and immediately this bluff, broad-shouldered man exclaimed: "Ah, he's a fine fellow, Bullard is, and he knows how to run an engine." White would fight Bullard at the throttle to any finish, but would speak only good words of him.

"Tell me," said I, "about the great run you made the other night." From a dozen lips I had heard of White's tremendous dash from Chicago to Clinton, Iowa.

"Oh, it wasn't much; we had to make the time up, and we did it. Didn't we, Fred?"

This to the fireman, who nodded in silent assent, but said nothing.

"You made a record, didn't you?"

"Well, we went 138 miles in 143 minutes; that included three stops and two slow-downs. I don't know as anybody has beat that—much."

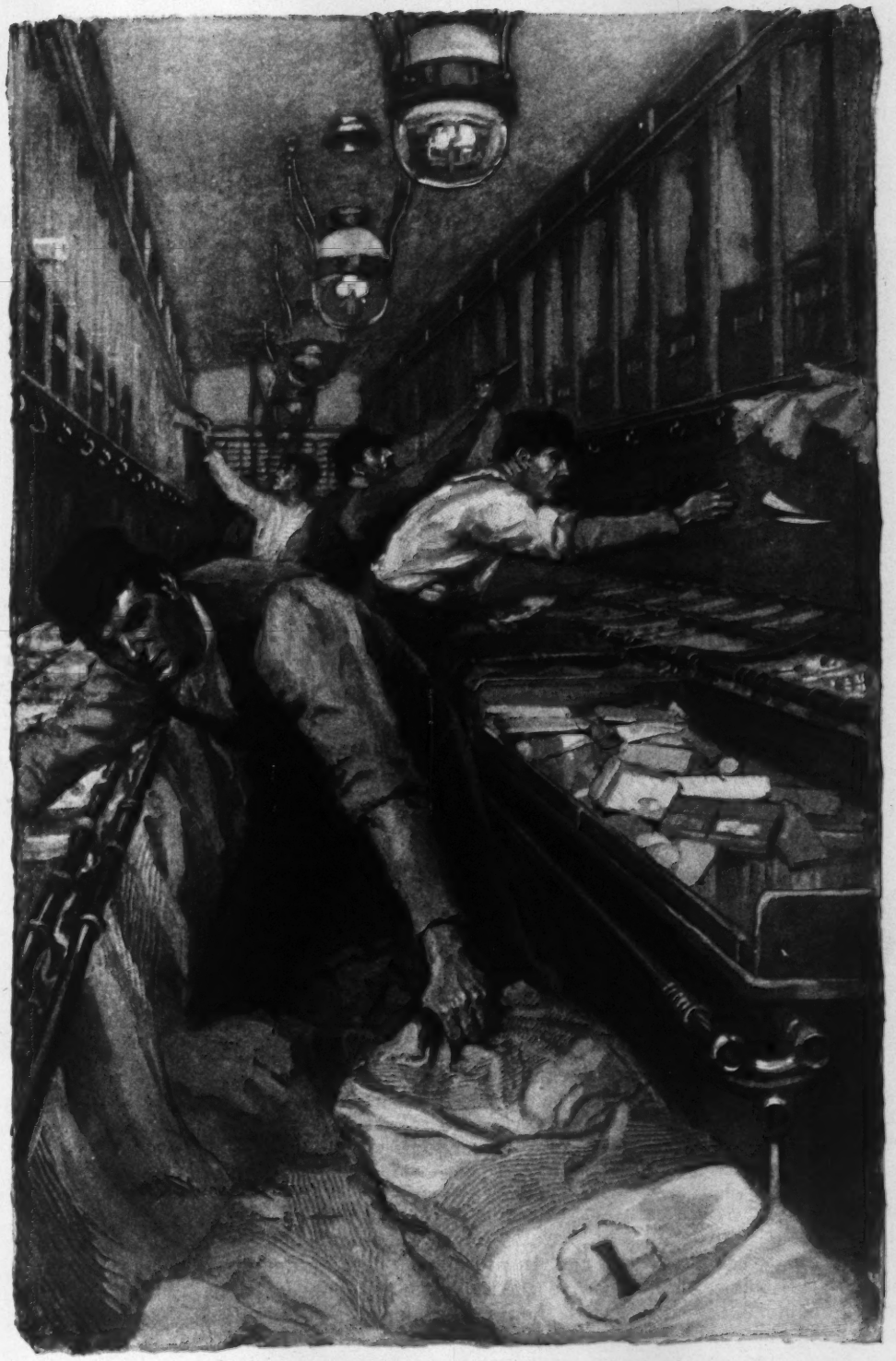
By dint of questioning I drew from this modest man some details of his achievement. The curve-bent stretch of seventeen miles between Franklin Grove and Nelson they did in fourteen minutes, and a part of this, beyond Nachusa, they took at an eighty-mile pace. They covered five miles between Clarence and Stanwood in three minutes and a half, and they made two miles beyond Dennison at over a hundred miles an hour. As the mail rushed west, word was flashed ahead that a hair-raising run was being made, and crowds gathered at the stations to cheer and marvel. Lights burned late that night in farmers' houses, and at every signal station along the way a group of eager men were waiting.

"There must have been 500 people on the platform at Dixon," said White, telling the story, "and they looked to me like a swarm of ants, just a black, wriggling mass, and then they were gone. We came on to a bridge there after a big reverse curve with a down grade, and I guess no one will ever know how fast we were going that night, as we slammed her around one way and then slammed her around the other way. It was every bit of ninety miles an hour. You got all you wanted, didn't you, Fred?"

The fireman looked up, torch in hand, and remarked in a dry monotone: "Goin' through Dixon I said my prayers, and hung on, stretched out flat. That's what I done."

"Fred and I," continued White, "both got letters about the run from the superintendent. Here's mine, if you'd like to read it."

The pleasure of the two blackened men over



AT WORK IN A MAIL-CAR.

On the swaying floor of the mail-car the crew of six clerks work unceasingly for seventeen hours at a stretch, throwing the letters and papers—which go to some 18,000 different post offices—into the 500 letter pigeon-holes and the 120 mail-pouches with which the car is fitted. One of the mail-clerks, to the artist's question, "Do you know, fellows, how fast you have been going to-night?" laconically replied, "No, and we don't want to."

this graciousness of the superintendent was a thing to see. For a bit of crumpled paper such as that White showed me I believe they would have taken the Mississippi at a jump, engine, train, and all. Superintendent's orders, superintendent's praise, there is the beginning and end of all things for them.

It was only a short ride I took this night in the cab of 908, five miles through the yards to the Northwestern station, where the mail-cars were waiting. But I felt the power of the great creature, and thrilled with the throbbing of her brave heart. What splendid courage she has, I thought, as we moved along swiftly among the shadows. How kind she is to us, poor puny men!

As we lay by the platform waiting for orders, White took me down on the tracks, and explained how the switches are operated by compressed air from the towers.

"Listen!" he said; "you'll hear it hiss as the rail moves over. Look out for your feet; it would take one of them clean off if the jam caught it. And it's no fun to lose a foot; I tried it once with this one."

He held up his right foot.

"What's the matter with it?" said I.

"Nothing, only it's half gone. Shoe's stuffed with cotton. Engine driver rolled over it."

TIMING THE FAST MAIL.

During the greater part of the trip described by the author, General Manager Brown and Division Superintendent Rice of the C. B. & Q. sat, watches in hand, by an open door of the storage car. Once Mr. Brown turned to the artist, and closing his watch with a snap, said, "You can say that you have ridden in your life at a much higher rate than ninety miles an hour."

Then he told how a few years before he had been working under his locomotive when she had suddenly started forward (a cylinder cock not carefully closed), and how he managed to escape, all but his right foot.

"I was laid up for a good many months, but the company stood by me nobly; that's the way they always treat disabled men, and here I am to-day as sound as a dollar. Well, good-by, sir."

Five minutes later they are off for the

West, with various Northwestern officials waving encouragement. White's effort and the strength of 908 will take the train's 250 tons one third of the way to Omaha. Then a second engine and engineer and fireman will do a second stretch; then a third relay will finish the run. Three engines, three engineers, and three firemen—these are needed by either road for the journey one way.

The first long ride on one of these splendid locomotives was with the Burlington flyer, with 590 at her head and Frank Bullard at the throttle. It is said that the Baldwin Locomotive Works never turned out a faster engine than this 590. The man must be a giant whose head will top her drivers, and for all her seventy tons, there is speed in every line of her. She is a young engine, too, only four years old, and Bullard swears he will back her in the matter of getting over rails to do anything that steel and steam can do. "She's willing and gentle, sir, and easy running. You'll see in a minute."

These words to me from Bullard, first-class engine-driver of the C. B. & Q., a long, loosely jointed man with the eye and build of a scout. As he spoke they were coupling us to the mail-cars, in preparation for the start. In overalls and sweater I have come, with typewritten authority to make the run that night. This was in the first week in January, the second time Bullard had drawn the throttle for Burlington on the new fast schedule. Burlington lay off there in Iowa, on the Mississippi, with all the night and all the State of Illinois between us.

Now the train stands ready, three mail-cars and the engine, not a stick besides. No Pullman comforts here, no bunks for sleeping, no man aboard who has the right to sleep. Everything is hustle and business. Already the mail-clerks are swarming at the pouches, like printers on a rush edition. See those last bags swung in through the panel doors! Not even the president of the road may ride here without permit from the government.

Bullard takes up a red, smoking torch, and looks 590 over. He fills her cups and prods a two-foot oiler into her rods and bearings. Dan Cleary, the fireman, looks out of his window on the left, and chews complacently. Down the track beside him locomotive 1309 backs up, a first-class engine she, but 590 bulks over her as the king of a herd might over some good, ordinary working elephant. As she stands here now, purring through her black iron throat, 590 measures sixteen feet three inches from rails to stack-top. Both engines blow out steam, that rolls up in silver clouds to the electric lights.

Bullard climbs to his place at the right, and a hiss of air tells that he is testing the brakes. Under each car sixteen iron shoes close against sixteen wheels, and stay there. Down the length of the train goes the repair man with his kit, and makes sure that every contact is right. He then pulls a rope four times at the rear, whereupon four hissing signals answer in the cab. Bullard shuts off the air.

"It's all there is to stop her with," says he, "so we take no chances with it. She's got high-speed brakes on her, 590 has—110 pounds to the inch. Twenty-four, Dan," he adds, and snaps his watch. "We start at thirty."

Dan chews on. "Bad wind to-night," he says; "reg'lar gale."

Bullard nods. "I know it; we're fifteen minutes late, too."

"Make Burlington on time?"

"Got to; you hit it up, and I'll skin her. Twenty-six, Dan."

Four minutes to wait. Two station officials come up with polite inquiries. The thermometer is falling, they say, and we shall have it bitter cold over the plains. They reach up with cordial hand-shakes. I pull my cap down, and take my stand behind Bullard. Our side of the cab is quite cut off from the fireman's side by a swelling girth of boiler, which leaves an alley-way on either side wide enough for a man's body and no wider. Bullard and I are in the right-hand alley-way, Bullard's back and black cap just before me. Dan with his shovel is out on a shaky steel shelf behind, that bridges the space between engine and tender. This is where he works, poor lad! We are breathing coal dust and torch smoke and warm oil.

"F-s-s-s-s-s," comes the signal, and instantly we are moving. Lights flash about us everywhere, green lights, white lights, red lights, a phantasmagoria of drug-store bottles. The tracks shine yellow far ahead. A steady jarring and pounding begins, and grows like the roar of battle. The cab heaves with the tugging of a captive balloon. Our speed increases amazingly. We seem constantly on the point of running straight through blocks of houses, and only escape by sudden and disconcerting swayings around curves that all lead, one will vow, straight into black chasms under the dazzle. Who-

ever rides here for the first time feels that he is ticketed for sure destruction, understands that this plunging engine must necessarily go off the rails in two or three minutes, say five minutes at the latest; for what guidance, he reasons, can any man get from a million crazy lights, and who that is human can avoid a snarl in such a tangle of bumping switches? I am free to confess, for my own part, that I found the first half hour of my ride on 590 absolutely terrifying.

Thus, at break-neck speed, we come out of Chicago, all slow-going city ordinances to the contrary notwithstanding. We are chasing a transcontinental record schedule, and have fifteen minutes to make up. I breathe more freely as we get into open country. We are going like the wind, but the track is straighter, and the darkness comfortable. I begin to notice things with better understanding. As the lurches come, I brace myself against the boiler side without fear of burning: that is something learned; I find out later that I owe this protection to a two-inch layer of asbestos. I catch a faint sound of the engine-bell, and discover, to my surprise, that it has been ringing from the start; indeed, it rings without ceasing all the way to Burlington, the rope pulled by a steam jerking contrivance, but the roar of the engine drowns it.

Deep shadows enwrap the cab, all the deeper for the glare that flashes through them every minute or two as Dan, back there on his iron shelf, stokes coal in at the red-hot door. Two faint lights burn for the gages—a jumping water column in front, a pair of wavering needles on the boiler. These Bullard watches coolly, and from time to time reaches back past me to turn the injector cock, whereupon steam hisses by my head. For the most part he is quite still, like an Indian pilot, head forward at the look-out window, right hand down by the air-brake valve, left hand across the throttle lever, with only a second's jump to the reversing lever that rises up from the floor straight before him. As we race into towns and roar through them, he sounds the chime whistle, making its deep voice challenge the darkness. At curves he eases her with the brakes. And for grades and level stretches and bridges he notches the throttle up or down as the need is. Watch his big strong grip on the polished handles! Think of the hours he spends here all alone, this man who holds life and death in his quick, sure judgment!

Now he catches the window frame and slides it open. A blast sweeps in like an Arctic hurricane. Bullard leans out into the night and seems to listen. "Try it," he cries, but his voice is faint. I put my head out, and come into a rush of air billows that strangle like breakers.

"Greggs—Hill—three—miles—long. Let—her—go—soon." He closes the window. And now, as we are clear of the grade, begins a burst of speed that makes the rest of small account. Faster and faster we go, until the very iron seems alive and straining underneath us. I am tossed about in hard pitches. The glow of the furnace lights up continuously. There is no sense of fear any longer. It is too splendid what we are doing. Of course it means instant death if anything breaks. Let the massive side rod that holds the two drivers snap, and a half-ton knife sweeping seventy miles an hour will slice off our cab and us with it like a cut of cheese. Did not an engineer go to his death that way only last week on the Union Pacific run? After all, why not this death as well as any other? Have we not valves and tubes in our bodies that may snap at any moment?

"How—fast?" I call out.

"Eighty—miles—an—hour," says Bullard close to my ear, and a moment later pulls the rope for a grade crossing. "Ooooo—Ooooo—Oo—Oo," answers the deep iron voice, two long and two short calls, as the code requires. "Year—ago—killed—two—men—here," he shouts as we whizz over the road. "Struck—buggy—threw—men—sixty—feet." I wonder how far we would throw them now.

In the 206 miles' run to the Mississippi we stop only twice—for water, at Mendota and at Galesburg—nine minutes wasted for the two, and the gale blowing harder. Our schedule makes allowance for no stops; every minute from our actual going is so much "dead time" that must be fought for, second by second, and made up. Drive her as he will, with all the cunning of his hand, Bullard can score but small gains against the wind. And some of these he loses. At Mendota we have made up seven minutes, but we pull out thirteen minutes late. At Princeton we are fifteen minutes late, at Galva fourteen minutes, at Galesburg eight minutes, but we pull out twelve minutes late. Then we make the last forty-three miles, including bridges, towns, grades, and curves, in forty-four minutes, and draw into Burlington at 1.22 A.M.—on time to the dot. This because Bullard had sworn to do it; also

DAN WHITE, THE ENGINEER, AT HIS POST.

In the cab of 908, of the Chicago and Northwestern Road, on the run.

because the road beyond Galesburg runs west instead of southwest, and it is easier for a train to bore straight through a gale, head-on, than to take it from the quarter. But be sure of this, that whoever covers forty-three miles of railroad in forty-four consecutive minutes travels much of the way at an eighty or ninety-mile pace.

We took the big, steady curve at Princeton, a down-grade helping us, at a hundred miles an hour, so Bullard declares, and what he says about engine-driving I believe. Indeed, these great bursts can be measured only by the subtle senses of an expert, since no registering instrument has been devised to make reliable record. Across the twin high bridges that span the Bureau creeks we shot with a rush that left the reverberations far back in the night like two short barks. And just as we rounded a curve before these bridges I saw a black face peering down from the boiler-top, while a voice called out: "Wahr—wahr—wahr—wahr." To this startling apparition Bullard, undisturbed, replied: "Wahr—wahr—wahr—wahr." Then the head disappeared. Dan was telling Bullard that he had seen the safety light for the bridges, first visible on his side, and Bullard was answering something about hitting it up harder. How these men understand one another in such tumult is a mystery to one with ordinary hearing, but somehow they manage it.

Half way between Kewanee and Galva a white light came suddenly into view far ahead. I knew it for the headlight of a locomotive coming toward us on the parallel track. Already we had met two or three trains, and swept past them with a smashing of sound and air. But this headlight seemed different from the others, paler in its luster, not so steady in its glare. The ordinary locomotive comes at you with a calm, staring yellow eye that grows until it gets to be a huge full moon. But it comes gradually, without much jumping or wavering. This light danced and flashed like a great white diamond. I watched it with a certain fascination, and, as it came nearer and nearer, realized that here was a train of different kind from the others, coming down on us at terrific speed. And Bullard shouted: "Number—Eight—with—the—mail." Then added as she passed like the gleam of a knife: "She's—going—too."

And going she certainly was, as I learned the next day at the company's office in Burlington. For sixty-two minutes they had held her at Council Bluffs, this train No. 8, this East-bound flyer, waiting for the Union Pacific mail. She had started for Chicago one hour and two minutes late—and she made the time up. Her last relay from Burlington was done by big locomotive 1083, Sam Dove driving her, and they ran the 206 miles in 213 minutes, stops, slow-downs, everything counted; or 206 miles in 200 minutes actual running time. So when these sister trains came in sight, there near Kewanee, they were hurrying together at an easy rate of 180 miles an hour. No wonder the headlight danced!

At about half-past one this memorable night, with the Mississippi River at my back, I entered a little hotel that faces the Burlington station. My head rang as if I had been swinging on some great church bell. And when the night clerk saw me, he nearly laughed in my face, for I was black with smoke and coal dust. Here was a change of plan. I had thought to go straight through with the run to Omaha; but Bullard's personality, the charm and the mystery of it, had tempted me to linger for a talk with him. It was plain I might ride a lifetime on 590 and learn nothing for all the chance of conversation there would be: as well try to converse with an officer leading a charge of cavalry.

But the next day, with comfortable rocking chairs to sit in, and cigars to smoke, and a row of hotel windows before us, Bullard and I found time for engine chat, and I was well content. First I asked him about putting his head out of the cab window there at Greggs Hill—and elsewhere. "Was it to see better?" said I.

"No," said Bullard; "it was to hear better and to smell better!"

"Hear what? Smell what?"

"Hear the noises of the engine. If any little thing was working wrong, I'd hear it. If there was wear on a bearing, I'd hear it. Why, if a mouse squeaked somewhere inside of 590, and the mouse didn't belong there, I guess I'd hear it."

Then he went on to explain that the ordinary roar of the engine, which drowned everything for me, was to him an unimportant background of sound that made little impression and left his ears free for other sounds.

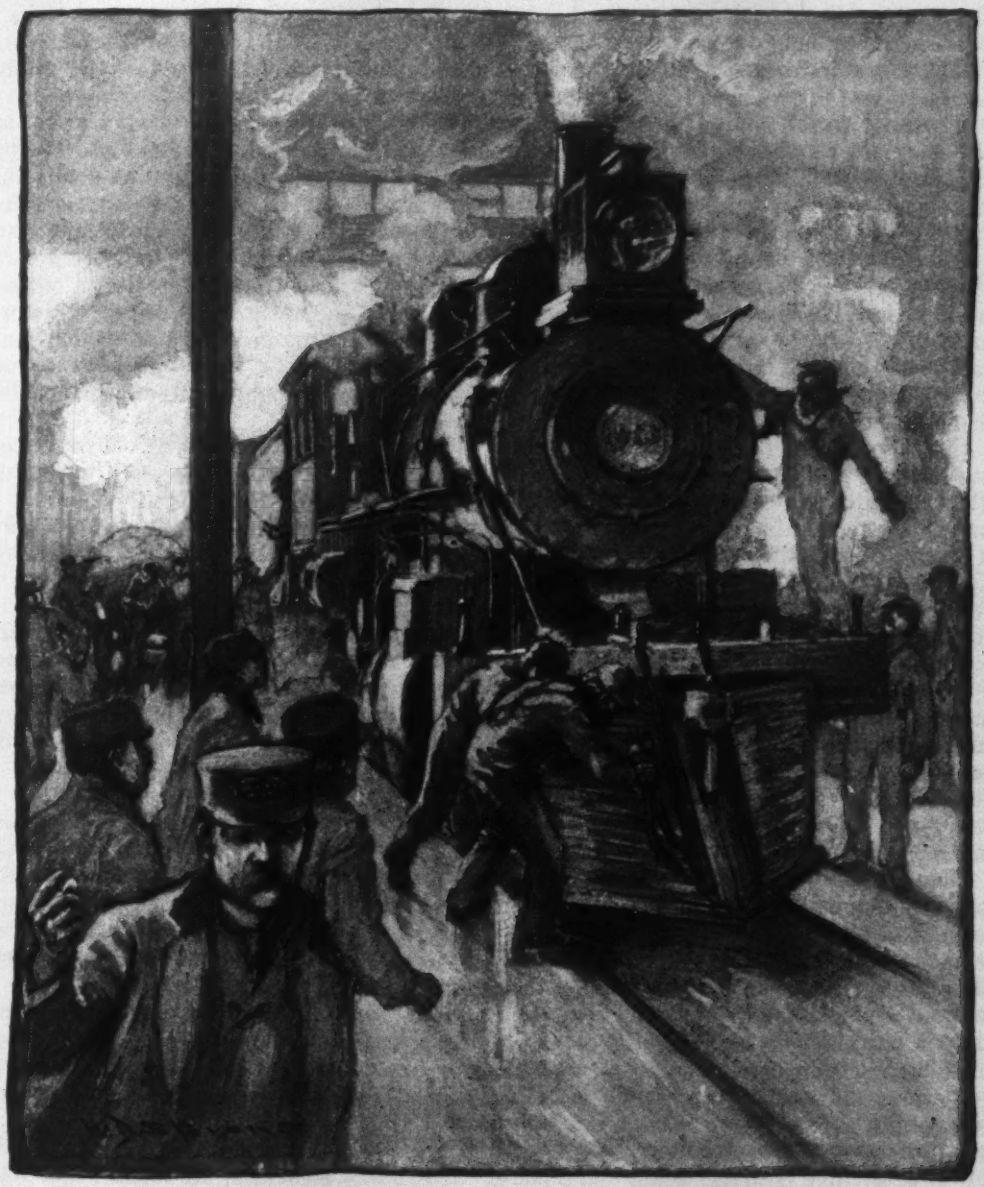
"I get so accustomed to listening to an engine," he added, "that often up home, talking with my wife and child, I find myself trying to hear the sounds from the roundhouse. And often, after a run, I talk to people as if they were deaf."

"You spoke about smelling better."

"That's right. I can smell a hot box in a minute, or oil burning. All engineers can. Why, there was——"

This led to the story of poor Giddings, killed on 590 three years ago, through this very necessity of putting the head out the cab window. Giddings had Bullard's place, until death came, and he was one of the most trusted men in the Burlington employ.

"You saw last night," said Bullard, "how the boiler in 590 shuts off the engineer from the fireman. And probably you noticed those posts along the road that hold the tell-tale strings. They're to warn crews on freight-car tops when its time to duck for bridges. Well, Giddings was coming along one night between Biggsville and Gladstone—that's about ten miles before you get to the Mississippi. He was driving her fast to make up time, sixty miles an hour easy, and he put his head out to hear and to smell, the way I've explained it.



THE ARRIVAL IN CHICAGO.

A minute or two after Engine 1003 of the C. B. & Q. R.R. has brought the mail-train into the Chicago depot.

"There must have been a post set too near the track, and anyway 590's cab is extra wide; so the first thing he knew, and he didn't know that, his head was knocked clean off, or as good as that, and there was 590, her throttle wide open, tearing along, with a fireman stoking for all he was worth, and a dead engineer hanging out the window.

"So they ran for eight miles, and Billy Maine—he was firing—never suspected anything wrong, for of course he couldn't see, until they struck the Mississippi bridge at full speed. You remember crossing the bridge just before we pulled in here. It's 2,200 feet long, and we always give a whistle of extra warning before we get to it, and then slow down. That's the law," he added, smiling, "and besides, there's a draw to look out for. When he heard no whistle this time, Billy Maine jumped around quick to where Giddings was, and then he saw he had a corpse for a partner."

Another question I asked was about stopping a train at great speed. "I've done it," said Bullard, "in 950 feet, pulling five cars, that were making about sixty-two miles an hour. I don't know what I could do with this new train, only three cars, and going ninety miles an hour. That's a hard proposition."

"Would you reverse her?"

"No, sir. All engineers who know their business will agree on that. I'd shut the throttle off, and put the brakes on full. But I wouldn't reverse her. If I did, the wheels would lock in a second, and the whole business would skate ahead as if you'd put her on ice."

Then we talked about the nerve it takes to run an engine, and how a man can lose his nerve. It's like a lion-tamer who wakes up some morning and finds that he's afraid. Then his time has come to quit taming lions, for the beasts will know it if he doesn't, and kill him. There are men who can stand these high-speed runs for ten years. But few go beyond that term, or past the forty-five year point. Slow-going passenger trains will do for them after that. Others break down after five years. Many engineers, skilled men, too, would rather throw up their jobs than take the run Bullard makes. Not that they feel the danger to be so much greater in pushing the speed up to seventy, eighty, or ninety miles an hour; but they simply cannot stand the strain of doing the thing. And even a man of Bullard's stoical temperament comes down from his cab so exhausted after a run like ours that he must rest entirely for twenty-four hours before he can make another one. Thus an engineer of this special class draws full pay—$185 a month—for working on alternate days. And for the three relays between Chicago and Omaha, six engineers are required to take the flyer West, and six engineers to take it East, twelve men, the flower of the road, for a round trip of a thousand miles, and twelve firemen to help them.

"This doubling up is what breaks my heart," said Bullard. "Since they've put on their new schedule, I have to divide 590 with another fellow. John Kelly takes her on the fast run East while I wait here and rest. And so I've lost my sweetheart, and I don't feel near as much interest in her as I did. You see, she ain't mine any more. And between you and me," he added, confidentially, "I don't think 590 likes it much herself; you see, engines are a good deal like girls after all."

We talked next of the coal and water consumed between Chicago and Burlington, seven tons of the one, and 5,000 gallons of the other. Then summing it all up, I asked Bullard what he really thought of the new fast schedule and the speed they have to make.

"It isn't for me to think," said Bullard; "but I'll tell you this, it's the hardest game I ever got up against. My wife says she hopes for just one thing: that they won't start me off some night too far behind time."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," he answered with modest hesitation, "my wife knows that if they do, I'll—I'll—why, she knows I'll make it up. And even as it is, she don't sleep any nights until she hears my long whistle over the bridge."

Good luck to Bullard, I say, and all men of his kind.

That night, in workman's garb again, I made my way to a gloomy round-house, ready for the run to Omaha. I was to ride the second relay, as far as Creston, on locomotive 1201, with Jake Myers in the cab, so I had been informed. Being hours ahead of time, I saw something of round-house life.

First, I followed a gaunt, black-faced Swede, with stubby beard, through his duties as locomotive hostler; saw him take the tired engines in hand, as they came in one after another from hard runs, and care for them as stable hostlers care for horses. There were the fires to be dropped in the clinker pit, coal and wood to be loaded in from the chutes, the water-tanks to be filled,

sand-boxes looked after, and, finally, there was the hitching fast of the weary monsters in empty stalls, whither they were led from the lumbering turn-table with the last head of steam left over dead fire-boxes. And now spoke the Swede:

"Dem big passenger engines can werry easy climb over dem blocks and go through the round-house." This from Gus Andersen, as he showed me past a great semicircle of cold engine-noses, ranged along not two feet from the brick wall.

Later on, in the dimly-lighted locker-room, I listened to round-house men swapping yarns about accidents, and to threats of a fireman touching a certain yardmaster set apart by general consent for a licking.

Finally an Irishman came in, James Byron, and for all his good-natured face he seemed in ill humor. It turned out that he had just received a hurry order to take 1201 out in Myers's place.

"Jake is sick," said he, "and they've sent for me. But I'm sick, too. Was in bed with grip. Just took ten grains of quinine. Say, I ain't any more fit to run an engine than I am to run a Sunday-school."

Then he began pulling on his overalls, while the others laughed at him, told him he was "scared" of the fast run, and said good-by with mock seriousness.

But Byron showed himself a good soldier, and soon was working over 1201 with a will, inspecting every inch of her, torch in hand, and he assured me he would take her through all right, grip or no grip.

And take her through he did. At 1.16 A.M., my old friend, locomotive 590, brought the flyer up from Chicago, six minutes ahead of the schedule. Kelly had done himself proud this time. And six minutes later, on time to the minute, we drew out behind 1201, with Byron handling her, and seventy tons of mail following after.

Our fireman was named Bellamy. He wore isinglass goggles against the heat, and, in his way, he was a humorist, as I discovered presently, when he came near me (we were running at a sixty-mile gait) and, grinning like a Dante demon, remarked slowly: "Say—if—we—go—in—the—ditch—will—you—come—along?"

The first feature of this run was some trouble with a feed pipe from the tank, which brought us to sudden standstill in the open night with a great hissing of steam.

"What is it?" I asked of Bellamy, while Byron, grumbling maledictions, hammered under the truck.

"Check-valve stuck; water can't get into the boiler."

"How did he know it?"

"Water-gage."

"What if he hadn't noticed it?"

Bellamy smiled in half contempt. "Say, if he hadn't noticed it for fifteen minutes, we'd have been sailing over them trees about this time—in pieces. She'd have bust her boiler."

Five minutes lost here, and we were off again, running presently into a thick fog, then into rain, and, finally, into a snow storm. Never shall I forget the illusion, due to our great speed, that the flakes were rushing at us horizontally, shooting upward in sharp curves over the engine's headlight. And, as we swept on, the shadow of 1201 advanced beside us over the stretch of white snow as smoothly and silently as the tail of an eclipse. The engine itself was a noisy, hurrying affair, but the engine's shadow was as calm and quiet as a cloud. And I recall that the swiftness of our rush this night caused in me neither fear nor any particular emotion. Yet this was practically the same experience that had stirred me so the night before on 590.

We reached Creston on time, as Byron said he would, and of what happened during the last relay from Creston on, or what engine drew us, or who the engineer was, I have no knowledge, for I passed the early morning hours in troubled sleep, curled up on a pile of pouches in the rear mail-car. I may add that my sleep was troubled for good and sufficient reasons: first, because there was need of changing my hard couch at intervals so that the crew could handle what I was sleeping on; also because the motion here is even more violent than on the locomotive. There were double curves in western Iowa that made those mail-cars look like a battlefield. It was bundles of newspapers flying through the air, and poor devils of mail-clerks stretched on the floor hugging the iron racks. Any one who, as a boy, has indulged in the noble sport of "cracking the whip" will understand why the mail-car at the tail of a train gets more swing on a hard fast curve than the engine at the head. And as for danger, there is really much more here than anywhere else, for the mail-cars rest light on their trucks, compared with the great mass of a locomotive. Besides that, a locomotive's weight is low, while tons of pouches in the mail-cars, often piled nearly to the roof, lift the center of gravity high.

Not on this ride, then, but on subsequent

ones, both on the Burlington and the Northwestern, I got an idea what duty it is a man undertakes in choosing the career of railway mail-clerk. And frankly, I can think of no occupation that puts harder tax upon mind and body. To begin with, the mail crew, during their "on days," which alternate with "off days," are called upon to work sometimes seventeen hours in twenty-four; one set of men, for instance, begin handling the mail at 3 P.M in Chicago, and keep at it steadily until they reach Omaha at 8 A.M. the following day. Furthermore, they must remember and have literally at their fingers' ends such a mass of names, places, railroad routes, etc., as would cause the despair of a lightning calculator. Each clerk on this run must know the precise location of 1,079 separate post-offices in Nebraska, of 1,904 in Iowa, of 1,800 in Ohio (only a part), of 1,100 in Michigan (only a part), of 1,200 in Missouri (only a part), of 720 in Colorado, of 660 in South Dakota, of 705 in Illinois (only a part), of about 1,000 in Pennsylvania, and so on for Indiana, Wisconsin, and all the Western States.

In addition to these separate places, amounting to about 18,000 in all, each mail-clerk must know, and be able to say instantly, how any particular letter will reach its destination by the quickest and best connection; that is, must have an intimate knowledge of a labyrinth of large and small routes, spreading over the whole region. To test his readiness of information, I took up a handful of letters from one of the pouches and read off the towns to one of the men, who answered thus, in mail-clerk jargon:

Elk Creek—"Columbus and Atch. Lincoln south."

Nelson—"Neb. City and Superior. Number two."

Ainsley—"Lincoln and Bill. Train forty-one. Number two."

Liberty—"K. C. and Ox. Wymore east."

Carleton—"St. Jo and Grand Island, via Jotown."

Julian—"Omaha and K. C. Train ten. South of Neb. City."

Rock Bluff—"Goes to Plattsmouth (Dist.) no office."

Oak—"Lenwood and Superior. Seward east."

Friend—"Peajack and Denver. Number one."

And so on for letters and papers without end, all dealt out swiftly, hour after hour, through the night, into some 500 pigeon-holes, in ten letter-cases (this for a single car), and some 120 pouches packed in neatly through the car's length, with mouths held open by iron frames.

And the head man of the crew (six in all) must see to it that the mail is so assorted and classified that the Galesburg pouch for Santa Fé connections will be ready to throw off at Galesburg, and the two Burlington pouches ready to throw off at Burlington, and the five Ottumwa pouches ready at Ottumwa, and so on, the work being done stage by stage, as the flyer rushes westward. And every man of the crew must stand for his own mistakes—at the throat of each pouch being placed, before it is closed the name of the clerk who filled it. No wonder these young men require four or five "days off" after a like number of "days on" for the work of studying and memorizing. And right well do they earn their wages, which vary from $900 to $1,300 a year, and which stop (perhaps this is worth noting) on the very day when one of them is killed in the discharge of his duty, for the pension system of our government has never been extended to these obscure heroes of the pouches, who, nevertheless, are called upon to expose their lives continually.

So, every day of the year now, with weary clerks, but well-assorted mail, these wonderful rival flyers of the Northwestern and the Burlington draw into Council Bluffs at about eight o'clock in the morning, as their schedules require. Before January 1, 1899, this mail would have reached Council Bluffs at 2.45 P.M., nearly seven hours later, the start having been five hours and a half later. And within half an hour of its arrival at Council Bluffs it is carried to Omaha, shifted from train to train at the Union Pacific transfer, and is rushing westward once more, with fresh locomotive, engineer, and mail crew. And so it advances in its course, from relay to relay, from State to State, from railroad to railroad, until the through pouches land in San Francisco ninety-eight and one half hours after their departure from New York, which is a gain of from fifteen to eighteen hours over any previous mail record. Even so, this gives a transcontinental average of less than thirty-five miles an hour, counting all the time spent, which shows what a fine achievement it is in practical railroading, this run from Chicago to Omaha at a fifty-mile rate, counting everything. Were the same effort put forth all the way, we should have a regular three days' mail service between the oceans. And that is sure to come!

Karnak, January 2, 1898.

SKETCHES IN EGYPT.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

II.

SOME Egypt-bound tourists decide to go up the Nile before they buy their tickets at the company's office in Bowling Green. Others, if they are good sailors, make up their minds before they reach Naples. Some are ill all the way to Port Saïd, and don't care. But most travelers are pretty sure to decide one way or the other soon after Mount Etna has been left behind, for the East begins for most people from that moment. If the guide-books fail to persuade you, there is pretty sure to be a fellow-passenger who will. The man who has once seen Upper Egypt does his best to make you dissatisfied with Lower Egypt. He can easily show you that your journey's end is not Cairo, but, at the very least, the first cataract. This is the shortest distance he will listen to. And after he has your promise to go that far, he tells you of the wonders that can only be seen by going on to the second cataract.

A Karnak beggar.

My fellow-passenger was an old traveler. Others besides myself fell under the spell of his eloquence; so, before we had been at Shepheard's a week, we were a party of six, with the steam *dahabiyeh* "Nitocris" chartered for a month, beginning December 12th. There were growing plants, rugs, and a piano on her deck, and six staterooms below. Salem Ghesiri was our dragoman. He spoke good English, and knew the river by heart. Before we left, a few days were spent in buying cork hats and sun umbrellas, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th the crew had unloaded the

Temple of Ti.

trucks that had brought our belongings down from Shepheard's and we had started, with the wind and the current strong against us, and barely making six miles an hour against them.

On our left were the mud houses of Old Cairo, with ancient quarries in the distance, and on the right, far beyond a forest of slanting masts that belonged to the picturesque ships that lined the bank, were the tops of the pyramids that we were leaving for a month. As evening approached, the right bank seemed peopled with silhouettes of camels, donkeys, and men, while the figures on the opposite bank were rose color. To us the day was cool, but to the crew it must have been cold, for their heads were wrapped in shawls and they huddled together in groups about the deck. The awning over us had been removed, and Ali, the pilot, looked like a partly unwrapped mummy as he sat at the wheel.

Those who go up the river in a *dahabiyeh* like to feel that they are in the same boat with the travelers whose books they read from New York to Port Saïd. This would be a very pleasant feeling, if it did not suggest the responsibility of keeping a record of days that, from all accounts, are sure to be of so much importance. There is a sentimental belief that each day on the river is to be of the greatest importance, just as if thousands of tourists on Cook's steamers were not taking the same journey each year. Even letters home seem to take the form of historic biographies, and sound like messages that are sometimes found floating in bottles thrown overboard by shipwrecked people.

The Nile seems to insist that all mention of it should be made in the form of a diary, for, with very few exceptions, all accounts adopt that mode of expression when they come to it. Cairo and Upper Egypt may be treated in the form of essays, but the endless parallel banks of the river immediately suggest that all days will be very much alike and lose their identity, unless they are numbered and described. It seems to be of the greatest importance to find the best way to spell the name of the mud village where you tie up for the night, which name most of the guide-books spell differently, as if it made any difference to the people at home.

But the diaries on the "Nitocris" during that month were very conscientious and particular about these small things, and I think they will all agree in their spelling, for each one of us waited until the other two had agreed upon the most popular way to spell the name of a village before we wrote it down.

We soon made friends with our crew.

There were sixteen of them. They were from every part of Egypt, and of all colors, shading from the engineer, who was a cream-colored Turk—when his face was washed—to Ali, who must have been a Sûdanese. Our head steward was almost as black, and the second steward was another of the cream-colored variety. We seldom saw the cook. Sometimes he would put his head and shoulders out of the hatchway with his arms on the deck, and then we could see that he was a little, white-faced Turk with a large black mustache.

Salem was a Syrian Christian, and he had lost all his earnings in an unprofitable exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. His costumes were always elaborate, and he was very ornamental, with his silk sashes and fancy turbans. He superintended our meals, and always suggested the next day's programme during dinner; so with our coffee we would read aloud Charles Dudley Warner's and Miss Edwards's opinions of our next stopping-place.

Lunching in Karnak.

After our first dinner we tied to the bank, by a little village: Salem said, just big enough to have a name. It was dark, and we could hear and see nothing; so we took his word for it.

We were off early the next morning, and all that day the river's banks were fringed with sugar-cane and sakiehs. The many boats we passed were loaded with natives, sometimes perched upon loads of grain, or mixed in with turkeys and cattle.

On December 14th, we made our first landing and had our first donkey ride, at Beni Hassan, 171 miles from Cairo. The Egyptian policemen who accompanied us to the tombs were out of keeping with the peaceful look of the place, and only succeeded in keeping at a distance the children, who were very pretty.

From the cliffs back of the village we had our first view of the valley of the Nile, with its delicate green fields, beginning immediately at the foot of the sun-baked hills on which we stood. I rode back before the rest to make a sketch, but the arrival of the post-boat put an end to that, and its passengers soon had our donkeys, beggars, naked children, policemen, and all, and were taking them back to the tombs we had just left. The post-boat was to us what the foot-prints in the sand must have been to Robinson Crusoe. Our frame of mind underwent a change. We finally became reconciled to the fact that we were not doing anything uncommon, and from that moment our diaries suffered. Then the most contagious of all Nile ambitions seized us, and our one desire was to find a mummy.

Most of the 15th was spent with Baedeker, preparing for Assiut, where we were to tie up for the night.

After an early breakfast, we climbed the bank, and found that it was chiefly inhabited by beggars. We visited the tombs, and came back to the *dahabiyeh* by way of the bazaars, where the natives were dyeing the dark blue cloth which they all dress in. That afternoon we came upon an army of pelicans on a mud flat in the middle of the river. At the sound of our whistle they got up, and we lost them far ahead in the twilight, and we thought of that tame pelican that waddles about in Shepheard's stable-yard.

Ali, the pilot.

The next day we went by mud villages at the foot of high mountains of white limestone, until we stopped at Farshut for coal, and tried to awaken some sign of friendliness in the natives, who were as dull as the mud banks on which they sat.

On the afternoon of the 18th, we reached Keneh, and in fifteen minutes we were on donkeys, going by villages filled with barking dogs and children, on our way to the temple of Dendera. This was to be our first big temple, and Salem had made it his chief excuse for hurrying us away from Beni Hassan, Assiut, and the rest. Our donkeys raced along the edge of an empty canal, through herds of goats and buffalo, until we saw a low pile of stones in the distance, and then we reached the half-buried temple, and lit candles, and went down into it and looked up at the mighty columns. Salem repeated all that the guide-books knew, and then took us around to the back wall and

Most of the day was spent with Baedeker.

showed us the famous likeness of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion.

Salem was pleased with the way we took our first temple, and rewarded us by saying it was only the beginning of what was to come. We complimented him on his choice of subjects, blew out our candles, picked the candle grease from our fingers, and reached the *dahabiyeh* by sundown.

By one o'clock, on December 19th, we were abreast of the promised Karnak, and could see the top of its pylons and obelisk. We had saved most of our enthusiasm for this place, and we were anxious to get ashore and expend it, and reluctantly went by it a few miles to Luxor for a better landing, where we were watched by a bank-load of natives until four o'clock. Then we walked through them to the village and temple of Luxor, which served as a curtain raiser to the next day's visit to the greatest of all temples.

Our Christmas dinner, Esneh, December 23.

That evening a Cook's steamer arrived, and we were deserted by the crowd on the bank. After dinner Ghesiri entertained the sheiks of the donkey boys and made arrangements for our mounts for the next day. Two of us volunteered to go to the village and locate the dancing that the guide-books said could be found here, but we learned that, for some reason, there was to be none until the following Saturday.

The next day was spent at Karnak, where Ghesiri led us over its famous stones, until lunch was brought from the "Nitocris," and served in a colonnade surrounded by columns resembling huge granite lozenges, piled at all angles one on top

Christmas, 1897.

of the other, like ancient friends, those who had fought successfully with time supporting those who had been less fortunate; and apart from the rest, requiring no support, and with no friends to be helped, stood the greatest column of them all, the lonely survivor of the great peristyle court, with its lotus capital, looking down on all but its lonely rival, an obelisk. It looks as though it had been polished and placed there the day before, in striking contrast to its unfortunate mate, which centuries ago gave up battling with earthquakes and wars and lay, a hopeless ruin, at its feet.

We spent the next three days at Karnak and Thebes, saving

On the bank at Komombos.

the Tombs of the Kings until we should stop again, on our way down from Assuan.

And now the important question was, where should we spend Christmas? The better we knew Karnak and Thebes, the more forbidding they had grown. They were too stiff and formal, and their great rigid Rameses too depressing, for a Christmas. We wanted a cheerful temple, and we found it at Komombos.

We left Karnak on the morning of December 24th, and spent Christmas Eve at Edfu. That night the deck was entirely housed in by canvas. The crew sat in a circle back of the smoke-stack, and while they divided the cigarettes we had bought for

Thebes, January 2, 1898.

them at Luxor, they listened to our "Down upon the Suwanee River."

Christmas morning we came on deck, and found that Ghesiri had transformed it into a bower of palm branches, sugar-cane, and oranges. The crew were all smiles, and when we presented them with the price of a sheep, they gave us three cheers and a merry Christmas. More cigarettes were distributed, and shortly after breakfast we started for Komombos.

There was little in the day to remind a New Englander of Christmas. In the lightest clothes, we sat about the deck and watched the villages go by. It was good to see our old friends the water-wheels and cheerful sakiehs again. They looked better to us after our somber stay at Karnak. Early in the afternoon we came to Komombos, the temple we were looking for, and tied to the river's bank just below it; and if you must be traveling on Christmas, there can be no better place to stop.

At Komombos the never-resting Nile has worked its way to the foot of the little hill on which the temple is making its last stand against time. Some kind friends have covered the bank with stones, but the river is slowly wearing them away, and sooner or later it will claim its own; and it will be a pity, for Komombos' temple is dainty in comparison with Karnak, where great stiff Rameses stand with their arms folded across their breasts in very much the same manner in which the real arms are held in the glass case at the Gizeh Museum.

At Karnak there were miles of half-buried walls, and cut deep in them gigantic figures of Rameses, with one hand raised about to strike off the heads of enemies done up in bundles like asparagus and held by the hair of their heads, while armies are shown flying in confusion. The bas-reliefs at Komombos are more cheerful and cut with greater skill.

Guardians of the Temple.

They represent the ancient gods of Egypt in their more playful moods, floating down the Nile, spearing miniature hippopotamuses and crocodiles, with here and there a triumphant procession. The *débris* of the forgotten city that once covered Komombos has been removed, and the great hall, with its Holy of Holies now exposed to the light of day, is swept by the wind as clean as a Dutch kitchen; and yet the carvings are as fresh as the day they were made. From the "Nitocris" to the temple is only a few steps, through some sugar-cane. It was a novel experience finding no donkey-boys with their patient and sleepy donkeys.

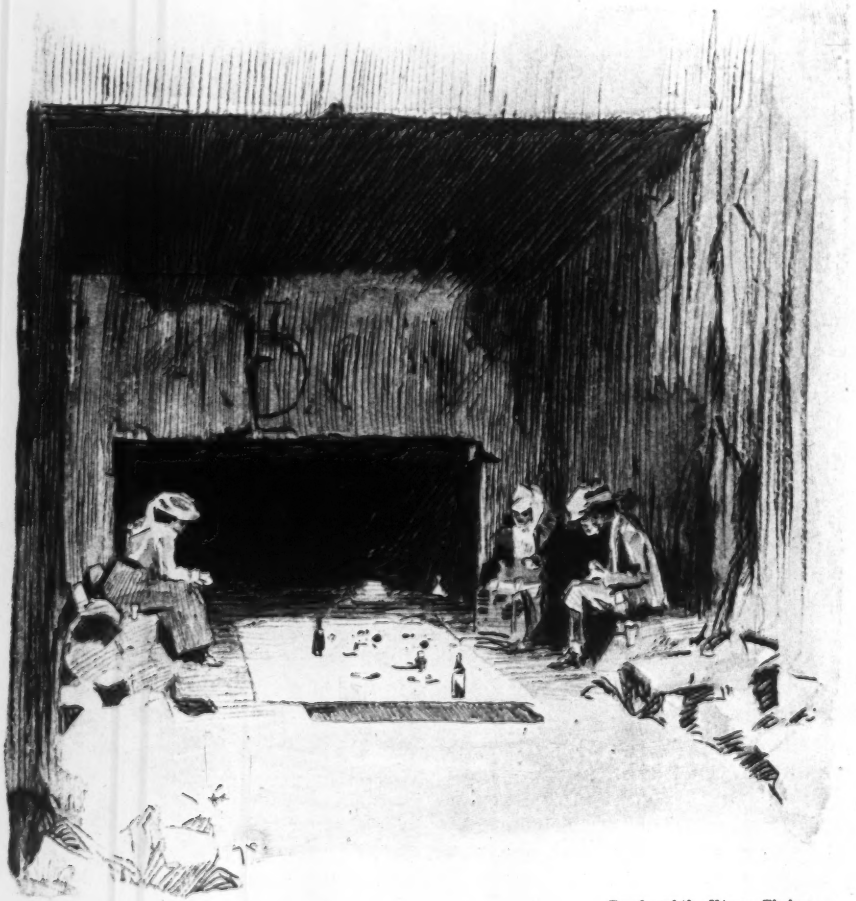
But the natives were different from any

we had heretofore seen, and proved that we were getting into real Africa. They were mostly Nubians, and very black, and our preconceived idea of what an African should be.

Komombos and Philæ are the only temples we climbed up to, and it seems to me that they, above all others, lend themselves more readily to the sentimental tourist. It is easier for the imagination to people them; they are more like dwellings.

After tea had been brought from the "Nitocris" and served in its portals, we all decided that Komombos would be the temple to own. That evening the crew hung lanterns around the deck among the sugar-canes and palms, and after dinner they gave an exhibition, which started well enough with a dance by the first mate.

Since then I have found that all travelers on the Nile are likely to have this same experience. We were proof against the "Dhabir Devil" that the guide-books had warned us against, but "Baedeker" had made no mention of the possibility of this entertainment happening to us; still the crew went at it as though it was an old story with them, and as I write this there may be some unsuspecting tourist about to go through with it. It sounds very good-natured on the part of the crew; and if the entertainment had stopped when the mate had finished the dance, it would have been well enough; but the dance was only to hold our attention while the others were getting ready, and then the dreary horse-play began. There was a barber-shop scene, in which flour paste was used and a door-mat acted as a towel. A crew that mutinies is tame compared with an Egyptian crew that act. We stopped them as soon as we could without hurting their feelings, and they later subsided and formed a circle back of the smoke-stack. The rest of the evening was spent in entertainment of our own choice, and we soon forgave the crew, and by midnight all was still but the river, that never rests.



Tombs of the Kings, Thebes.

During the summer of 1898, I made the trip from Ashcroft, British Columbia, to Glenora, on the Stikine River, by means of pack train. The trail as it runs is about one thousand miles in length. It was filled with men, lured into the wilderness by the hope of finding gold. Some were on the trail to prospect, some to hunt, but most of them were bound for Teslin Lake. They struggled forward, month after month, over a trail which drew upon the best energies of both man and beast, for a period ranging from seventy to ninety days. It was a journey in a forest, and, for the most part, under gloomy skies. It led to failure at the end, and suicide and murder marked it with tragic dashes of red.

In the midst of prose descriptions of this singular caravan, certain moods and scenes seemed to demand verse, and the following poems were written during the actual journey. Some were written on horseback, as I plodded along at the head of my little pack train. I have left them pretty nearly in their original bluff, rude form, in order that the flavor of the actualities of the trail should not be lost.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

I.

I.—THE GOLDEN SEEKERS.

I saw these dreamers of dreams go by,
I trod in their footsteps a space;
Each marched with his eyes on the sky,
Each passed with a light on his face.

They came from the hopeless and sad,
They faced the future and gold;
Some the tooth of want's wolf had made mad,
And some at the forge had grown old.

Behind them these serfs of the tool
The rags of their service had flung;
No longer of fortune the fool,
This word from each bearded lip rung:

"Once more I'm a man! I am free!
No man is my master, I say.
To-morrow I fail, it may be—
No matter, I'm freeman to-day."

They go to a toil that is sure,
To despair and hunger and cold;
Their sickness no warning can cure,
They are mad with a longing for gold.

The light will fade from each eye,
The smile from each face;
They will curse the impassible sky,
And the earth when the snow torrents race.

Some will sink by the way and be laid
In the frost of the desolate earth,
And some will return to a maid,
Empty of hand as at birth.
But this out of all will remain—
They have lived and have tossed;
So much in the game will be gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost.

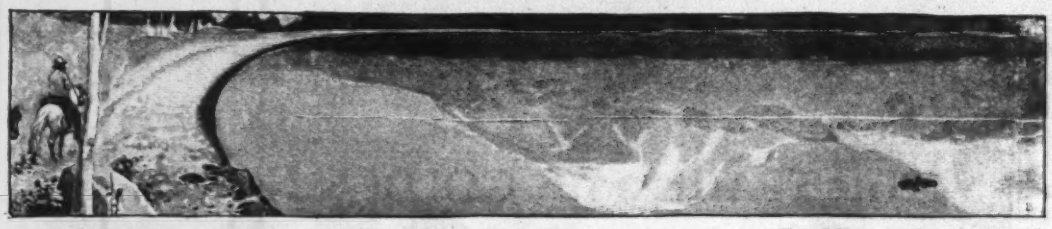
II.—THE LONG TRAIL.

We tunneled miles of silent pines,
Dark forests where the stillness was so deep
The scared wind walked a-tip-toe on the spines,
And the restless aspen seemed to sleep.

We threaded aisles of dripping fir;
We climbed toward mountains dim and far,
Where snow forever shines and shines,
And only winds and waters are.

Red streams came down from hillsides crissed and crossed
With fallen firs: but on a sudden, lo!
A silver lakelet bound and barred
With sunset's clouds reflected far below.

These lakes so lonely were, so still and cool,
They burned as bright as burnished steel;
The shadowed pine branch in the pool
Was not less vivid than the real.



"These lakes so lonely were, so still."

We crossed the great divide, and saw
The sun-lit valleys far below us wind;
Before us opened cloudless sky; the raw,
Gray rain swept close behind.

We saw great glaciers grind themselves to foam;
We trod the moose's lofty home,
And heard, high on the yellow hills,
The wildcat clamor of his ills.

The way grew grimmer day by day,
The weeks to months stretched on and on;
And hunger kept, not far away,
A never-failing watch at dawn.

We wallowed deep in mud and sand;
We swam swift streams that roared in wrath;
They stood at guard, in that lone land,
Like dragons in the slender path.

Yet still we rode right on and on,
And shook our clenched hands at the sky.
We dared the frost at early dawn,
And the dread tempest sweeping by.

It was not all so dark. Now and again
The robin, singing loud and long,
Made wildness tame, and lit the rain
With sudden sunshine by his song.

Wild roses filled the air with grace,
The shooting star swung like a bell
From bended stem, and all the place
Was like to heaven after hell.

We watched the timid leaves out-thrust;
We saw the fruit grow from the flower;
We saw the wild goose mate and nest,
And the young duck grow to flight and power.

We watched the mountains, robed in pride,
Shake off their kingly cloaks of snow;
We saw the streams unite, and slide
To granite gateways far below.

We lost all reckoning of season and of time;
Sometimes it seemed the bitter breeze
Of icy March brought fog and rime,
And next November tempests shook the trees.

It was a wild and lonely ride.
Save the hid loon's mocking cry,
Or marmot on the mountain side,
The earth was silent as the sky.

All day through sunless forest aisles,
On cold dark moss our horses trod;
It was so lonely there for miles and miles,
The land seemed lost to God.

Our horses cut by rocks, by brambles torn,
Staggered onward, stiff and sore;
Or broken, bruised, and saddle-worn,
Fell in the sloughs to rise no more.

Yet still we rode right on and on,
And shook our clenched hands at the cloud,
Daring the winds of early dawn,
And the dread torrent roaring loud.

So long we rode, so hard, so far,
We seemed condemned by stern decree
To ride until the morning star
Should sink forever in the sea.

Yet now, when all is past, I dream
Of every mountain's shining cap.
I long to hear again the stream
Roar through the foam-white granite gap.

"All day through sunless forest aisles."

"Do you fear the wind?"

The pains recede. The joys draw near.
  The splendors of great Nature's face
Make me forget all need, all fear,
  And the long journey grows in grace.

I crouch behind a rock and see
  His storm of snows go by.
He too is subject of the sun,
  As all things earthly are;
Where'er he flies, where'er I run,
  We know our kingly star.

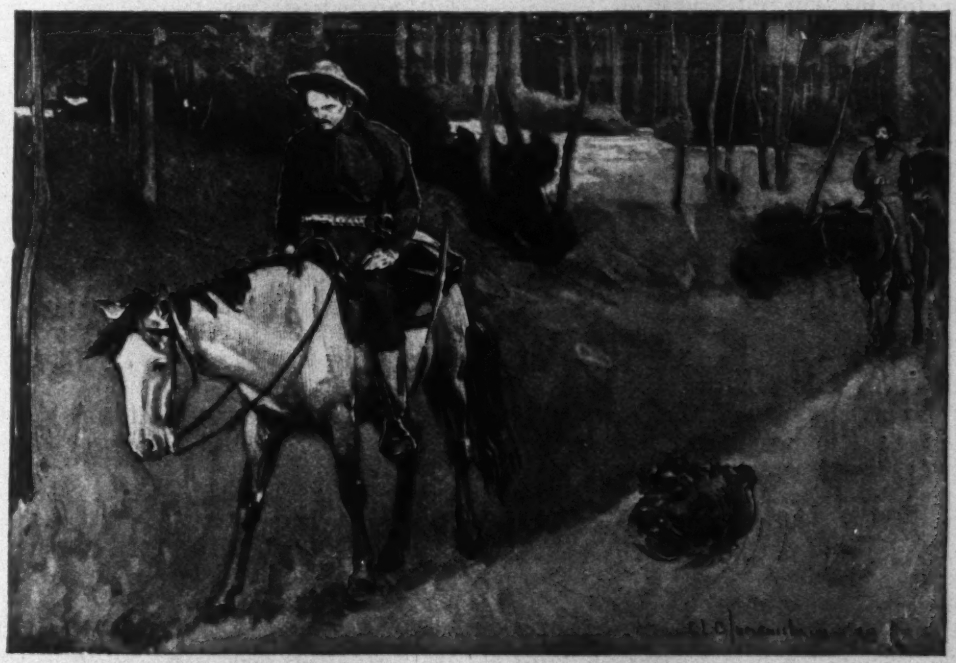
III.—THE FREEMAN OF THE HILLS.

I HAVE no master but the wind,
  My only liege the sun;
All bonds and ties I leave behind,
  Free as the wolf I run.
My master wind is passionless,
  He neither chides nor charms;
He fans me or he freezes me,
  And helps are quick as harms.

He never turns to injure me,
  And when his voice is high,

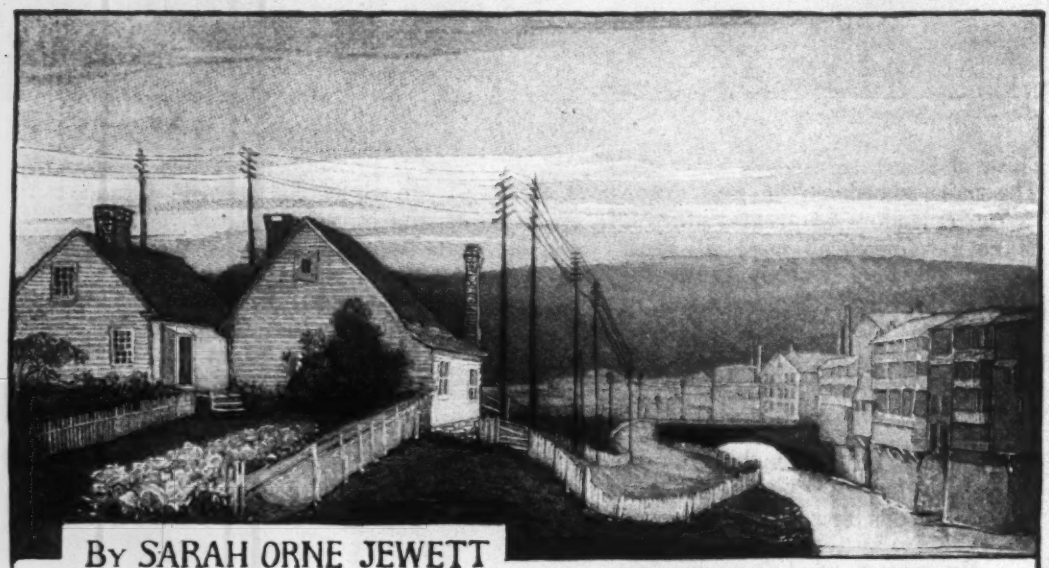
IV.—DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
  The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
  Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
  Go wade like the crane.
The palms of your hands will thicken,
  The skin of your cheek will tan;
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
  But you'll walk like a man!



"It was so lonely . . . the land seemed lost to God."

BOLD WORDS AT THE BRIDGE



By SARAH ORNE JEWETT

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE AND GENEVIEVE COWLES.

"'WELL, now,' says I, 'Mrs. Con'ly,' says I, 'however you may tark, 'tis nobody's business and I wanting to plant a few pumpkins for me cow in among me cabbages. I've got the right to plant whatever I may choose, if it's the divil of a crop of t'istles in the middle of me ground.' 'No ma'am, you aint,' says Biddy Con'ly; 'you aint got anny right to plant t'istles that's not for the public good,' says she; and I being so hasty wit' me timper, I shuk me fist in her face then, and herself shuk her fist at me. Just then Father Brady come by, as luck ardered, an' recomminded us would we keep the peace. He knew well I'd had my provocation; 'twas to herself he spoke first, you'd think she owned the whole corporation. I wished I'd t'rown her over into the wather, so I did, before he come by at all. 'Twas on the bridge the two of us were. I was stepping home by meself very quiet in the afthernoon to put me tay-kittle on for supper, and herself overtook me—aint she the bold thing!

"'How are you the day, Mrs. Dunl'avy?' says she, so mincin' an' preenin', and I knew well she'd put her mind on having words wit' me from that minute. I'm one that likes to have peace in the neighborhood, if it wa'nt for the likes of her, that makes the top of me head lift and clat' wit' rage like a pot-lid!"

"What was the matter with the two of you?" asked a listener with simple interest.

"Faix indeed, 'twas herself had a thrifle of melons planted the other side of the fince," acknowledged Mrs. Dunleavy. "She said the pumpkins would be the ruin of them intirely. I says, and 'twas thrue for me, that I'd me pumpkins planted the week before she'd dropped anny old melon seed into the ground, and the same bein' already dwining from so manny bugs. Oh, but she's black-hearted to give me the lie about it, and say them poor things was all up, and she'd thrown lime on 'em to keep away their inemies when she first see me come out betune me cabbage rows. How well she knew what I might be doing! Me cabbages grows far apart and I'd plinty of room, and if a pumpkin vine gets attention you can entice it wherever you pl'ase and it'll grow fine and long, while the poor cabbages ates and grows fat and round, and no harm to annybody, but she must pick a quarrel with a quiet 'oman in the face of every one.

"We were on the bridge, don't you see, and plinty was passing by with their grins, and loitering and stopping after they were behind her back to hear what was going on betune us. Annybody does be liking to get the sound

of loud talk an' they having nothing better to do. Biddy Con'ly, seeing she was well watched, got the airs of a pr'acher, and set down whatever she might happen to be carrying and tried would she get the better of me for the sake of their admiration. Oh, but wa'n't she all drabbled and wet from the roads, and the world knows meself for a very tidy walker!

"'Clane the mud from your shoes if you're going to dance;' 'twas all I said to her, and she being that mad she did be stepping up and down like an old turkey-hin, and shaking her fist all the time at me. 'Coom now, Biddy,' says I, 'what put you out so?' says I. 'Sure, it creeps me skin when I looks at you! Is the pig dead,' says I, 'or any little thing happened to you, ma'am? Sure this is far beyond the rights of a few pumpkin seeds that has just cleared the ground!' and all the folks laughed. I'd no call to have tark with Biddy Con'ly before them idle b'ys and gerrls, nor to let the two of us become their laughing stock. I tuk up me basket, being ashamed then, and I meant to go away, mad as I was. 'Coom, Mrs. Con'ly!' says I, 'let bygones be bygones; what's all this whillalu we're afther having about nothing?' says I very pleasant.

"'May the divil fly away with you, Mary Dunl'avy!' says she then, 'spoiling me garden ground, as every one can see, and full of your bold talk. I'll let me hens out into it this afternoon, so I will,' says she, and a good deal more. 'Hold off,' says I, 'and remember what fell to your aunt one day when she sint her hins in to pick a neighbor's piece, and while her own back was turned they all come home and had every sprouted bean and potatie heeled out in the hot sun, and all her fine lettuces picked into Irish lace. We've lived neighbors,' says I, 'thirteen years,' says I; 'and we've often had words together above the fince,' says I,

"'HOW ARE YOU THE DAY, MRS. DUNL'AVY?'"

'but we're neighbors yet, and we've no call to stand here in such spectacles and disgracing ourselves and each other. Coom, Biddy,' says I, again going away with me basket and remimbering Father Brady's caution whin it was too late. Some o' the b'ys went off too, thinkin' 'twas all done.

"'I don't want any o' your Coom, Biddy's,' says she, stepping at me, with a black stripe across her face, she was that destroyed with rage, and I stepped back and held up me basket between us, she being bigger than I, and I getting no chance, and herself slipped and fell, and her nose got a clout with the hard edge of the basket, it would trouble the saints to say how, and then I picked her up and wint home with her to thry and quinch the blood. Sure I was sorry for the crathur an' she having such a timper boiling in her heart.

"'Look at you now, Mrs. Con'ly,' says I, kind of soft, 'you 'ont be fit for mass these two Sundays with a black eye like this, and your face arl scratched, and every bliguard has gone the lingth of the town to tell tales of us. I'm a quiet 'oman,' says I, 'and I don't thank you,' says I, whin the blood was stopped, 'no, I don't thank you for disgracin' an old neighbor like me. 'Tis of our prayers and the graves we should be thinkin', and not be having bold words at the bridge.' Wisha! but I t'ought I was after sp'aking very quiet, and up she got and caught up the basket, and I dodged it by good luck, but after that I walked off and left her to satisfy her foolishness with b'ating the wall if it pl'ased her. I'd no call for her company anny more, and I took a vow I'd never spake a word to her again while the world stood. So all is over since then between Biddy Con'ly and me. No, I don't look at her at all!"

II.

SOME time afterward, in late summer, Mrs. Dunleavy stood, large and noisy, but generous-hearted, addressing some remarks from her front doorway to a goat on the sidewalk. He was pulling some of her cherished foxgloves through the picket fence, and eagerly devouring their flowery stalks.

"How well you rache through an honest fince, you black pirate!" she shouted; but finding that harsh words had no effect, she took a convenient broom, and advanced to strike a gallant blow upon the creature's back. This had the simple effect of making him step a little to one side and modestly begin to nibble at a tuft of grass.

"Well, if I aint plagued!" said Mrs. Dunleavy sorrowfully; "if I aint throubled with every wild baste, and me cow that was some use gone dry very unexpected, and a neighbor that's worse than none at all. I've nobody to have an honest word with and the morning being so fine and pleasant. Faix, I'd move away from it if there was anny place I'd enjoy better. I've no heart except for me garden, me poor little crops is doing so well; thanks be to God, me cabbages is very fine. There does be those that overlooked me pumpkins for the poor cow; they're no size at all wit' so much rain."

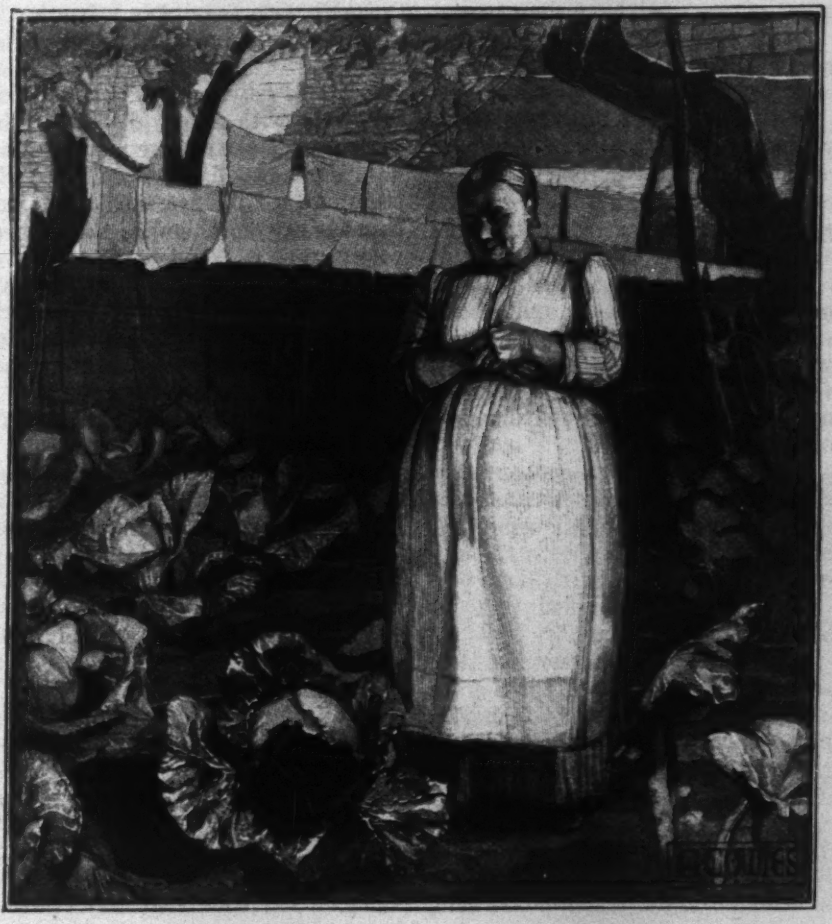
The two small white houses stood close together, with their little gardens behind them. The road was just in front, and led down to a stone bridge which crossed the river to the busy manufacturing village beyond. The air was fresh and cool at that early hour, the wind had changed after a season of dry, hot weather; it was just the morning for a good bit of gossip with a neighbor, but summer was almost done and the friends were not reconciled. Their respective acquaintances had grown tired of hearing the story of the quarrel, and the novelty of such a pleasing excitement had long been over. Mrs. Connelly was thumping away at a handful of belated ironing, and Mrs. Dunleavy, estranged and solitary, sighed as she listened to the iron. She was sociable by nature, and she had an impulse to go in and sit down as she used at the end of the ironing table.

"Wisha, the poor thing is mad at me yet, I know that from the sounds of her iron; 'twas a shame for her to go picking a quarrel with the likes of me," and Mrs. Dunleavy sighed heavily and stepped down into her flower-plot to pull the distressed foxgloves back into their places inside the fence. The seed had been sent her from the old country, and this was the first year they had come into full bloom. She had been hoping that the sight of them would melt Mrs. Connelly's heart into some expression of friendliness, since they had come from adjoining parishes in old County Kerry. The goat lifted his head, and gazed at his enemy with mild interest; he was pasturing now by the roadside, and the foxgloves had proved bitter in his mouth.

Mrs. Dunleavy stood looking at him over the fence, glad of even a goat's company.

"Go 'long there; see that fine little tuft ahead now," she advised him, forgetful of his depredations. "Oh, to think I've nobody to spake to, the day!"

At that moment a woman came in sight round the turn of the road. She was a stranger, a fellow countrywoman, and she carried a large newspaper bundle and a heavy hand-bag. Mrs. Dunleavy stepped out of the flower-bed toward the gate, and waited there until the stranger came up and stopped to ask a question.



"'THANKS BE TO GOD, ME CABBAGES IS VERY FINE.'"

"Ann Bogan don't live here, do she?"

"She don't," answered the mistress of the house with dignity.

"I t'ought she didn't; you don't know where she lives, do you?"

"I don't," said Mrs. Dunleavy.

"I don't know ayther; niver mind, I'll find her; 'tis a fine day, ma'am."

Mrs. Dunleavy could hardly bear to let the stranger go away. She watched her far down the hill toward the bridge before she turned to go into the house. She seated herself by the side window next Mrs. Connelly's, and gave herself to her thoughts. The sound of the flat-iron had stopped when the traveler came to the gate, and it had not begun again. Mrs. Connelly had gone to her front door; the hem of her calico dress could be plainly seen, and the bulge of her apron, and she was watching the stranger quite out of sight. She even came out to the doorstep, and for the first time in many weeks looked with friendly intent toward her neighbor's house. Then she also came and sat down at her side window. Mrs. Dunleavy's heart began to leap with excitement.

"Bad cess to her foolishness, she does be afther wanting to come round; I'll not make it too aisy for her," said Mrs. Dunleavy, seizing a piece of sewing and forbearing to look up. "I don't know who Ann Bogan is, any way; perhaps herself does, having lived in it five or six years longer than me. Perhaps she knowed this woman by her looks, and the heart is out of her with wanting to know what she asked from me. She can

sit there, then, and let her irons grow cold!

"There was Bogans when I first come here living down by the brick mill, neighbors to Flaherty's folks," continued Mrs. Dunleavy, more and more aggrieved. "Biddy Con'ly ought to know the Flahertys, they being her cousins. 'Twas a fine loud-talking 'oman; sure Biddy might well enough have heard her inquiring of me, and have stepped out, and said if she knew Ann Bogan, and satisfied a poor stranger that was hunting the town over. No, I don't know anny one in the name of Ann Bogan, so I don't," said Mrs. Dunleavy aloud, "and there's nobody I can ask a civil question, with everyone that ought to be me neighbors stopping their mouths, and keeping black grudges whin 'twas meself got all the offince."

"Faix 'twas meself got the whack on me nose," responded Mrs. Connelly quite unexpectedly. She was looking squarely at the window where Mrs. Dunleavy sat behind the screen of blue mosquito netting. They were both conscious that Mrs. Connelly made a definite overture of peace.

"That one was a very civil spoken 'oman that passed by just now," announced Mrs. Dunleavy, handsomely waiving the subject of the quarrel and coming frankly to the subject of present interest. "Faix, 'tis a poor day for Ann Bogans; she'll find that out before she gets far in the place."

"Ann Bogans was plinty here once, then, God rest them! There was two Ann Bogans, mother and daughter, lived down by Flaherty's when I first come here. They died in the one year, too; 'tis most twinty years ago," said Bridget Connelly in her most friendly tone.

"'I'll find her,' says the poor 'oman as if she'd only to look; indeed, she's got the boldness," reported Mary Dunleavy, peace being fully restored.

"'Twas to Flaherty's she'd go first, and they all moved to La'rence twelve years ago, and all she'll get from anny one would be the address of the cime'try. There was plenty here knowing to Ann Bogan once. That 'oman is one I've seen long ago, but I can't name her yet. Did she say who she was?" asked the neighbor.

"She didn't; I'm sorry for the poor 'oman, too," continued Mrs. Dunleavy in the same spirit of friendliness. "She'd the expectin' look of one who came hoping to make a nice visit and find friends, and herself lugging a fine bundle. She'd the looks as if she'd lately come out; very decent, but old-fashioned. Her bonnet was made at home anny ways, did ye mind? I'll lay it was bought in Cork when it was new, or may be 'twas from a good shop in Bantry or Kinmare or some o' those old places. If she'd seemed satisfied to wait, I'd made her the offer of a cup of tay, but off she wint with great courage."

"I don't know but I'll slip on me bonnet in the afternoon and go find her," said Biddy Connelly with hospitable warmth. "I've seen her before, perhaps 'twas long whiles ago at home."

"Indeed I thought of it myself," said Mrs. Dunleavy with approval. "We'd best wait, perhaps, till she'll be coming back; there's no trains now till three o'clock. She might stop here till the five, and we'll find out all about her. She'll have a very lonesome day whoiver she is. Did you see that old goat ating the best of me fairy-fingers that all bloomed the day?" she asked eagerly, afraid that the conversation might come to an end at any moment, but Mrs. Connelly took no notice of so trivial a subject.

"Me melons is all getting ripe," she announced with an air of satisfaction. "There's a big one must be ate now while we can; it's down in the cellar cooling itself, an' I'd like to be dropping it, getting down the stairs. 'Twas afther picking it I was before breakfast, itself having begun to crack open. Himself was the by that loved a melon, an' I ain't got the heart to look at it alone. Coom over, will ye, Mary?"

"'Deed then an' I will," said Mrs. Dunleavy, whose face was close against the mosquito netting. "Them old pumpkin vines was no good anny way; did you see how one of them had the invintion, and wint away up on the fince entirely wit' its great flowers, an' there come a rain on 'em, and so they all blighted? I'd no call to grow such stramming great things in my piece anny way, ating up all the goodness from me beautiful cabbages."

III.

THAT afternoon the reunited friends sat banqueting together and keeping an eye on the road. They had so much to talk over and found each other so agreeable that it was impossible to dwell with much regret upon the long estrangement. When the melon was only half finished the stranger of the morning, with her large unopened bundle and the heavy hand-bag, was seen making her way up the hill. She wore such a weary and disappointed look that she was accosted and invited in by both the women,

and being proved by Mrs. Connelly to be an old acquaintance, she joined them at their feast.

"Yes, I was here seventeen years ago for the last time," she explained. "I was working in Lawrence, and I came over and spent a fortnight with Hanora Flaherty; then I wint home that year to mind me old mother, and she lived to past ninety. I'd nothing to keep me then, and I was always homesick afther America, so back I come to it, but all me old frinds and neighbors is changed and gone. Faix, this is the first welcome I've got yet from anny one. 'Tis a beautiful welcome too—I'll get me apron out of me bundle, by your l'ave, Mrs. Con'ly—You've a strong resemblance to Flaherty's folks, dear, being cousins. Well, 'tis a fine thing to have good neighbors. You an' Mrs. Dunleavy is very pleasant here so close together."

"Well, we does be having a hasty word now and then, ma'am," confessed Mrs. Dunleavy, "but ourselves is good neighbors this manny years. Whin a quarrel's about nothing betune friends, it don't count for much, so it don't."

"Most quarrels is the same way," said the stranger, who did not like melons, but accepted a hot cup of tea. "Sure, it takes two to make a quarrel, and but one to end it: that's what me mother always told me, that never gave anny one a cross word in her life."

"'Tis a beautiful melon," repeated Mrs. Dunleavy for the seventh time. "Sure, I'll plant a few seed myself next year; me pumpkins is no good afther all me foolish pride wit' 'em. Maybe the land don't suit 'em, but glory be to God, me cabbages is the size of the house, an' you'll git the pick of the best, Mrs. Con'ly."

"What's melons betune friends, or cabbages ayther, that they should ever make any trouble?" answered Mrs. Connelly handsomely, and the great feud was forever ended.

But the stranger, innocent that she was the harbinger of peace, could hardly understand why Bridget Connelly insisted upon her staying all night and talking over old times, and why the two women put on their bonnets

"'IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL, AND BUT ONE TO END IT.'"

and walked, one on either hand, to see the town with her that evening. As they crossed the bridge they looked at each other shyly, and then began to laugh.

"Well, I missed it the most on Sundays going all alone to mass," confessed Mary Dunleavy. "I'm glad there's no one here seeing us go over, so I am."

"'Twas ourselves had bold words at the bridge, once, that we've got the laugh about now," explained Mrs. Connelly politely to the stranger.

LINCOLN AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

STORY OF THE PROGRESS OF THE IDEA OF EMANCIPATION IN LINCOLN'S MIND, TOLD IN HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES BY CHARLES SUMNER, CARL SCHURZ, AND OTHER CLOSE FRIENDS OF LINCOLN.

THE first year of Abraham Lincoln's Presidential career closed on March 4, 1862. Practically all of this period he had spent in an effort to crush insurrection in the Southern States. There were many people who felt that he was farther now from this end than he had ever been before, and he himself realized that he had undertaken a task so gigantic that with the one weapon he had employed so far, the army, he could finish it only after years of struggle.

Mr. Lincoln had another weapon against the South, the emancipation of the slaves. He did not want to use it. Throughout his political life he had disclaimed any desire to meddle with slavery in the States where the Constitution recognized it. He had undertaken the war not to free men, but to preserve the Union. Moreover, he feared that the least interference with slavery would drive from him those States lying between the North and South, which believed in the institution, and yet were for the Union. For many months, however, he had been coming to the conclusion that he must do something with his weapon, and he had been examining it much as a man in a desperate situation might a dagger which he did not want to unsheath, but feared he might be forced to. He was seeking a way to use it, if the time came when he must, that would accomplish all the ends he had in view and still would not drive the Border States from the Union. The plan upon which he finally settled was a simple, just, and impracticable one—he would ask Congress to set aside money gradually to buy and free the negroes in those States that could be persuaded to give up the institution of slavery. Having freed the slaves, he proposed that Congress should colonize them in territory bought for the purpose.

According to Charles Sumner, Mr. Lincoln had this plan of compensated emancipation well developed by December 1, 1861. The Senator reached Washington on that day, and went in the evening to call on the President. Together they talked over the annual message, which was to be sent to Congress on the 3d. Mr. Sumner was disappointed that it said nothing about emancipation. He had been speaking in Massachusetts on "Emancipation as our Best Weapon," and he ardently desired that the President use the weapon. The President explained the plan he had developed, and Mr. Sumner urged that it be presented at once. Mr. Lincoln declined to agree to this, but as he rose to say good-by to his visitor, he remarked:

"Well, Mr. Sumner, the only difference between you and me on this subject is a difference of a month or six weeks in time."

"Mr. President," said Mr. Sumner, "if that is the only difference between us, I will not say another word to you about it till the long-set time you name has passed by."

"Nor should I have done so," continues Sumner in telling the story, "but about a fortnight after, when I was with him, he introduced the subject himself, asked my opinion on some details of his plan, and told me where it labored his mind. At that time he had the hope that some one of the Border States, Delaware, perhaps, if nothing better could be got, might be

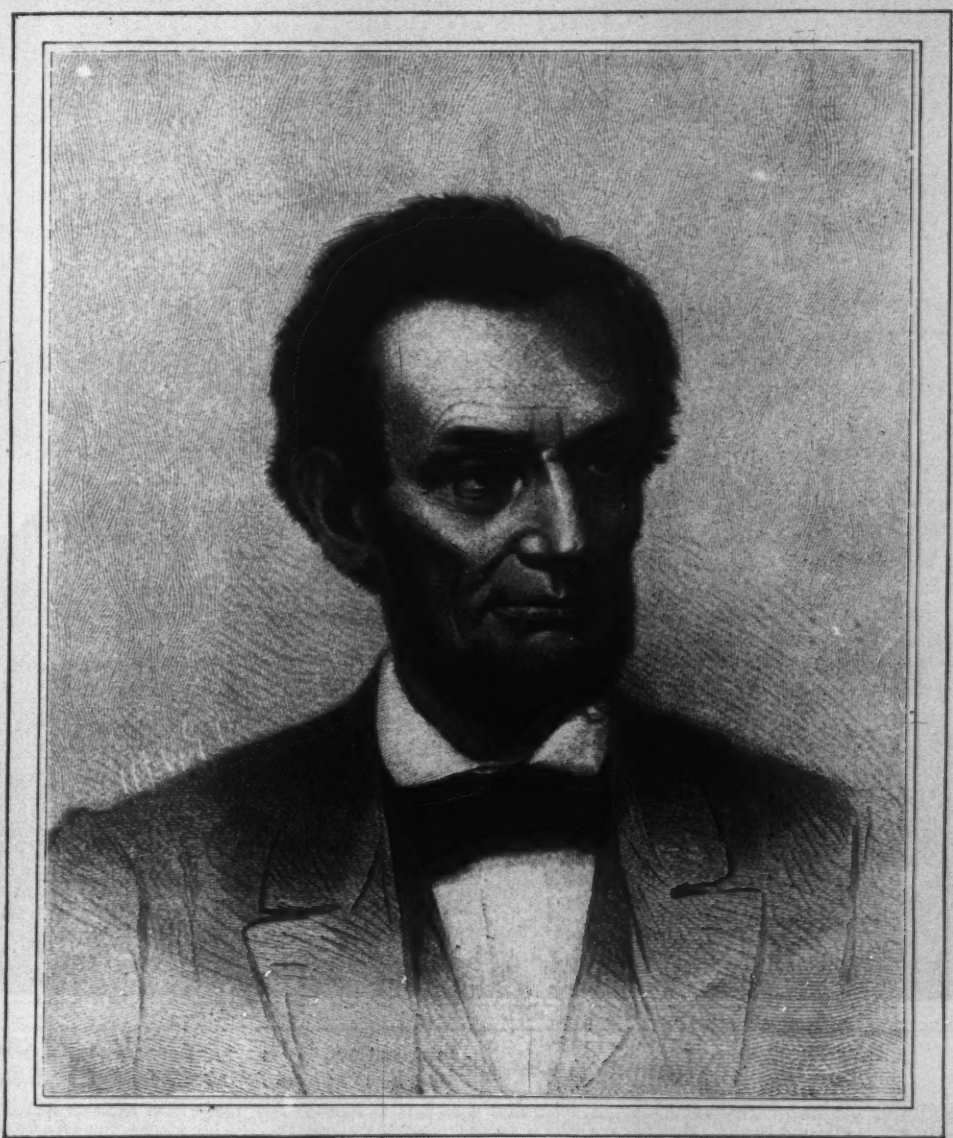
brought to make a proposition which could be made use of as the initiation to hitch the whole thing to."*

Sumner could not keep still after this about the plan. Almost every time he saw Lincoln he put in a word. Thus, when the "Trent" affair was up, he took occasion to read the President a little lecture:

"Now, Mr. President," he said, "if you had done your duty earlier in the slavery matter, you would not have this trouble on you. Now you have no friends, or the country has none, because it has no policy upon slavery. The country has no friends in Europe, excepting isolated persons. England is not a friend. France is not. But if you had commenced your policy about slavery, this thing could and would have come and gone and would have given you no anxiety. . . .

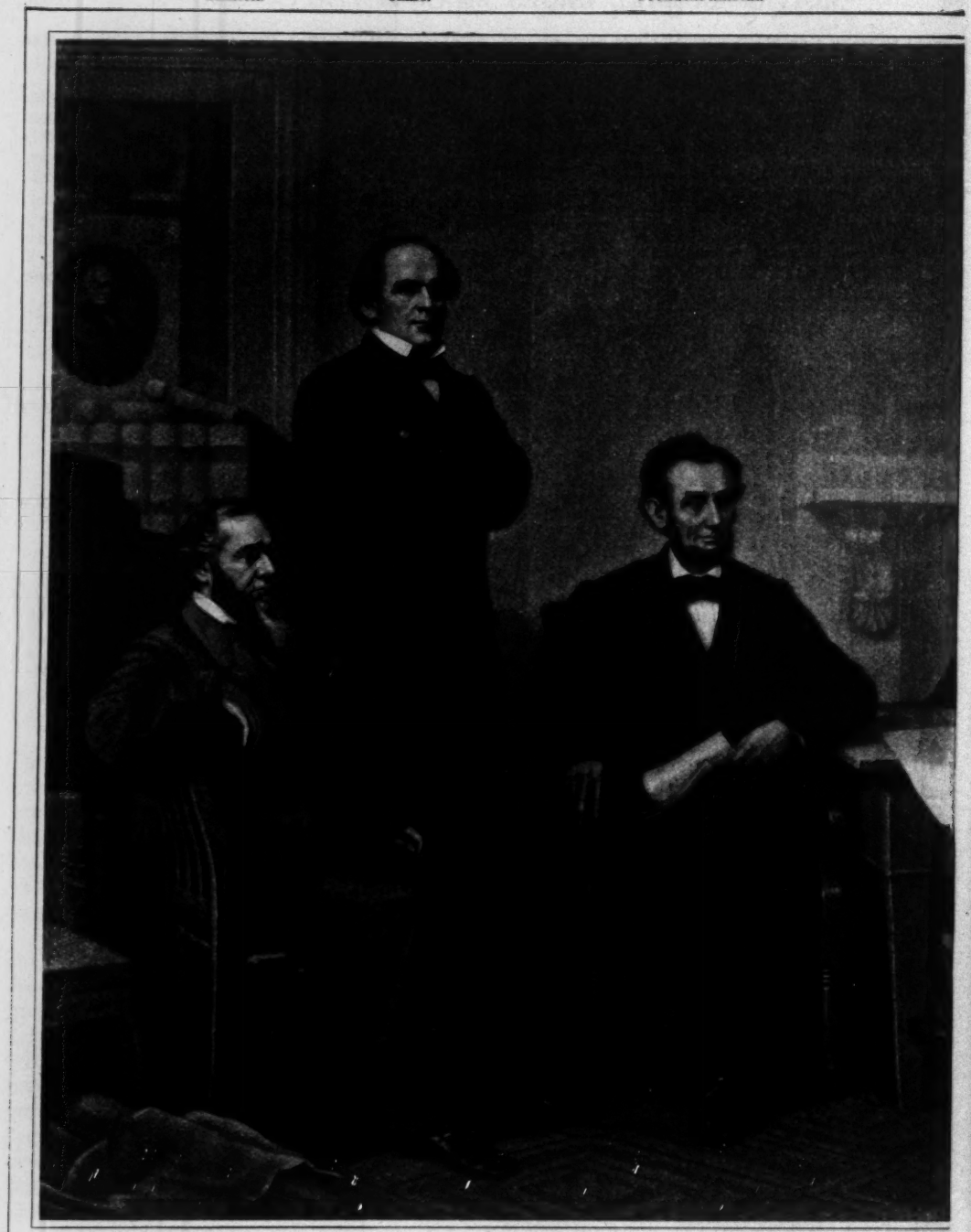
"Every time I saw him, I spoke to him about it, and

* The conversation between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner here reported is taken from an unpublished manuscript courteously put at my disposal by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Hale visited Washington in April, 1862, and called on Mr. Sumner, who entertained him with the history of the President's Message on Compensated Emancipation. He made the full notes of the story, which are here published for the first time.—I. M. T.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A STUDY FROM LIFE.

Reproduced, by the courtesy of F. B. Carpenter, from an original study from life made by him for his large picture of the "Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation." For this study, painted in the state dining-room of the White House (which was Mr. Carpenter's studio from February 5 to August 1, 1864), Mr. Lincoln gave six sittings to the artist. At the close of the last sitting, Mr. Lincoln stepped in front of the portrait, viewed it for a moment in silence, and made this remark: "I feel that there is more of me in this portrait than in any representation which has ever been made." The fact is reported in a letter to the artist from the publisher of the New York "Tribune," Mr. Samuel Sinclair, who was a friend of President Lincoln and a guest at the White House at the time.



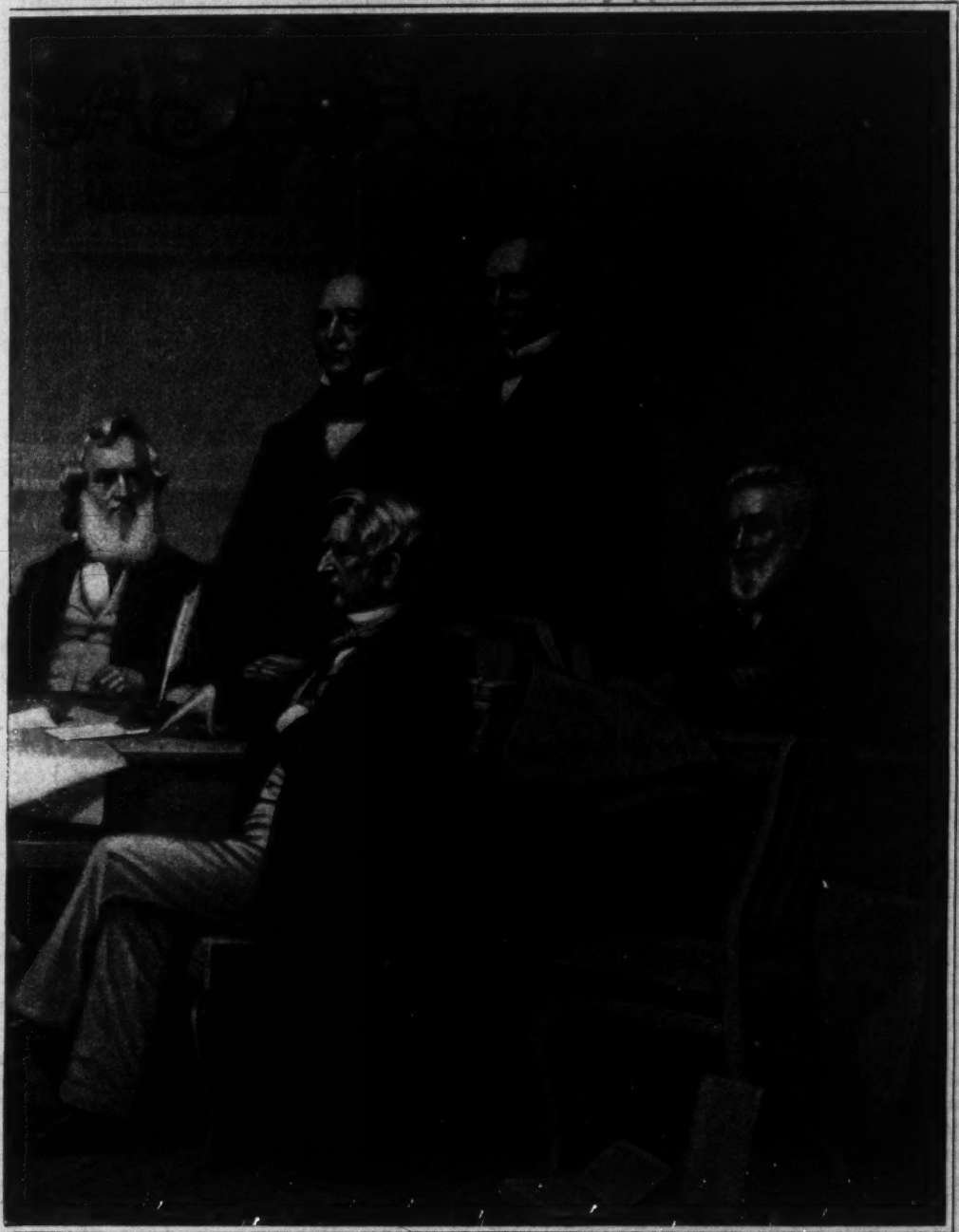
FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

From the original painting by F. B. Carpenter.

The original was painted in the state dining-room of the White House between February 5 and August 1, 1864, under the eye and with the kindly help of President Lincoln. According to a letter of Secretary Chase to Mr. Carpenter, "Mr. Lincoln, before reading his manuscript of the proclamation, said, in substance: 'I have considered everything that has been said to me about the expediency of emancipation, and have made up my mind to issue this proclamation, and I have invited you to come together, not to discuss what is to be done, but to have you hear what I have written and to get your suggestions about form and style;' adding: 'I have thought it all over, and have made a promise that this should be done to myself and to God.'" Secretary Chase adds: "The picture well represents that moment which followed the reading of the proclamation. It puts the two members who thoroughly advised and heartily believed in the measure on the right of Mr. Lincoln; the others (who, though they all acquiesced, and Mr. Seward, who, particularly, made important suggestions, had hitherto doubted or advised delay or even opposed) on the left."

The artist, in his book, "The Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln, Six Months at the White House," speaking of the spirit in which he did his work, says that he had resolved to discard all appearance and tricks of picture-making and endeavor, as faithfully as possible, to represent the scene as it actually transpired. Room, furniture, accessories, as well as figures, were all to be painted from the actualities. Assenting heartily to what is called the realistic school of art when applied to historic events, he felt in this case he had no more right to

Welles. Smith. Seward. Blair. Bates.



BEFORE THE CABINET, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

now in the Capitol at Washington.

depart from the facts than has the historian in his records. It was a scene second only in historical importance and interest to that of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and he felt assured that, if honestly and earnestly painted, it need borrow no interest from imaginary curtain or column, gorgeous furniture or allegorical statue.

Upon its completion, the painting was exhibited for two days in the East Room of the White House, where thousands of people came to see it. After having been exhibited through the country, it was purchased by a wealthy, patriotic lady of New York, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, and presented to the re-United States, both houses of Congress unanimously accepting the gift and voting Mrs. Thompson the "thanks of Congress," the highest honor ever paid a woman in our country, and setting apart Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1878, for the acceptance of the painting. On that day both houses of Congress adjourned in honor of the celebration; the painting was elevated over the chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives; Garfield, then a member of Congress, made the speech of presentation on behalf of Mrs. Thompson, while the Hon. Alexander Stephens, former vice-president of the Confederacy, who, in a famous speech at the beginning of the war, had declared, "Slavery is the cornerstone of the new Confederacy," made the speech accepting, on behalf of Congress, this painting which commemorates the abolition of slavery.

I saw him every two or three days. At one time I thought he would send in the message on New Year's Day; and I said something about what a glorious thing it would be. But he stopped me in a moment; 'Don't say a word about that,' said he; 'I know very well that the name which is connected with this act will never be forgotten.' Well, there was one delay and another, but I always spoke to him till one day in January he said sadly that he had been up all night with his sick child. I was very much touched, and I resolved that I would say nothing to the President about this or any other business if I could help it till that child was well or dead. And I did not. . . . I had never said a word to him again about it—one morning here, before I had breakfast, before I was up indeed, both his secretaries came over to say that he wanted to see me as soon as I could see him. I dressed at once, and went over. 'I want to read you my message,' he said; 'I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in to-day.'"

It was on the morning of March 6, 1862, that Mr. Lincoln sent for Mr. Sumner to read his message. A few hours later, when the Senator reached the Capitol, he went to the Senate desk to see if the President had carried out his intention. Yes, the document was there.

As Mr. Sumner's history of the message given to Dr. Hale shows, Mr. Lincoln had been quietly preparing the way for his plan. One of his most adroit preparatory manœuvers, and one of which Mr. Sumner evidently knew nothing, was performed in New York city, through the Hon. Carl Schurz, who at that time was the American Minister to Spain.*

Mr. Schurz, who had gone to Madrid in 1861, had not been long there before he concluded that there would be great danger of the Southern Confederacy being recognized by France and England unless the aspect of the situation was speedily changed, either by a decisive military success, or by some evidence on the part of the Administration that the war was to end in the destruction of slavery. If the conflict were put on this high moral plane, Mr. Schurz believed the sympathy of the people in Europe would be so strong with the North that interference in favor of the South would be impossible. All of this he wrote to Mr. Seward in September of 1861, but he received no reply to his letter other than a formal acknowledgment.

After a little time, Mr. Schurz wrote to Mr. Lincoln, saying that he wanted to come to Washington and personally represent to the Administration what he conceived to be the true nature of public opinion in Europe. Mr. Lincoln wrote to him to come, and he arrived in Washington in the last week of January, 1862. He went at once to the White House, where he was received by the President, who listened attentively to his arguments, the same he had made by letter to Mr. Seward. When he had finished his presentation of the case, Mr. Lincoln said that he was inclined to accept that view, but that he was not sure that the public sentiment of the country was ripe for such a policy. It had to be educated up to it. Would not Mr. Schurz go to New York and talk the matter over with their friends, some of whom Mr. Lincoln named?

Mr. Schurz assented, and a few days afterwards reported to Mr. Lincoln that the organization of an "Emancipation Society," for the purpose of agitating the idea, had been started in New York, and that a public meeting would be held at the Cooper Union on March 6th.

"That's it; that is the very thing," Mr. Lincoln replied. "You must make a speech at this meeting. Go home and prepare it. When you have got it outlined, bring it to me, and I will see what you are going to say."

Mr. Schurz did so, and in a few days submitted to Mr. Lincoln the skeleton of his argument on "Emancipation as a Peace Measure."

"That is the right thing to say," the President declared after reading it, "and, remember, you may hear from me on the same day."

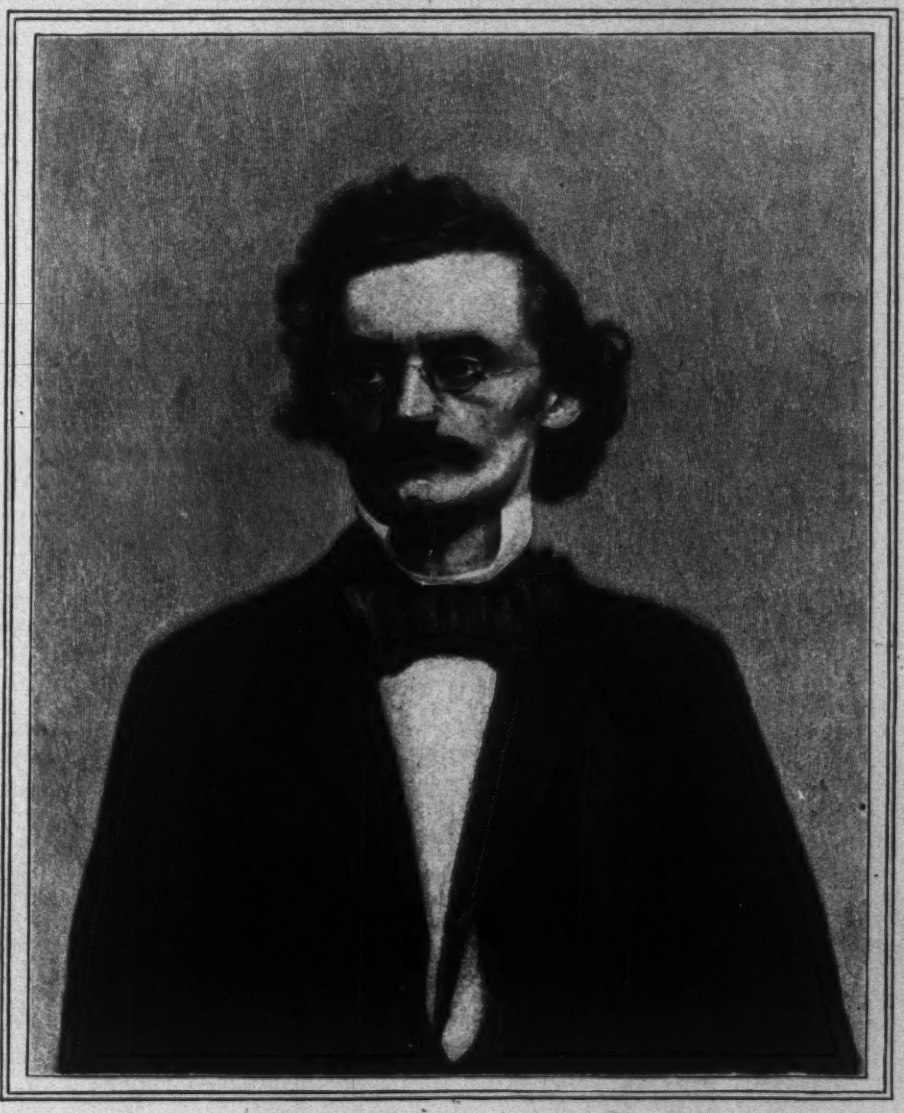
On March 6th the speech was delivered, as had been arranged, before an audience which packed Cooper Union. No more logical and eloquent appeal for emancipation was made in all the period. The audience received it with repeated cheers, and when Mr. Schurz sat down "the applause shook the hall," if we may believe the reporter of the New York "Tribune." Just as the meeting was adjourning, Mr. Schurz did hear from Mr. Lincoln, a copy of the message given that afternoon to Congress being placed in his hands. He at once read it to the audience, which, already thoroughly aroused, now broke out again in a "tremendous burst of applause."

EFFECT OF THE MESSAGE OF MARCH 6TH.

The first effect of the message was to unite the radical supporters of Mr. Lincoln with the more moderate. "We are all brought by the common-sense message," said

* The following accounts of Mr. Schurz's interviews with Mr. Lincoln and the plan the two gentlemen arranged for introducing the subject of compensated emancipation to the public was given me by Mr. Schurz himself. The manuscript has been corrected by him, and is published with his permission.—I. M. T.

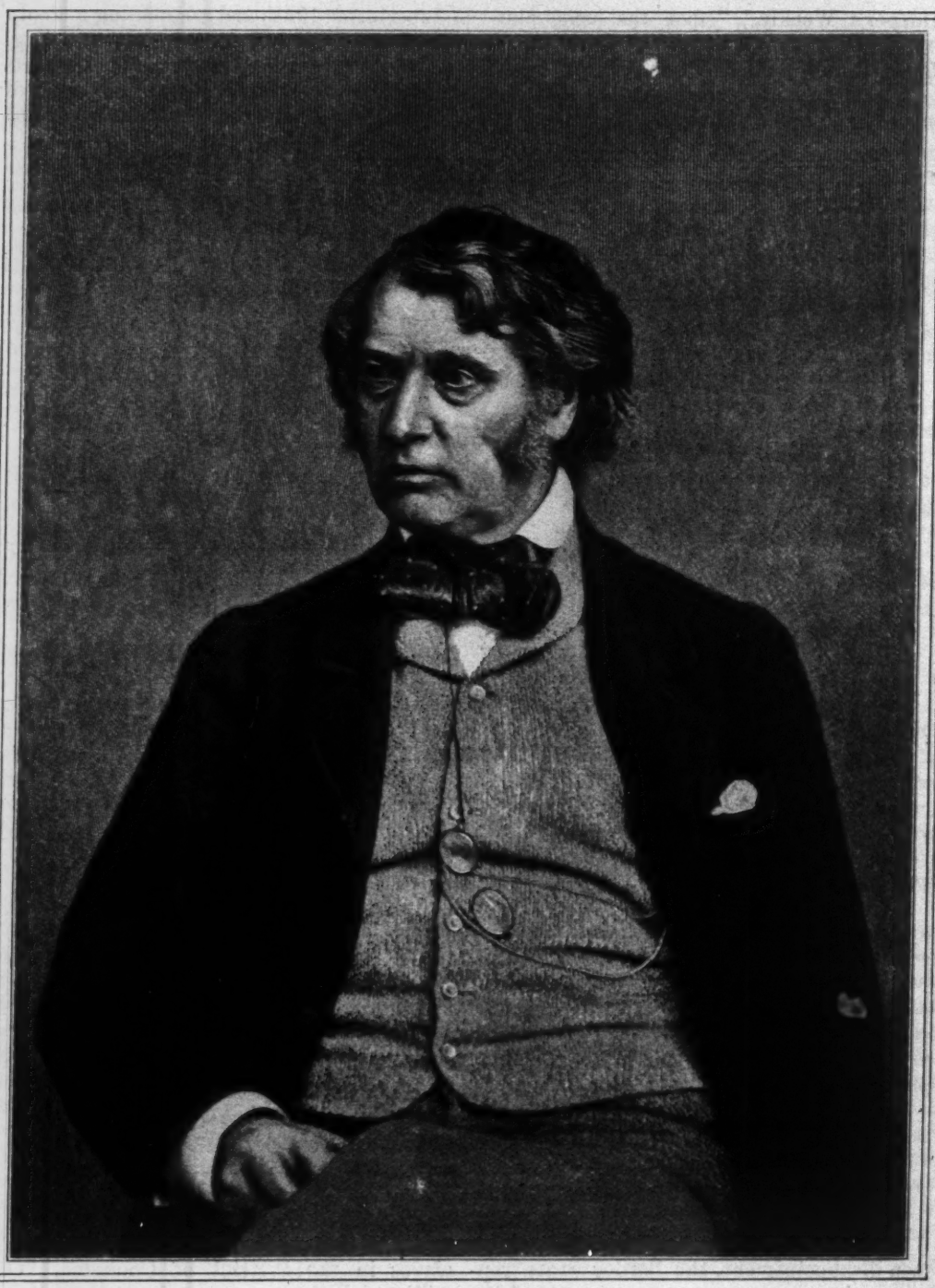
"Harper's Weekly," "upon the same platform. The cannon shot against Fort Sumter effaced three-fourths of our political lines; the President's message has wiped out the remaining fourth." But to Mr. Lincoln's keen disappointment, the Border State representatives in Congress let the proposition pass in silence. Although the message failed to arouse the Border States, it did stimulate the anti-slavery party in Congress to complete several practical measures. Acts of Congress were rapidly approved forbidding the army and navy to aid in the return of fugitive slaves, recognizing the independence of Liberia and Haiti, and completing a treaty with Great Britain to suppress slave trading. One of the most interesting of the acts which followed close on the message of March 6th emancipated *immediately* all the slaves in the District of Columbia. One million dollars was appropriated by Congress to pay the loyal slaveholders of the District for their loss, and $100,000 was set aside to pay the expenses of such negroes as desired to emigrate to Haiti or Liberia.



CARL SCHURZ.

From a war-time photograph.

The Administration was now committed to compensated emancipation, but there were many radicals who grew restive at the slow



CHARLES SUMNER.

From a portrait in the War Department collection of Civil War photographs.

working of the measure. They began again to call for a more trenchant use of the weapon in Lincoln's hand. The commander of the Department of the South, General David Hunter, in his zeal, even issued an order declaring:

> Slavery and martial law in a free country, are altogether incompatible; the persons in . . . Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina heretofore held as slaves are, therefore, declared forever free.

Mr. Lincoln's first knowledge of this proclamation came to him through the news-

papers. He at once pronounced it void. At the same time he made a declaration at which a man less courageous, one less confident in his own policy, would have hesitated—a declaration of his intention that no one but himself should decide how the weapon in his hand was to be used:

I further make known that, whether it be competent for me, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether, at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field.

It was a public display of a trait of Mr. Lincoln of which the country had already several examples. He made his own decisions, trusted his own judgment as a final authority.

In revoking Hunter's order, Mr. Lincoln again appealed to the Border States to accept his plan of buying and freeing their slaves, and as if to warn them that the unauthorized step which Hunter had dared to take might yet be forced upon the Administration, he said:

I do not argue—I beseech you to make arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come gently as the dews of heaven, not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done, by one effort, in all past time, as in the providence of God it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.

LINCOLN OFFERS TO RESIGN.

The President's treatment of Hunter's order dissatisfied many who had been temporarily quieted by the message of March 6th. They were made still more critical by the slow advancement of McClellan and his army towards Richmond. Again they besought the President to emancipate and arm the slaves. The authority and magnitude of the demand became such that Mr. Lincoln fairly staggered under it. Still he would not yield. He could not give up yet his hope of a more peaceful and just system of emancipation. But while he could not do what was asked of him, he seems to have felt that it was possible that he was wrong, and that another man in his place would be able to see the way. In a remarkable interview held early in the summer with several Republican senators, among whom was the Honorable James Harlan, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the President actually offered to resign and let Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President, initiate the policy.*

The senators went to Mr. Lincoln to urge upon him the paramount importance of mustering slaves into the Union army. They argued that as the war was really to free the negro, it was only fair that he should take his part in working out his own salvation. Mr. Lincoln listened thoughtfully to every argument, and then replied:

Gentlemen, I have put two hundred thousand muskets into the hands of loyal citizens of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Western North Carolina. They have said they could defend themselves, if they had guns. I have given them the guns. Now, these men do not believe in mustering in the negro. If I do it, these two hundred thousand muskets will be turned against us. We should lose more than we should gain.

The gentlemen urged other considerations, among them that it was not improbable that Europe, which was anti-slavery in sentiment, but yet sympathized with the notion of a Southern Confederacy, preferring two nations to one in this country, would be persuading the South to free her slaves in consideration of recognition. After they had exhausted every argument, Mr. Lincoln answered them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can't do it. I can't see it as you do. You may be right, and I may be wrong; but I'll tell you what I can do; I can resign in favor of Mr. Hamlin. Perhaps Mr. Hamlin could do it."

The senators, amazed at this proposition, "which," says Senator Harlan, "was made with the greatest seriousness, and of which not one of us doubted the sincerity," hastened to assure the President that they could not consider such a step on his part; that he stood where he could see all around the horizon; that he must do what he thought right; that, in any event, he must not resign.

MR. LINCOLN APPEALS TO THE BORDER STATES.

As the spring passed into summer the military situation in Virginia grew more and more serious. Finally McClellan, after spending April and May in working his way up the Peninsula from Fort Monroe to within a few miles of Richmond, and spending June in heavy and disastrous fighting, fell back to Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

*The account of this interview is here published for the first time, as far as I know. It was given to me by the Hon. James Harlan of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and has been corrected by him. I. M. T.

"When the Peninsula campaign terminated suddenly at Harrison's Landing," Mr. Lincoln said once to a friend who asked him if he had ever despaired of his country, "I was as nearly inconsolable as I could be and live." McClellan's telegrams from Harrison's Landing were so discouraging that the President finally, early in July, visited the army there, to satisfy himself of the condition of things. He came away convinced that he was not going to have any military encouragement very soon to offer to his supporters. But he must show them some fruits of their efforts, some sign that the men and money they had poured into "McClellan's trap," as it was beginning to be called, were not lost; that the new call for 300,000 men just made was not to be in vain. There was nothing to do but use emancipation in some way as a weapon, and he summoned the representatives of the Border States to the White House on July 12th, and made an earnest, almost passionate, appeal to them to consider his proposition of March 6th.

It is doubtful if Mr. Lincoln in all his political career ever had a measure more at heart than his scheme for compensated emancipation. Isaac Arnold, who knew him well, says that rarely, if ever, was he known to manifest such solicitude as over this measure.

"Oh, how I wish the Border States would accept my proposition," he said to Arnold and Owen Lovejoy one day; "then you, Lovejoy, and you, Arnold, and all of us would not have lived in vain. The labor of your life, Lovejoy, would be crowned with success. You would live to see the end of slavery."

"Could you have seen the President," wrote Sumner once to a friend, "as it was my privilege often—while he was considering the great questions on which he has already acted—the invitation to emancipation in the States, emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the acknowledgment of the independence of Haiti and Liberia, even your zeal would have been satisfied.

"*His whole soul was occupied, especially by the first proposition, which was peculiarly his own.* In familiar intercourse with him, I remember nothing more touching than the earnestness and completeness with which he embraced this idea. To his mind it was just and beneficent, while it promised the sure end of slavery."

His address to the Border State representatives on July 12th is full of this conviction, but the majority of the representatives rejected the President's appeal.

MR. LINCOLN SUGGESTS EMANCIPATION BY PROCLAMATION.

Mr. Lincoln never came to a point in his public career where he did not have a card in reserve, and he never lacked the courage to play it if he was forced to. "I must save this government if possible," he said, now that his best efforts for compensated emancipation were vain. "What I cannot do, of course I will not do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed." Just what his "available card" was he hinted to Secretary Seward and Secretary Welles the very day after his interview with the Border State representatives. He had about come to the conclusion, he said, that he must free the slaves by proclamation or be himself subdued.

It was probably very shortly after this that a curious interview took place between Mr. Lincoln and his old and intimate friend, Leonard Swett, which shows admirably the struggle in the President's mind. The story of this interview Mr. Swett used to tell often to his friends, and it is through the courtesy of one of them, the Hon. Peter Stenger Grosscup, United States Circuit Judge for the Seventh Judicial Circuit, that it is given here:

One day, during the course of the war, when Mr. Swett was at his home in Bloomington, Illinois, he received a telegram asking him to come immediately to the President. The second morning afterwards found him in Washington. Thinking that something unusual was at hand, he went to the White House upon arrival and before eating his breakfast. Mr. Lincoln asked him immediately into the cabinet room, and after making a few inquiries about mutual friends in Illinois, pulled up his chair to a little cabinet of drawers. Swett, of course, awaited in silence the developments. Opening a drawer, Lincoln took out a manuscript which, he said, was a letter from William Lloyd Garrison, and which he proceeded to read. It proved to be an eloquent and passionate appeal for the immediate emancipation of the slaves. It recalled the devotion and loyalty of the North, but pointed out, with something like peremptoriness, that unless some step was taken to cut out by the roots the institution of slavery, the expectations of the North would be disappointed and its ardor correspondingly cooled. It went into the moral wrong that lay at the bottom of the war, and insisted that the war could not, in the nature of things, be ended until the wrong was at an end.

The letter throughout was entirely characteristic of Garrison.

Laying it back without comment, Mr. Lincoln took out another, which proved to be a letter from Garrett Davis, of Kentucky. It, too, treated of emancipation; but from the Border State point of view. It carefully balanced the martial and moral forces of the North and South, and pointed out that if the Border States, now divided almost equally between the belligerents, were thrown unitedly to the South, a conclusion of the war favorable to the North would be next to impossible. It then proceeded to recall that slavery was an institution of these Border States with which their people had grown familiar and upon which much of their prosperity was founded. Emancipation, especially emancipation without compensation, would, in that quarter of the country, be looked upon as a stab at prosperity and a departure from the original Union purposes of the war.

It begged Mr. Lincoln to be led by the Northern abolition sentiment into no such irretrievable mistake.

Laying this back, Mr. Lincoln took out another, which turned out to be from a then prominent Swiss statesman, a sympathizer with the Northern cause, but whose name I can not recall. It breathed all through an ardent wish that the North should succeed. The writer's purpose was to call attention to the foreign situation and the importance of preventing foreign intervention. This he summed up as follows: The governing classes in England and Napoleon in France were favorable to the success of the Confederacy. They were looking for a pretext upon which to base some sort of intervention. Anything that, in international law, would justify intervention would be quickly utilized. A situation justifying such a pretext must be avoided. The writer then pointed out that from the earliest times any interference with the enemy's slaves had been regarded as a cruel and improper expedient; that emancipation would be represented to Europe as an equivalent of inciting slave insurrection; and would be seized upon, the writer feared, as a pretext upon which forcibly to intervene. The letter went over the whole foreign situation, bringing out clearly this phase of the consequences of emancipation.

Laying this letter back, the President turned to Mr. Swett, and without a word of inquiry, took up himself the subject of emancipation, not only in the phases pointed out by the letters just read, but every possible phase and consequence under which it could be considered. For more than an hour he debated the situation, first the one side and then the other of every question arising. His manner did not indicate that he wished to impress his views *upon* his hearer, but rather to weigh and examine them for his own enlightenment *in the presence* of his hearer. It was an instance of stating conclusions aloud, not that they might convince another, or be combated by him, but that the speaker might see for himself how they looked when taken out of the region of mere reflection and embodied in words. The President's deliverance was so judicial, and so free from the quality of debate, or appearance of a wish to convince, that Mr. Swett felt himself to be, not so much a hearer of Lincoln's views, as a witness of the President's mental operations. The President was simply framing his thought in words, under the eye of his friend, that he might clear up his own mind.

When the President concluded, he asked for no comment, and made no inquiry, but rising, expressed his hope that Mr. Swett would get home safely, and entrusted to him some messages to their mutual friends. The audience thus ended.

Mr. Lincoln had, no doubt, determined at this time on the Emancipation Proclamation, perhaps had in his drawer, with the letters he read to Mr. Swett, the original draft which, as he afterwards told Mr. F. B. Carpenter, he prepared "without consultation with or the knowledge of the cabinet." It was on July 22d that, "after much anxious thought," he called a cabinet meeting to consider the subject.

"I said to the cabinet," the President told Mr. Carpenter, "that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read."

The gist of the proclamation which Mr. Lincoln read to the cabinet was that, on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or States wherein the constitutional authority of the United States should not then be practically recognized, should "then, thenceforward, and forever be free." He called his proclamation "a fit and necessary military measure," and prefaced it by declaring that, upon the next meeting of Congress, he intended to recommend a practical plan for giving pecuniary aid to any State which by that time had adopted "gradual abolishment of slavery."

The cabinet seems to have been bewildered by the sweeping proposition of the President. Nicolay and Hay quote a memorandum of the meeting made by Secretary Stanton, in which he says: "The measure goes beyond anything I have recommended." Mr. Lincoln, in his account of the meeting given to Mr. Carpenter, says:

Various suggestions were offered. . . . Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: "Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government." His idea was that it would be considered our last *shriek*, on the retreat. "Now," continued Mr. Seward, "while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country, supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!" The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thoughts upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously waiting the progress of events.

WAITING FOR VICTORY.

The victory Mr. Lincoln waited for was long in coming. Disaster after disaster followed. Each new delay or failure only intensified the radical anti-slavery sentiment, and made the demand for emancipation more emphatic and threatening. The culmination of this dissatisfaction was an editorial signed by Horace Greeley, and printed in the New York "Tribune" of August 20th, entitled, "The Prayer of 20,000,000"—two columns of bitter and unjust accusations and complaints addressed to Mr. Lincoln, charging

him with "ignoring, disregarding, and defying" the laws already enacted against slavery.

Mr. Lincoln answered it in a letter published in the "National Intelligencer" of Washington, August 23d. The document challenges comparison with the state papers of all times and all countries for its lucidity and its courage:

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

The "Greeley faction," as it was called, not only pursued Mr. Lincoln through the press and pulpit and platform; an unending procession of radical committees and delegations waited upon him. Although he was at that time, by his own statement, adding or changing a line of the proclamation, "touching it up here and there," he seems almost invariably to have argued against emancipation with those who came to plead for it. There is every indication indeed that an incessant struggle against violent emancipation went on in his mind through the whole period. He regarded it as the act of a dictator. He feared it might be fruitless. He dreaded the injury it would do the loyal people of the South. He said once to a friend, that he had prayed to the Almighty to save him from the necessity of it, adopting the very language of Christ, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

LINCOLN'S IRRITABILITY IN THE SUMMER OF 1862.

In this awful summer of 1862, beset by enemies in front and in rear, with failure after failure crashing upon him, still sore from his great personal bereavement of the spring before, the President displayed sometimes a sarcasm and irritability quite unlike the almost superhuman patience which was characteristic of him. Many committees which went to him with advice and warning were answered with bitterness; sometimes, they claimed, with sneers. The futility of their talk was no doubt unendurable to the overworked, despairing man. So far as documentary proof of Lincoln's irritability at this period exists, it is evident that it was aroused only by useless demands and delays. In a quantity of unpublished telegrams which have been collected recently by the War Department, there are a number which show this; as, for illustration, the two following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August* 12, 1862.

GOVERNOR ANDREW,

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Your dispatch saying "I can't get those regiments off because I can't get quick work out of the United States disbursing officer and the paymaster" is received. Please say to these gentlemen that if they do not work quickly I will make quick work with them. In the name of all that is reasonable, how long does it take to pay a couple of regiments? We were never more in need of the arrival of regiments than now, even to-day.

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August* 23, 1862, 8 A.M.

HON. R. YATES,

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

I am pained to hear that you reject the services of an officer we sent to assist in organizing and getting off troops. Pennsylvania and Indiana accepted such officers kindly, and they now have more than twice as many new troops in the field as all the other States together. If Illinois had got forward as many troops as Indiana, Cumberland Gap would soon be relieved from its present perils. Please do not ruin us on punctilio.

A. LINCOLN.

THE PRELIMINARY PROCLAMATION ISSUED.

The victory for which the President waited came on September 17th. McClellan had followed Lee into Maryland, and defeated him. The President was at his summer house at the Soldier's Home when the news of Antietam reached him. He at once finished the second draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, and called the cabinet together on Monday, September 22d. Secretary Chase recorded in his diary, that day, how, after reading his colleagues a chapter from Artemus Ward, the President "took a graver tone." The words he spoke, as recorded by Mr. Chase, are a remarkable revelation of the man's feeling at the moment:

I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I

had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and [hesitating a little] to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.

The proclamation appeared in the newspapers of the following morning.

There was no exultation in the President's mind; indeed there was almost a groan in the words which, the night after he had given it out, he addressed to a party of serenaders: "I can only trust in God that I have made no mistake." The events of the fall brought him little encouragement. Indeed, the promise of emancipation seemed to effect nothing but discontent and uneasiness; stocks went down, troops fell off. In five great States—Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York—the elections went against him. Little but menaces came from Europe. Many said that the President would not dare, in the face of the unrest of the country, fulfil his promise, and issue the proclamation. But when Congress opened on December 1st, he did submit the proclamation, together with the plan for compensated emancipation which he had worked out. Over one-half of the message, in fact, was given to this plan.

Mr. Lincoln pleaded with Congress for his measure as he had never pleaded before. He argued that it would "end the struggle and save the Union forever," that it would "cost no blood at all," that Congress could do it if they would unite with the executive, that the "good people" would respond and support it if appealed to.

"It is not," he said, "'Can any of us imagine better?' but, 'Can we all do better?' Object whatsoever is possible, still the question occurs, 'Can we do better?' The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

Nothing ever came of it, for before any of the Border States had become willing to accept the measure, that necessity which Lincoln foresaw from the first had forced complete emancipation without compensation.

As the 1st of January drew near, many friends of the proclamation doubted that Mr. Lincoln would keep his promise. Among these was the Rev. Byron Sunderland, of Washington, at that time chaplain of the Senate and one of the most aggressively loyal ministers in the city. Dr. Sunderland feared that there was truth in the rumor that the President would withdraw, not issue, the proclamation on the 1st of January, and on the Sunday before the New Year he preached a sermon on the subject. Mr. Z. S. Robbins, of Washington, a friend of Mr. Lincoln, asked Dr. Sunderland to go with him to the President and urge him to keep his promise.

"We were ushered into the cabinet room," says Dr. Sunderland. "It was very dim, but one gas-jet burning. As we entered, Mr. Lincoln was standing at the farther end of the long table which filled the middle of the room. As I stood by the door, I am so very short, that I was obliged to look up to see the President. Mr. Robbins introduced me, and I began at once by saying: 'I have come, Mr. President, to an-

ticipate the New Year with my respects, and if I may, to say to you a word about the serious condition of this country.'

"'Go ahead, Doctor,' replied the President; 'every little helps.' But I was too much in earnest to laugh at his sally at my smallness. 'Mr. President,' I continued, 'they say that you are not going to keep your promise to give us the Emancipation Proclamation; that it is your intention to withdraw it.'

"'Well, Doctor,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'you know Peter was going to do it, but when the time came he didn't.'

"'Mr. President,' I continued, 'I have been studying Peter. He did not deny his Master until after his Master rebuked him in the presence of the enemy. You have a master, too, Mr. Lincoln, the American people. Don't deny your master until he has rebuked you before all the world.'

"My earnestness seemed to interest the President, and his whole tone change dimmediately. 'Sit down, Doctor Sunderland,' he said; 'let us talk.'

"We seated ourselves in the room, and for a moment the President was silent, his elbow resting on the table, his big, gnarled hands closed over his forehead. Then looking up gravely at me, he began to speak:

"'Doctor, if it had been left to you and me, there would have been no war. If it had been left to you and me, there would have been no cause for this war; but it was not left to us. God has allowed men to make slaves of their fellows. He permits this war. He has before Him a strange spectacle. We, on our side, are praying Him to give us victory, because we believe we are right; but those on the other side pray Him, too, for victory, believing they are right. What must He think of us? And what is coming from the struggle? What will be the effect of it all on the whites and on the negroes?' And then suddenly a ripple of amusement broke the solemn tone of his voice. 'As for the negroes, Doctor, and what is going to become of them: I told Ben Wade the other day, that it made me think of a story I read in one of my first books, "Æsop's Fables." It was an old edition, and had curious rough wood-cuts, one of which showed four white men scrubbing a negro in a potash kettle filled with cold water. The text explained that the men thought that by scrubbing the negro they might make him white. Just about the time they thought they were succeeding, he took cold and died. Now, I am afraid that by the time we get through this war the negro will catch cold and die.'

"The laugh had hardly died away before he resumed his grave tone, and for half an hour he discussed the question of emancipation. He stated it in every light, putting his points so clearly that each statement was an argument. He showed the fullest appreciation of every side. It was like a talk of one of the old prophets. And though he did not tell me at the end whether the proclamation would be issued or not, I went home comforted and uplifted, and I believed in Abraham Lincoln from that day."*

THE PROCLAMATION IS ISSUED.

Mr. Lincoln had no idea of withdrawing the proclamation. On December 30th, he read the document to his cabinet, and asked the members to take copies home and give him their criticisms. The next day at cabinet meeting these criticisms and suggestions were presented by the different members. Mr. Lincoln took them all to his office, where, during that afternoon and the morning of January 1, 1863, he rewrote the document. He was called from it at eleven o'clock to go to the East Room and begin the customary New Year's handshaking. It was the middle of the afternoon before he was free and back in the executive chamber, where the Emancipation Proclamation, which in the interval had been duly engrossed at the State Department and brought to the White House by Secretary Seward and his son, was waiting his signature.

"They found the President alone," writes Frederick Seward, "in his room. The broad sheet was spread out before him on the cabinet table. Mr. Lincoln dipped his pen in the ink, and then, holding it a moment above the paper, seemed to hesitate. Looking around, he said:

"'I never, in my life, felt more certain that I was doing right, than I do in signing this paper. But I have been receiving calls, and shaking hands since nine [eleven?] o'clock this morning, till my arm is stiff and numb. Now, this signature is one that will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say "he had some compunctions." But, any way, it is going to be done!'

"So saying, he slowly and carefully wrote his name at the bottom of the proclamation."

At last the Emancipation Proclamation was a fact. But there was little rejoicing in the heart of the man who had framed and given it to the world. In issuing it, all he had dared hope was that in the long run it would give greater gain than loss. He was not confident that this would be so, but he was willing to risk it. "Hope and fear and doubt contended over the new policy in uncertain conflict," he said months later. As he had foreseen, dark days followed. There were mutinies in the army; there was ridicule; there was a long interval of waiting for results. Nothing but the greatest care in enforcing the proclamation could make it a greater good than evil, and Mr. Lincoln now turned all his energies to this new task. "We are like whalers," he said one day, "who have been long on a chase; we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one 'flop' of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

* Interview with Dr. Sunderland for this magazine.

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

By Captain Alfred T. Mahan,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

V.

THE GUARD SET OVER CERVERA AND THE WATCH KEPT ON CÁMARA.

THE result of the various movements narrated in our last article was to leave the Flying Squadron, on the 22d of May, off Cienfuegos, and Admiral Sampson's division off Havana, on the 21st. The latter was seriously diminished in mobile combatant force by the removal of the "Iowa," detached to the south of the island to join the ships under Schley. It was confidently expected that there, rather than at any northern port, the enemy would make his first appearance; and for that reason the Flying Squadron was strengthened by, and that off Havana deprived of, a vessel whose qualities would tell heavily in conflict with an active antagonist, such as a body of armored cruisers ought to be. Only by great good fortune could it be expected that the monitors, upon which Sampson for the moment had largely to depend, could impose an engagement upon Cervera's division, if the latter sought to enter Havana by a dash. By taking from the Admiral his most powerful vessel, he was exposed to the mortification of seeing the enemy slip by and show his heels to our sluggish, low-freeboard, turreted vessels; but the solution was the best that could be reached under the conditions. It was not till the 28th of the month that the junction of the "Oregon" put our division before Havana on terms approaching equality, as regards quickness of movement.

On the 19th of May, the Navy Department received probable, but not certain, information that the enemy's division had entered Santiago. This, as is now known, had occurred on the early morning of the same day. Singularly enough, less than twenty-four hours before, on the 18th, the auxiliary steamer "St. Louis," Captain Goodrich, lately one of the American transatlantic liners, had been close in with the mouth of this port, which had hitherto lain outside our sphere of operations, and had made a determined and successful attempt to cut the telegraph cable leading from Santiago to Jamaica. In doing this the "St. Louis," which, like her sister ships (except the "St. Paul"), had not yet received an armament suitable to her size or duties, lay for three-quarters of an hour under the fire of the enemy, at a distance of little over a mile. Fortunately, a six-inch rifled gun on the Socapa battery, which was then being mounted, was not ready until the following day; and the "St. Louis" held her ground without injury until a piece had been cut out of the cable. In this work she was assisted by the tug "Wompatuck," Lieutenant-Commander Jungen. The two vessels then moved away to Guantanamo Bay, having been off Santiago nearly forty-eight hours. It may certainly be charged as good luck to Cervera, that their departure before his arrival kept our government long in uncertainty as to the fact, which we needed to know in the most positive manner before stripping the Havana blockade in order to concentrate at Santiago. The writer remembers that the captain of the "St. Louis," having soon afterwards to come north for coal, found it difficult to believe that he could have missed the Spanish vessels by so little; and the more so because he had spent the 19th off Guantanamo, less than fifty miles distant. By that time, however, our information, though still less than eye-witness, was so far probable as to preponderate over his doubts; but much perplexity would have been spared us, had the enemy been seen by this ship, whose great speed would have brought immediate positive intelligence that all, and not only a

part, had entered the port. On this point we did not obtain certainty until three weeks later.

In yet another respect luck, as it is commonly called, went against us at this time. The "Wompatuck" was sent by Captain Goodrich into the mouth of the harbor at Guantanamo, to attempt to grapple the cable there. The tug and the "St. Louis" were both forced to retire, not by the weight of fire from the coast, but by a petty Spanish gunboat, aided by "a small gun on shore." Could this fact have been communicated to Commodore Schley, when he decided to return to Key West on the 26th, on account of the difficulty of coaling, he would probably have seen the facility with which the place could be secured and utilized for a coaling station, as it subsequently was by Admiral Sampson, and that there thus was no necessity of starting back some 700 miles to Key West, with 4,000 tons of coal in a collier in company. When the lower bay was occupied, on the 8th of June, our attacking vessels were only the naval unprotected cruiser "Marblehead" and the auxiliary cruiser "Yankee," the former of which was with the Flying Squadron from Cienfuegos to Santiago, and before the latter port until Sampson arrived. No resistance was then offered by the Spanish gunboat, before which the vulnerable and inadequately armed "St. Louis" and "Wompatuck" had very properly retired.

Although the information received of Cervera's entering Santiago was not reliable enough to justify detaching Sampson's ships from before Havana, it was probable to a degree that made it imperative to watch the port in force at once. Telegrams were immediately sent out to assemble the four auxiliary cruisers—"St. Paul," "St. Louis," "Harvard," and "Yale"—and the fast naval cruiser "Minneapolis," before the mouth of the harbor. The number of these ships shows the importance attached to the duty. It was necessary to allow largely for the chapter of accidents; for, to apply a pithy saying of the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Equipment—"the only way to have coal enough is to have too much"—the only way to assemble ships enough, when things grow critical, is to send more than barely enough. All those that received their orders proceeded as rapidly as their conditions allowed, but the Department could not get hold of the "St. Louis." This failure illustrates vividly the remark made in the last paper concerning the importance of knowing just where cruisers are to be found; for of all the five ships thus sought to be gathered, the "St. Louis" was, at the moment, the most important, through her knowledge of the weakness, for offence, of the enemy at Guantanamo, which she could have communicated to Schley. The latter, when he arrived off Santiago on the evening of the 26th, found the "Minneapolis," the "St. Paul," and the "Yale" on the station. The "Harvard" had already been there, but had gone for the moment to St. Nicolas Mole, with despatches that the Commodore had sent before him from Cienfuegos. She joined the squadron again early next day, May 27th.

On the morning of the 25th, the "St. Paul" had captured the British steamer "Restormel," with 2,400 tons of coal for the Spanish squadron. This vessel had gone first to Porto Rico, and from there had been directed to Curaçao, where she arrived two days after Cervera had departed. When taken, she reported that two other colliers were in Porto Rico when she sailed thence. This would seem to indicate that that port, and not Santiago, had been the original destination of the enemy, for it would have been quite as easy for the colliers to go to Santiago at once; probably safer, for we were not then thinking of Santiago in comparison with San Juan. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that there were only 2,300 tons of Cardiff coal in Santiago, a condition which shows both how little the Spanish government expected to use the port and how serious the capture at this instant was to the enemy.

The intention of Commodore Schley to return to Key West precipitated the movement of Admiral Sampson, with his two fastest ships, to Santiago; but the step would certainly have been taken as soon as the doubt whether all the Spanish division had entered was removed. The Department, under its growing conviction that the enemy was there, had already been increasingly disturbed by the delay of the Flying Squadron before Cienfuegos, caused by the uncertainty of its commander as to whether or not Cervera was in the latter port; nor was there then known reason to censure the decision of the officer on the spot, whose information, dependent upon despatch vessels, or upon local scouting, was necessarily, in some respects, more meager than that of the Department, in cable communication with many quarters. Nevertheless, he was mistaken, and each succeeding hour made

the mistake more palpable and more serious to those in Washington; not, indeed, that demonstrative proof had been received there—far from it—but there was that degree of reasonable probability which justifies practical action in all life, and especially in war. There was not certainty enough to draw away our ships from before Havana—to the exposure also of Key West—but there was quite sufficient certainty to take the chance of leaving Cienfuegos and going off Santiago; for, to put the case at its weakest, we could not close both the last-named ports, and had to make a choice. Against the risk of the enemy trying to dash out of Santiago and run for some other point, provision was made by a telegram to the "Yale" to inform every vessel off Santiago that the Flying Squadron was off Cienfuegos, and that orders had been sent it to proceed with all possible despatch off Santiago. If, therefore, the enemy did run out before the arrival of Schley, our scouts would know how to look for the latter; that is, somewhere on the shortest line between the two ports.

The embarrassment imposed upon the Department, through the telegram that the Flying Squadron was returning to Key West, was increased greatly by the fact that the five cruisers ordered before the port were getting very short of coal. If the squadron held its ground, this was comparatively immaterial. It would be injurious, unquestionably, to the communications and to the lookout, but not necessarily fatal to the object in view, which was that Cervera should not get out without a fight and slip away again into the unknown. But, if the squadron went, the cruisers could not stay, and the enemy might escape unobserved. Fortunately, on second thoughts, the Commodore decided to remain; but before that was known to the Department, Sampson had been directed, on May 29th, to proceed with the "New York" and the "Oregon," the latter of which had only joined him on the 28th. The telegram announcing that the Flying Squadron would hold on came indeed before the two ships started, but it was not thought expedient to change their orders. Word also had then been received that two of the Spanish division had been sighted inside from our own vessels, and though this still left a doubt as to the whereabouts of the others, it removed the necessity of covering Key West, which had caused the Department, on the first knowledge of Schley's returning, to limit its orders to Sampson to be ready to set out for Santiago the instant the Flying Squadron returned. By the departure of the "New York" and the "Oregon," the "Indiana" was left the only battleship to the westward. Her speed was insufficient to keep up with the two others, and it was determined to employ her in convoying the army when it was ready, a duty originally designed for Sampson's division as a whole.

Admiral Sampson with his two ships arrived off Santiago on the 1st of June, at 6 A.M., and established the close watch of the port which lasted until the sally and destruction of Cervera's squadron. "From that time on," says the Spanish lieutenant, Muller, who was in the port from the beginning, as second in command of the naval forces of the province, "the hostile ships, which were afterwards increased in number, established day and night a constant watch, without withdrawing at nightfall, as they used to do." Into the particulars of this watch, which lasted for a month, and effectively prevented any attempt of the enemy to go out by night, the writer does not purpose to enter, as his object in this series of papers is rather to elicit the general lessons derivable from the war than to give the details of particular operations. It is only just to say, however, that all the dispositions of the blockade—to use the common, but not strictly accurate, expression—from the beginning of June to the day of the battle were prescribed by the commander-in-chief on the spot; without controlling orders, and with little, if any, suggestion on the subject from the Department. The writer remembers none; but he does well remember the interest with which, during the dark nights of the month, he watched the size of the moon, which was new on the 18th, and the anxiety each morning lest news might be received of a successful attempt to get away on the part of the enemy, whose reputed speed so far exceeded that of most of our ships. It was not then known that, by reason of the methods unremittingly enforced by our squadron, it was harder to escape from Santiago by night than by day, because of the difficulty of steering a ship through an extremely narrow channel with the beam of an electric light shining straight in the eyes, as would have been the case for a mile before reaching the harbor's mouth.

The office of the Navy Department at that moment, so far as the fleet before Santiago was concerned, was chiefly administrative; to maintain the number of ships and their necessary supplies of coal, ammunition, and healthy food at the highest point consistent with the

requirements of other parts of the field of war. During the month of June, being, as it was, the really decisive period of the campaign, these demands for increase of force naturally rose higher in every quarter. A numerous convoy had to be provided for the army expedition; the battle fleet had to be supplemented with several light cruisers; it became evident that the sphere of the blockade must be extended, which meant many more ships; and in the midst of all this Cámara started for Suez. All this only instances the common saying, "It never rains but it pours." Our battle fleet before Santiago was more than powerful enough to crush the hostile squadron in a very short time, if the latter attempted a stand-up fight. The fact was so evident that it was perfectly clear nothing of the kind would be hazarded; but, nevertheless, we could not afford to diminish the number of armored vessels on this spot, now become the determining center of the conflict. The possibility of the situation was two-fold. Either the enemy might succeed in an effort at evasion, a chance which required us to maintain a distinctly superior force of battleships, in order to allow the occasional absence of one or two for coaling or repairs, besides as many lighter cruisers as could be mustered for purposes of lookout; or, by merely remaining quietly at anchor, protected from attack by the lines of torpedoes, he might protract a situation which tended not only to wear out our ships, but also to keep them there into the hurricane season, a risk which was not, perhaps, adequately realized by the people of the United States.

It is desirable, at this point, to present certain other elements of the naval situation which rightly affected naval action at the moment, and which, also, were probably overlooked by the nation at large; for they give a concrete illustration of conditions which ought to affect our national policy, as regards the navy, in the present and immediate future. We had to economize our ships, because they were too few. There was no reserve. The Navy Department had throughout, and especially at this period, to keep in mind, not merely the exigencies at Santiago, but the fact that we had not a battleship in the home ports that could, in six months, be made ready to replace one lost or seriously disabled; as the "Massachusetts," for instance, has recently been, by running on an obstruction in New York Bay. Surprise approaching disdain was expressed, both before and after the destruction of Cervera's squadron, that the battle fleet was not sent into Santiago either to grapple the enemy's ships there, or to support the operations of the army; in the same way, for instance, that Farragut crossed the torpedo lines at Mobile. The reply—and, in the writer's judgment, the more than adequate reason—was that the country could not, at that time, under the political conditions which obtained last summer, afford to risk the loss or disablement of a single battleship; unless the enterprise in which it was hazarded carried a reasonable probability of equal or greater loss to the enemy, leaving us, therefore, as strong as before relatively to the naval power which in the course of events might yet be arrayed against us. If we lost 10,000 men, the country could replace them; if we lost a battleship, it could not be replaced. The issue of the war, as a whole and in every locality to which it extended, depended upon naval force, and it was imperative to achieve, not success only, but success delayed no longer than necessary. A million of the best soldiers would have been powerless in face of hostile control of the sea. Dewey had not a battleship, but there can be no doubt that that capable admiral thought he ought to have one or more; and so he ought, if we had had them to spare. The two monitors would be something, doubtless, when they arrived; but, like all their class, they lacked mobility.

When Cámara started by way of Suez for Manila, it was no more evident than it was before that we ought to have battleships there. That was perfectly plain from the beginning; but battleships no more than men can be in two places at once, and until Cámara's movement had passed beyond the chance of turning west, the Spanish fleet in the Peninsula had, as regarded the two fields of war, the West Indies and the Philippines, the recognized military advantage of an interior position. In accepting inferiority in the East, and concentrating our available force in the West Indies, thereby ensuring a superiority over any possible combination of Spanish vessels in the latter quarter, the Department acted rightly and in accordance with sound military precedent; but it must be remembered that the Spanish navy was not the only possibility of the day. The writer was not in a position to know then, and does not know now, what weight the United States government attached to the current rumors of possible political friction with other states whose people were notoriously sympathizers with our enemy. The

public knows as much about that as he does; but it was clear that if a disposition to interfere did exist anywhere, it would not be lessened by a serious naval disaster to us, such as the loss of one of our few battleships would be. Just as in the maintenance of a technically "effective" blockade of the Cuban ports, so, also, in sustaining the entireness and vigor of the battle fleet, the attitude of foreign powers as well as the strength of the immediate enemy had to be considered. For such reasons it was recommended that the orders on this point to Admiral Sampson should be peremptory: not that any doubt existed as to the discretion of that officer, who justly characterized the proposition to throw the ships upon the mine fields of Santiago as suicidal folly, but because it was felt that the burden of such a decision should be assumed by a superior authority, which could better bear the idle imputations of ignorance, made at times by some who ought to have known better, but did not. "The matter is left to your discretion," the telegram read, "except that the United States armored vessels must not be risked."

When Cervera's squadron was once cornered, an intelligent opponent would, under any state of naval preparedness, have seen the advisability of forcing him out of the port by an attack in the rear, which could be made only by an army. As Nelson said on one occasion, "What is wanted now is not more ships, but troops." Under few conditions should such a situation be prolonged. But the reasons adduced in the last paragraph made it doubly incumbent upon us to bring the matter speedily to an issue, and the combined expedition from Tampa was at once ordered. Having in view the number of hostile troops in the country surrounding Santiago, as shown by the subsequent returns of prisoners and shrewdly suspected by ourselves beforehand, it was undoubtedly desirable to employ a larger force than was sent. The criticism made upon the inadequate number of troops engaged in this really daring movement is intrinsically sound, and would be wholly accurate if directed, not against the enterprise itself, but against the national shortsightedness which gave us so trivial an army at the outbreak of the war. The really hazardous nature of the movement is shown by the fact that the column of Escario, 3,000 strong, from Manzanillo, reached Santiago on July 3d; too late, it is true, abundantly too late, to take part in the defence of San Juan and El Caney, upon holding which the city depended for food and water; yet not so late but that it gives a shivering suggestion how much more arduous would have been the task of our troops had Escario come up in time. The incident but adds another to history's long list of instances where desperate energy and economy of time have wrested safety out of the jaws of imminent disaster. The occasion was one that called upon us to take big risks; and success merely justifies doubly an attempt which, from the obvious balance of advantages and disadvantages, was antecedently justified by its necessity, and would not have been fair subject for blame, even had it failed.

The Navy Department did not, however, think that even a small chance of injury should be taken which could be avoided; and it may be said that while the man who, on emergency, is unable to run a very great risk for the sake of decisive advantage, is unfit for command, on the other hand he is only less culpable who takes even a small risk of serious harm when he can, by reasonable care, provide against it. It has been well said that Nelson took more care of his topgallant masts,* in ordinary cruising, than he did of his whole fleet when the enemy was to be checked or beaten; and this combination of qualities apparently opposed is found in all strong military characters. Where either is lacking, military strength cannot exist. It was determined, accordingly, to collect for the transports a numerous naval guard, or convoy, to secure them against possible attacks by the Spanish gunboats distributed along the north coast of Cuba, by which route the voyage was to be made. The care was probably thought excessive by many and capable men; but the unforeseen is ever happening in war; here or there a young Spanish officer might unexpectedly prove, not merely brave, as they all are, but enterprising, which few of them seem to be. The transport fleet had no habit of manœuvering together; the captains, many of them, were without interest in the war, and with much interest in their owners, upon whom they commonly depended for employment; straggling, and panic in case of attack, could be surely predicted; and finally, as we scarcely had men enough for the work before them, why incur the hazard of sacrificing even one shipload of our most efficient but all too small army? For such reasons it was decided to collect a dozen of the smaller cruisers, any one of which could handle a Spanish gunboat,

* The lighter upper masts, upon which speed much depended in moderate weather.

and which, in virtue of their numbers, could be so distributed about the transports as to forestall attack at all points. The mere notoriety that so powerful a flotilla accompanied the movement was protection greater, perhaps, than the force itself; for it would impose quiescence, even upon a more active enemy. As a further measure of precaution, directions were given to watch also the torpedo-destroyer in San Juan during the passage of the army. The "Indiana," as has been said, formed part of the convoy; the dispositions and order of sailing being arranged, and throughout superintended, by her commanding officer, Captain Henry C. Taylor.

On Saturday, June 4th, Commodore Remey, commanding the naval base at Key West, telegraphed that the naval vessels composing the convoy would be ready to sail that evening. It had been hoped that the army could sail on the 8th, but early that morning was received the report, alluded to in a previous paper, that an armored cruiser with three vessels in company had been sighted by one of our blockading fleet the evening before, in the Nicolas Channel, on the north coast of Cuba. Upon being referred back, the statement was confirmed by the officer making it, and also by another vessel which had passed over the same ground at nearly the same time. The account being thus both specific and positive, the sailing of the transports was countermanded; the naval vessels of the convoy being sent out from Key West to scour the waters where the suspicious ships had been seen, and Admiral Sampson directed to send his two fastest armored vessels to Key West, in order that the expedition might proceed in force. The Admiral, being satisfied that the report was a mistake, of a character similar to others made to him at the same time, did not comply; a decision which, under the circumstances of his fuller knowledge, must be considered discreet as well as fortunate. The incident was mortifying at the time, and—considering by how little Escario arrived late—might have been disastrous; but it is one of those in which it is difficult to assign blame, though easy to draw a very obvious moral for lookouts.

The expedition finally got away from Tampa on the 14th of June, and arrived off Santiago on the 20th. The process of collecting and preparing the convoy, the voyage itself, and the delay caused by the false report mentioned, constituted, together, a period of three weeks, during which the naval vessels of the expedition were taken away from the general blockade of the Cuban coast. Some days more were needed to coal them and to get them again to their stations. Meanwhile, it was becoming evident that the limits of the blockade must be extended, in order that full benefit might be derived from it as a military measure. The southern ports of Cuba west of Santiago, and especially the waters about the Isle of Pines and Batabano, which is in close rail connection with Havana, were receiving more numerous vessels, as was also the case with Sagua la Grande, on the north. In short, the demand for necessaries was producing an increasing supply, dependent upon Jamaica and Mexico in the south, and upon Europe and North American ports in the north. The whole was thus developing into a system which would go far to defeat our aims, unless counteracted by more widespread and closer knit measures on our part. It was decided, therefore, to proclaim a blockade of the south coast of Cuba from Cape Cruz, a little west of Santiago, to Cape Frances, where the foul ground west of the Isle of Pines terminates. The Isle of Pines itself was to be seized, in order to establish there a secure base, for coal and against hurricanes, for the small vessels which alone could operate in the surrounding shoal water; and an expedition, composed mainly of the battalion of marines, was actually on the way for that purpose when the protocol was signed. During the three weeks occupied by the preparation and passage of the Santiago expedition, the blockade had been barely "effective," technically; it could not at all be considered satisfactory from our point of view, although we were stripping the coast defence fleet of its cruisers, one by one, for the service in Cuba. Our utmost hope at the time, and with every available vessel we could muster, was so far to satisfy the claims of technicality as to forestall any charges of ineffectiveness by neutrals, whose cruisers at times seemed somewhat curious.

In the midst of all this extra strain Cámara's squadron left Cadiz and made its hurried rush eastward. One effect of this was to release, and instantly, all the patrol vessels on our northern coast. These were immediately ordered to Key West for blockade duty, Commodore Howell going in person to take charge of this work. On the other hand, however, uneasiness could not but be felt for Dewey in case Cámara actually went on, for, except the monitor

"Monterey," we could get no armored ship out before the two Spanish armored vessels arrived; and if they had the same speed which they maintained to Suez—ten knots—it was doubtful whether the "Monterey" would anticipate them. It may be mentioned here as an interesting coincidence that the same day that word came that Cámara had started back for Spain, a telegram was also received that the "Monterey" had had to put back to Honolulu, for repairs to the collier which accompanied her. This, of course, was news then ten days old, communication from Honolulu to San Francisco being by steamer, not by cable.

The strengthening of our blockade by the vessels of the northern patrol fleet was therefore the first, and, as it proved, the only lasting result of Cámara's move. What the object was of that singular "vagabondaggio," as it is not inaptly called by an Italian critic, is to the author incomprehensible, to use also the qualifying word of the same foreign writer. That the intention was merely to provoke us to some "eccentric" movement, by playing upon our fears about our forces at Manila, would be perfectly reconcilable with going as far as Port Said, and remaining there for some days, as was done, in difficulty, actual or feigned, about getting coal; but why the large expense was incurred of passing through the canal, merely to double the amount by returning, is beyond understanding. It may have been simply to carry bluff to the extreme point; but it is difficult not to suspect some motive not yet revealed, and, perhaps, never to be known.

Possibly, however, the measures taken by ourselves may have had upon the Spanish government the effect which, in part, they were intended to produce. A squadron of two battleships and four cruisers, drawn from Admiral Sampson's fleet, was constituted to go to Manila by way of Suez, under the command of Commodore Watson, until then in charge of the blockade on the north coast of Cuba. Colliers to accompany these were at the same time prepared in our Atlantic ports. Upon the representations of the Admiral, he was authorized to suspend the sailing of the detachment until all the armored vessels were fully coaled, in order to insure maintaining before Santiago for a considerable period the five that would be left to him. To this modification of the first order contributed also the darkness of the nights at that moment; for the moon, though growing, was still young. But, as our object was even more to prevent Cámara from proceeding than to send the reinforcement, it was desired that these dispositions should have full publicity, and, to insure this the more fully, Watson was directed to go in all haste to Santiago with his flag-ship, the "Newark," to take over his new command, the avowed objective of which was the Spanish coast, then deprived of much of its defence by the departure of Cámara's ships, and most imperfectly provided with local fortifications. Had Cámara gone on to the East, Watson would have followed him; and, although arriving later, there was no insuperable difficulty to so combining the movements of our two divisions—Dewey's and Watson's—as to decide the final result, and to leave Spain without her second division of ships.

Cámara's delay at the Mediterranean end of the canal, which extended over several days, suggested either doubts as to the reality of his rumored destination, or a belief that the equipment and preparation—in coal especially—for so distant an expedition had been imperfect. This contributed to postpone Watson's departure, and the first passage of the canal (July 2d) by the Spaniards coincided in date very closely with the destruction of their other division under Cervera. After the action off Santiago the battleships needed to be again supplied with ammunition, and before that could be effected Cámara was on his way back to Spain.

This abandonment by the enemy of their projected voyage to Manila concurred with the critical position of the army before Santiago to postpone the project of reinforcing Dewey, who no longer needed battleships so far as his immediate operations were concerned. Besides, the arrival of both the "Monterey" and the "Monadnock" was now assured, even if the enemy resumed his movement, which was scarcely possible. When Santiago fell, however, it was felt to be necessary to reëstablish our armored fleet in the Pacific, by way either of the Straits of Magellan or of the Suez Canal. The latter was chosen, and the entire battle fleet, except the "Texas," rejected on account of her small coal endurance, was directed to join the movement and to accompany some distance within the Straits the two battleships which, with their smaller cruisers and colliers, were to go to Manila. The preparations for this movement were kept secret for quite a time, under the cover of an avowed intention to proceed against Porto

Rico; but nothing, apparently, can wholly escape the prying curiosity of the press, which dignifies this not always reputable quality with the title of "enterprise." No great harm resulted; possibly even the evident wish of the government for secrecy, though thus betrayed, may have increased the apprehension of the enemy as to the damage intended to their coasts.

On the question of bombarding Spanish seacoast cities, the course open to our government, as understood by the writer, was perfectly simple. In case the enemy refused peace when resistance was obviously and utterly hopeless, bombardment of a seaport might be resorted to; but with the utmost reluctance, and merely to compel submission and acquiescence in demonstrated facts. Injury should never be wanton; but it is not possible to allow one's own people to be killed, and their substance wasted, merely because an adversary will not admit he is whipped, when he is. When our fleet reached the Spanish coast, that case might have arisen; but probably the unwillingness of our government so to act would have postponed its decision to the very last moment, in order to spare the enemy the final humiliation of yielding, not to reasonable acceptance of facts, but to direct threat of violence. The fixed purpose of bombardment, so freely asserted by the press, was one of the numerous baseless discoveries with which it enlightened its readers during the hostilities; mixtures of truth and error, so ingeniously proportioned as to constitute the best antidote against its numerous indiscretions that our government enjoyed.

The determining factor in this proposed movement of the battle fleet as a whole was the necessity, or at least the advantage, of reinforcing Dewey, and of placing two battleships in the Pacific. It was not thought expedient now to send them by themselves, as at first proposed, for the reason already given in another instance in this paper, *i.e.*, the impropriety of taking even a small risk, if unnecessary. Cámara's ships had now returned to Spain, and there were besides in the ports of the Peninsula other armored vessels, which, though evidently unfit for a distant voyage, might be good for some work in the Straits of Gibraltar, where our two ships must pass. That the latter would beat them all, if assembled, we quite believed, as we had hoped that the "Oregon" might do had she met Cervera; but the "Oregon" could not be helped without neglecting more immediately pressing duties, whereas, at the end of July, there was nothing to detain our heavy ships in the West Indies. It was determined, therefore, to keep them massed and to send them across the ocean. It was probable, nearly to the extent of absolute certainty, that neither before nor after the separation of the division bound for Manila would the entire Spanish navy venture an attack upon the formidable force thus confronting its ports. To insure success without fighting is always a proper object of military dispositions; and, moreover, there were reasons, before alluded to, for maintaining in perfect integrity vessels whose organized fighting efficiency had now been fully vindicated to the world. Even during peace negotiations, one's position is not injured by the readiness of the battle fleet.

To this main reason, others less immediately important concurred. The ships would be taken out of a trying climate, and removed from the chance of hurricanes; while the crews would receive a benefit, the value of which is avouched by naval history, in change of scene, of occupation, and of interests. The possibility of the enemy attempting to divert us from our aim by sending vessels to the West Indies was considered, and, although regarded as wildly improbable, provision against it was made. As Nelson wrote to his commander-in-chief before the advance on Copenhagen: "There are those who think, if you leave the Sound open, that the Danish fleet may sail from Copenhagen, to join the Dutch or French. I own I have no fears on that subject; for it is not likely that whilst their capital is menaced with an attack, 9,000 of their best men should be sent out of the Kingdom." It was still less probable that Spain in the present case would attempt any diversion to the West Indies, and the movement of our heavy armored vessels to her shores could now justly be considered to cover all our operations on this side of the Atlantic. The arrangements made for frequent communication, however, would keep the Department practically in touch with our fleet throughout, and would enable us to counteract any despairing effort of the enemy.

A WOMAN WHO HESITATED.

By Walter Barr,

Author of "In the Third House."

SHACKLETT smiled when he saw the morning paper, and seemed especially amused at the "scare heads" in which the opposition press indulged. There had been some advance speculation, among the men gathered in the "Times" office the day before, as to how he would look when he read the article which the managing editor had just ordered the most vitriolic pen on the paper to write. But none of the predictions included a smile; for none of the men knew Shacklett.

It was the beginning of the second week of the fight in the legislative caucus over the election of a new senator. If the previous incumbent of the seat in the upper house at Washington had foreseen how extraordinarily bitter would be the fight over the toga he laid down, perhaps he would not have died just before the opening of the session that would have completed his term. At any rate, the new bills were still reposing in the breast pockets or the locked desks, while the daily sessions of the house and senate consisted of dispensing with the reading of the journal, wishing that the prayer could be dispensed with also, and adjourning. The few members who took the trouble to go up to the capitol to do this were looked upon as the best fellows in the world for their generous performance of what somebody had to do.

But there was no tendency to shirk attendance at the caucus. By one of the queer perversions of the theory of our government, the man who was to represent the greatest of the Rocky Mountain States in the federal senate was to be selected by that caucus which met daily, fought continually, and refused admission to four-ninths of the members of the legislature. Such were the actual conditions—with some additional details of the fighting about which Shacklett knew more than anybody else and some of which he never told—as the first week passed with no choice and Shacklett gaining a little each day over his opponents.

Then came the big sensation. Everybody out West heard of it at the time, and every politician still remembers it. It was cunningly designed to kill off Shacklett, and seemed to have done so the day it appeared. But hardly anyone expected Shacklett to take it in the way he did, for every one supposed him to be a thoroughly practical politician, always fighting to a finish.

The result of the conference between Swart, the managing editor of the "Times"; Pickens, who was managing Sommers's campaign, and a man from Illinois, whose name was not mentioned at the time, was not known to another soul until the "Times" appeared the next morning. Part of the force of the publication lay in its unexpectedness; the rest of the momentum it had came from its boldness. People generally believe any charge that is made with sufficient energy and particularity, if it be something they never dreamed of before. They believed this one; but they expected Shacklett to deny it in a way that would keep things boiling for weeks at least.

Released from the thraldom of alliteration and debased from wood type, the headlines told quite as much as did the article below, lacking only a few minor details. They said that Shacklett had been a member of the lobby at Springfield before coming

West, and had been thoroughly mixed up with the notorious Chicago bills, the scandal of which had been carried even to the mountains. They also said that, in case of his election, the opposition party had arranged to begin prosecutions back in Illinois, and send a requisition for the new senator from the splendid State, the insignia of which was never sullied, and whose sun should not be sent down in disgrace for Shacklett's sin. But it was not the alliteration at which Shacklett smiled. His was the smile of a man who has a "straight flush" in his hand when the other side of the table displays four aces. He saw the humor in the situation and enjoyed being the only man who knew all about it.

Fletcher and Van Steen took it differently. They came in, with angry faces and flashing eyes, to tell Shacklett that the trick was the most dastardly ever seen and that they would shoot Swart at sight, if Shacklett thought it would not do further injury to their campaign. Before they were entirely through the door, Shacklett had banished the smile, and his face was the inscrutable mask that was the only one the Westerners knew. He had come out from Illinois five years before, and the rapidity of his rise had been phenomenal, except to the inner circle, which at once recognized that politics was an old play to the newcomer, and that legislatures were to him but as the collection of toy soldiers played with by boys. They had recognized the fresh finesse of Shacklett at once, and they took him up quickly. Incidentally, it may be said that they did not cease to profit by it for many years.

"I tell you men that I'm all right," Shacklett said to his two chief lieutenants, "and you know that when I say that, it ends it. If you fellows stick to me and let me play this thing out, we'll all win. I'm going to take you through fire and hot water; but, if you fall by the wayside, you'll miss the train that's going right into the station. The first thing I want you to do is to stay away from me till eleven o'clock; then I want you to come here."

When they had gone, Shacklett took a carriage down to a hotel, and as he got to his room, sent for a messenger. Next he wrote two notes, and told the messenger boy to hurry with them as fast as a dollar could make him go. Then he sat down, took a letter from his pocket, and read it over twice. There is no means of telling what he thought, for his face showed nothing; but the letter was from the only girl that Shacklett ever even thought he loved. He had come West to gain money enough and position sufficiently high to marry her, and for five years the girl had been the object of all his work and the expected reward for all his successes. The fact that he might have married at any time cut no figure, since Shacklett knew perfectly well that he ought not to marry the girl until he was rich enough to give her the life she deserved. That had been all argued out and settled—by Shacklett—in spite of the views of the girl herself.

He had left what some of his friends had thought a very fine position back in Illinois to come West and take the chances of politics, and incidentally of the profession of law, with a well-worked-out plan in his head. He came determined to be senator from the State that had attracted him as affording the best opportunities for a skillful manipulator of politics; but that, after all, was only incidental to becoming able to marry the girl, with whom he had a complete understanding, withal one of his own creation.

When he had gone to bed at three o'clock that morning, Shacklett knew the senatorial dignity would be his within a week; but he did not feel the toga on his shoulders—he felt only the hand of the girl upon his hot forehead. He did not imagine the cheers of his party when the final vote should be declared. He heard only the words of the young Presbyterian minister back in the Illinois city saying the simple marriage service. When Shacklett arose, at seven o'clock the same morning, the first thing he picked up was the letter from the girl which he was reading in the room at the hotel while he was waiting for answers to his notes. It was a warm, carefully written letter, sensible enough, no doubt, and showed the greatest faith in Shacklett. It said:

I have just heard, from a man whom I shall hate to my dying day, that you were part of the gang which bought up the legislature for the notorious Chicago bills; that you were given twenty thousand dollars to get the vote of a senator named McNamara from down in the State, but he was so honest that even that fortune could not touch him, and you failed. Do not imagine that I believe this. If I did, I would not tell you. But the evidence is so strong that I must ask you about it. Did you approach Senator McNamara with a large sum of money in the interest of the bills in that legislature? If your answer is No, wire it to me quick, for I shall die if this state of mind continues much longer.

If you cannot answer No, you had best not answer at all. You will receive this on Monday morning. Your telegram can reach me by noon in any event. If it is not here by Monday noon, I shall know that you cannot say No, and——

I do not know just what will become of me, for unfortunately people do not die when they ought to. I suppose it will be like a bad wound that finally gets well, but always leaves a scar. I do not see how mine can ever heal, but they tell me that wounds do sometimes.

But the surgeon's knife sometimes is the least evil. If you are that kind of a man, I should feel at the altar like a woman going on a boat that the inspectors had condemned throughout. Of course some of them reach port again, but most of them do not, and it is only a matter of time when such a man wrecks his life.

It is not that I am afraid for myself entirely. The essential question is whether I could love you then. I love the man I learned to know here: but could I love the other man I found later on I had married, as development would come along the lines of character he chose? That is the great thing, for, if I did not love my husband, both of us would be driven farther into the whirlpool and both of us be more unhappy than if we separate now.

"HE . . . TOOK A LETTER FROM HIS POCKET, AND READ IT OVER TWICE."

It seems a sensible letter, but Shacklett had another view-point. "When the police have nabbed the stakes, what's the use of keeping on playing the game?" were his first words after reading the letter. His next thought was being worked out by his presence at this downtown hotel, where he was seldom seen; now as he read the letter over yet again, he was revolving other plans in his mind. The thought of telling the truth, which would place him on a pedestal, never entered his head. And although this fight was finished, he began to plan for the next one as naturally as a clerk takes up another letter when the first is written. Everything that he had considered to be two weeks ahead was pushed forward two years. But life was longer than the two years, and this was a case of having to win. These things were not thoughts in his mind; they were perceptions, coming to him apparently exactly as did the fact that the door was between him and the hall.

A few taps on the door changed the trend of his mind instantly. Shacklett called out an invitation to enter, without taking his leg off the arm of the chair or looking up. Not until the door was fully open did he slowly rise and greet his visitor. He had none of the air of a host; he was rather the man who has casually met another on the curb and stopped for a moment to chat about a little matter still unfinished.

It was Calloway who entered, and before he had closed the door, Sommers arrived, looking furtively up and down the hall. Both had been followed by the reporters for some distance; but Calloway had dropped his squad in the mazes of the park through which he drove slowly, greatly enjoying the freshness of the morning, while Sommers had passed through one of the other hotels too swiftly for his shadows. Nothing ever happened out West of so much moment to the writers on the newspapers as this meeting of the three candidates for senator who had been fighting so bitterly for so long; but this is the first authentic account of what occurred, and indeed the first direct statement of the fact that such a conference occurred at all. Once in a while something escapes the reporters.

Shacklett had arranged the chairs and the table, and when he motioned each to a seat and sat down in the only remaining chair, it happened that they were seated with the table between them. Shacklett began to speak at once, and his tone was low and clear, his words clear-cut, but with an apparent slight drawl on each that indicated little genuine interest in the first sentences spoken.

"Gentlemen," he began, "before I saw the 'Times' this morning, I had made up my mind to a certain line of action, and I do not feel like having my plans disturbed by a little thing like that. So I've thus far kept on the route I had chosen. I've the game we've been playing in my own hands. I drew the card last night that made me winner; after I've smashed to smithereens the lies in the 'Times,' which I can do by three o'clock, nothing can beat me. I'm keeping off of debatable ground; I didn't invite you here for an argument." And his eyes twinkled with that sparkle that won over people at whom it was directed.

"But some of my private affairs have gone wrong back where my brother lives," he went on, without a pause or change of manner, "and I'll lose a pot if I stay here and fool any longer with this fight. I'm going to quit, gentlemen, and leave the game with you, with your permission, and lay down my royal flush, so that you can continue to back your full house and your two pair."

The other men were so taken off their guard that they made little attempt to keep their feelings from showing in their faces. Shacklett saw the look of alarm in Sommers's eyes: it was quickly followed by the one that shows in the pupils of cornered, desperate men. He also noted the relief in the face of Calloway; though the old politician quickly hid it under a look merely of surprise and polite interest. Shacklett kept on talking smoothly.

"Sommers, you don't know me a little bit. I don't punish my enemies that way. I'm not going to throw you over the cliff, and until just now I didn't know which of you was the several kinds of idiot that was behind the 'Times.' And, Calloway, I know I ought to send Sommers back to his justice shop in La Jara and let you hold a wake here on his political remains, but I don't do those things; it isn't my way.

"What I'll do, under certain easy conditions, is to get out bag and baggage and let you two grab whatever each of you can of my estate in the legislature. I won't throw a vote to either of you. I'll say to my people, 'Go where you please,' and I'll stick to that. Each of you get what you can, understand? That is, if you meet my terms. If you don't both come in, the one that does will get votes enough to elect him on the next ballot. If neither of you sees fit to accept my generous offer, I'll let the private business go, and tomorrow morning will see the game over and the pot in my pocket—I can wait over here that long, I guess.

"My terms are these: Whoever is elected, and regardless of how they vote, my friends must be taken care of for the six years. I'll give you a list of them and of how big a graft each is to have. If one of them goes to Sommers, and you, Calloway, are elected, you must take care of him just the same. You, too, catch the point, Sommers? The same thing goes if you are elected and some of the men fight for Calloway.

"The only other thing is that the 'Times' must come out in the morning with three columns on its first page taking back everything it said this morning. I don't care how it gets out of the hole itself. It can say that the man that brought the stuff from Illinois turns out to be an escaped convict or something of that kind, if it wants to; but it must say that the 'Times' and Sommers and Calloway have investigated the rumors and found them all to be infernal rot which imposed on the paper and the State. I know, Calloway, that you can't turn that trick; but if Sommers don't do it, he goes back to the mines and you get the best thing I have to hand out after I get to Washington.

"Now, gentlemen, I want an answer, and I'm sorry I can't give you better opportunity for consideration. We'd better all stay here until the decision's made, and I don't think it is necessary for you two to consult. I'm to meet my men at eleven o'clock to give them final directions, and it lacks ten minutes of that hour now. What do you say?"

Shacklett saw Sommers's thoughts in his sharp eyes, that had just the faintest glitter in them. He knew that Sommers needed still another blow, so he kept on: "Calloway, suppose you speak first. Is it a go?"

Neither Calloway nor Sommers could see much of the face of the other. Both had from habit looked around for a mirror that would help them out, but that was the one hotel suite in the city without a mirror on the wall. Now each furtively tried to glance at the other out of the corner of his eye; but it could not be accomplished. If one accepted, the other was lost if he refused Shacklett's plan. Calloway gave up the effort to seem cool. He exclaimed: "Of course I'll do it, Shacklett. Do you imagine that I'm a degenerate idiot? I'll tell you frankly now that I was scared to death when I saw that thing in the 'Times,' for I figured that you'd make it a boomerang to elect you. I've not enjoyed this fight against you, and I'm only too glad to be able to talk to you again in the corners of the corridors."

"Judge Sommers?" Shacklett let out the

words with all the suavity of gesture of which a mendicant is capable, and with all the modulation of tone that a long lesson in elocution might have given. There were but two words uttered, but they stood for "If you dare—be a dead duck, or acknowledge you're a rascal! You have to—and you know it; take your punishment like a man."

"It's a go," said Sommers.

"Now, gentlemen, each two of us stand as witnesses to the pledge of the other. You'll want to go to arrange for bag-

"IF ONE ACCEPTED, THE OTHER WAS LOST. . . ."

ging my men, and as I said, I go to tell them to fly to either coop they please. I also tell them that they have lost nothing by sticking to Shacklett. Sommers, you can take the front door, the way you came in. Calloway, you pass into that adjoining room and turn to the right; you'll get to the ladies' entrance. I'll go through that other room, and see my friend the chef as I go out the back way."

The State music-teachers' association had come en masse to accept the invitation to an excursion on the river, with tea on the lawn of The Heights. Mary Stoddard had talked of Chopin and Rimsky-Korsakow to bespectacled young men and rotund Germans until she had been called to assist a young girl with an old face who had become entangled in the shrubbery; then she called Mr. Bradbury, and went out on the Point. She felt tired of the compliments to the place in all keys by the musicians, and said to herself that she liked crowds less every day. Mr. Bradbury was a restful man to talk to. He seldom talked education, missions, or purity in politics outside of the pulpit of the church in Warsaw, his first charge. He felt his responsibilities, but he also remembered the world he had known before he donned the cloth. Miss Stoddard just now desired most of all to get a breath of the air of the real world, and the spiritualities of the lovers of Beethoven and Dargomijsky did not appeal to her.

"That river," she said, when they reached the promontory where the flagstaff of the geodetic survey had been, "has two mouths, you see. They have changed locations several times since I was a little girl, and sometimes there is but one. But whatever the situation there, the Des Moines empties into the Mississippi in some way or other. I admire the certainty of its accomplishment regardless of means and obstructions. It is a case of the end justifying the means, and the more I look at it the more apt I am to adopt that theological tenet."

The Rev. Mr. Bradbury only smiled. He had no fears of this sheep of his flock straying even the least distance from the creed held by her forefathers and herself. After a little he said, "But there is only one means used—the natural tendency to flow down hill. Men and women move upward or downward with the same certainty according to the direction in which they are traveling."

A party of the music-teachers strolled up and interrupted whatever she was about to reply. Talking to a thin-faced girl was a young reporter from one of the Chicago

papers, sent down to cover his first assignment out of the city and duly impressing the people he met with his journalistic importance. Just now he was recounting as his own the experiences of a man who did the legislative work for his paper.

"Now, there was the king of the lobby, Shacklett," he rattled off, and the name made Miss Stoddard listen to him instead of to what Mr. Bradbury was saying in an attempt to continue their own conversation. "Now, there was Mr. Shacklett; he had a cool million dollars to spend to buy members with, and he took old Senator McNamara up in a room, and spread out twenty thousand in bills before him, and told him it was all his if he would vote for the Chicago bills. But old Mac was too honest or too smart or too badly scared—he refused. Then there was Cantwell; he was a nervy one, too——"

But Miss Stoddard turned back to Mr. Bradbury with new interest. "Now take that boy, for instance," the minister said, seizing an opportunity to attract her wandering thoughts. "He is starting down hill by his very association with such schemes as he has been telling of. But the man he spoke of—the man who offered the other a fortune to sell his vote for corrupt measures—that man will continue to go downward exactly as the Des Moines does. He is certain to get to his level finally—as certain as the river is to flow into the Mississippi. If not by one channel, then by another, or by both together."

"But because he did that one thing, does that make it a necessity for him to do more like it? May he not do such a thing once in his life without its determining the trend of his character?" As Miss Stoddard said this, she tried not to show too much interest.

"But this man was already the king of the lobby, you see. That was the level to which he descended by a gradual evolution of character, you know."

"Yes; that is true," she replied. "Let us go back and discuss the chord of the diminished seventh in the minor scale."

As soon as the adieus of the musicians had been said and the guests from Warsaw had departed, Mary Stoddard went out again upon the Point and looked at the rivers. Beyond the tops of the stunted trees growing on the high bluff, the Mississippi lay at her feet like a lake of narrow width and indefinite length. After its rush over the rapids above Keokuk, it moved along so sedately that it could not be seen to flow, but seemed to be a stationary body of water, the two ends of which reached out into the unknown. Its one suggestion was the inconceivable. To the right it reached out into the tree tops, and to the left it extended past the big elm that cut off the picture. Beyond these one knew it was drawn through a great nation from top to bottom; but one had to reason this out, just as one had to make an appreciable effort to grasp the fact of the nation. For all that one actually felt, it came from the unknown, and went into the unknowable.

On the other side was something hardly more definite. Directly in front, the Des Moines was drawn under the railroad bridge down to the water's edge. Of course, when one comes to think of it, the Des Moines traverses a great State, and is a very respectable river; but in the picture that Mary Stoddard saw it was only one of the lines, lying like a forked stick on a dirty table. A little further down nestled the village of Alexandria, seen only when looked for and indefinite always. Beyond the brown plain of corn in the bottom lands were the Missouri bluffs, ten miles away, making a hazy sky line that served to separate the fields from the clouds and, by their distance, to add the quality of impressiveness to the view. The one thing with definition was the Mississippi, cutting the ground from under one's feet.

As Mary Stoddard sought the one tangible thing to grasp, one definite axiom on which to build a proposition, the only thing that came to her was the memory of the words of Mr. Bradbury. They had seemed easy to overcome at the time; but they continued to stand out like the Mississippi in the view before her, and she felt that, however stagnant they appeared in themselves, they had force enough to change the drift of her life. It was not yet dark when she walked to her room and wrote the letter to Shacklett which, indirectly, caused the greatest political surprise one of the American capitals had ever seen. When Monday came, she drove to Warsaw for the mail. Incidentally she passed the depot, and stopped to talk to the telegraph operator about the Sunday-school picnic. It was quite casually that she mentioned that she would spend some time on her way back with Inez Roberts.

Miss Stoddard did not reply meekly when old Barbara chided her for keeping dinner waiting until nearly two o'clock. She led the gardener a merry chase the rest of the afternoon, showing him contemplated changes in the flower beds, and at evening she went to her room instead of

coming to supper. When the electric lights in her room flashed up, as the dynamo station in the town started for the night, she turned them off at the lamps. She was born twenty years too late to cry, under the circumstances, and she thought more of the past than of the present.

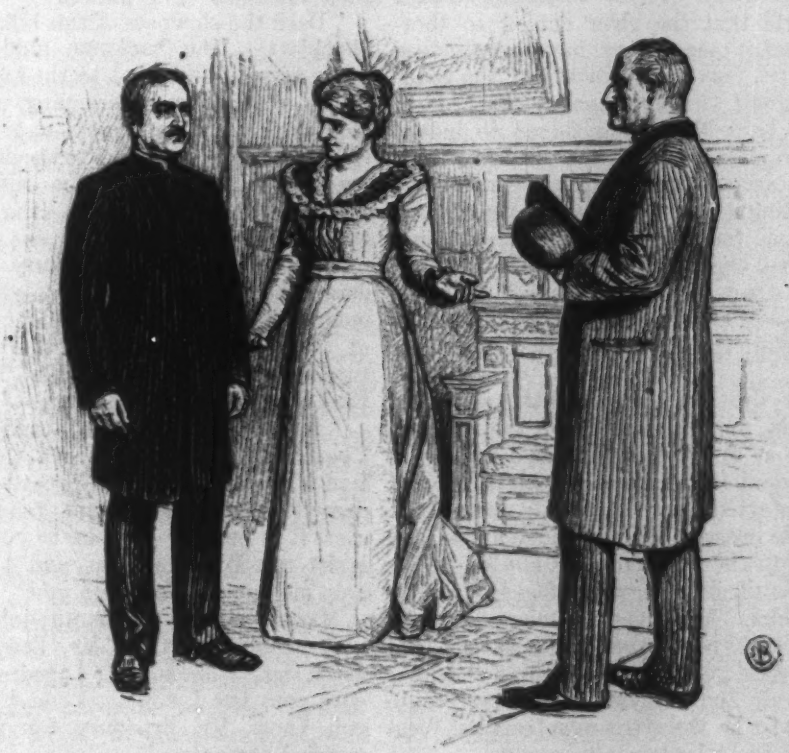
When the moon shining through the window made the room as light as a poor lamp would have made it, she petulantly remembered that the moon could not be extinguished as an electric light, and wondered whether the time would ever come when men of science could accomplish even that. A little later she was on the settee where the bluff fell away from the edge of the lawn down into the indefinite depths, at the bottom of which the river shone out strong and clear, and more mighty because of the moonlight tipping the tops of the waves and making them each recognizable. There was nothing now to suggest man; all spoke of the God who wrote his character in His work. The very essence of peace pervaded everything—the sweet, beautiful peace that passeth understanding, and is fairly tangible from a Mississippi bluff when all is still.

Then a note of discord was struck when into view came a steamboat with its red signal light high in the air and its dim yellow lights shining through the openings of its cabin and engine-room. Slowly it crept over the burnished river, like a planet over the disk of the sun, and suddenly Mary Stoddard started.

After all, what had made the river what it was? Millions of years of labor had left it only a peaceful picture, with savages in the foreground and heathen monuments in the middle distance. But a hundred years of burning hot steam had brought churches and colleges and civilization to an empire.

What came with the steamboat was injustice, oaths, the violation of each and every one of the commandments—and what men call modern conditions. Did it pay? Would it have been better to have left the river to flow on in peace than to have stirred up the mud from its bottom with the revolving paddle-wheels of selfish strife after cutting the line that for so long held men fast to the old, godly ideas?

The boat passed on into the night. The girl did not see it disappear. The thing she saw was the line of flat tombstones marking the graves of her ancestors, each of whom had lived a godly life of peace, and slipped out of view as the boat had done. They had without doubt saved their own souls, but what



"'WE'RE TO BE MARRIED SOME TIME.'"

else had they done? Her father had become county clerk, and her grandfather had built the old stone church. Her brother had had some hope of becoming county superintendent of schools, and his real ambition was to make the address of welcome at the old settlers' meeting. Her grandfather, she remembered, had made the pleasures of this home possible by venturing out upon the furthermost edge of the frontier, and stopping only where the river made the boundary of settlement. . . . She had chosen the only right road—the road that leads to the peace of a clear conscience—she felt sure; but would it pay her to glide through life to the sea when the gain is in inertia and the loss in energy? It was four days before she decided that question for herself.

During these days there was no lack of energy in the fight for the senatorship. Shacklett had started East on the fastest train out of the capital, and at Council Bluffs was delighted to hear of the phenomenal runs made to Burlington. At the latter city, he felt he was nearly home again, and from the very station the railroad ran so near the river that he threw a cigar stump into the water from the car window. Above Keokuk he took a long look at the hills of Illinois, less than a mile away, but yet belonging to that other world that the river cut off so thoroughly that it seemed to have been moved over a little, leaving a crack like the space between great stepping-stones. He had left his office back there determined to induce the girl to change her mind. When he saw the road across the river, so near that he could distinguish the different kinds of vehicles, and so far that it seemed in another hemisphere, the road over which they had driven so often, he said to himself that this was a case of absolute necessity, and that he never before really knew what necessity meant.

He left the train at the little depot at Alexandria, and the driver of the carryall drawn up at the platform seemed to take it as a personal injury that Shacklett ignored him and started to walk briskly toward the ferry. He crossed the river to Warsaw, and jumped into the first hack, but not before the boy in the railroad telegraph office had caught sight of him. With the prescience of telegraph office boys, this one had reasoned that a well-dressed gentleman coming off the down K-Line train and hurrying over the river into a hack must be the great man from out West for whom the telegram was meant.

Shacklett differed from the townspeople who got telegrams in that he signed the book and tipped the boy before he tore open the envelope. The telegram did not seem to be of much interest to him, and the office boy wondered how it would affect such a man to be elected general manager or trainmaster of the universe. In fact, he made a remark of this kind to the agent, when he got back to the office. The telegram was this:

HON. N. C. SHACKLETT, WARSAW, ILL.:

Deadlock between Sommers and Calloway broken by election of yourself as senator. We sprung it right without hearing from you. Wires strung all along the road for you. Why don't you answer?

VAN STEEN.

Shacklett thought it just as well to delay answering now until he had seen the girl who had the decision to make. He might be able to telegraph Van Steen yet to-night that the unexpected honor was accepted as a duty that he owed to the State of his adoption and one that he could not shirk. He might have to stay back here for ten or twelve years before he could induce the girl to see things in the right way; and by that time it would be another term and he should have to make a keen contest for the honor.

"Dash the office without the girl," he exclaimed aloud, and the hackman looked back and said, "Beg pardon?"

"Dash the slowness of this hill," exclaimed Shacklett. The hackman said he would hurry as soon as he got to the top.

The shadows were creeping up the bluff from the river when Shacklett arrived at The Heights. The girl came to the door when he rang. She started back so suddenly when she saw Shacklett, whom she thought a thousand miles away, that she trod on the toes of the Rev. Mr. Bradbury. She introduced the two men, and the light of amusement in her eyes at the evident disapproval of the minister was still there when she turned to Shacklett and said: "Your coming East is somewhat of a surprise."

"I did not wire you," said Shacklett, "because I wanted to begin the conversation when I could talk directly at you. I came to make an argument, and I'm going to start it in person. It'll be to your benefit to assist me, Mr. Bradbury, and I hope you'll help me out if I call upon you."

Mary Stoddard spoke up quickly and a little coquettishly: "Mr. Bradbury would assist me, I am sure, if I desired to argue with you, but I don't. I can do that later, you know, Mr. Bradbury, for we're to be married some time."

"Yes; next week, in fact," said Shacklett.

A twelve-foot kite.

THE WAR KITE.

STORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF A KITE THAT WILL LIFT A MAN.

By Captain B. Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards.

Illustrated from photographs taken especially for McClure's Magazine, under the direction of the author, at Whitton Park Club, Hounslow, England.

IT is very remarkable how people pass by good inventions and good ideas and *won't* take to them. Kites, for instance, have been known for hundreds of years. Everyone knows of them all the world over, yet till a few years ago no one thought of putting them to any use. When I say no one, I do not mean that exactly, for Franklin and others, of course, used kites for meteorological experiments; Pocock drew a little carriage along with them, and several others suggested their use for life-saving at sea. But it has been only during the last three or four years that inventors have taken up this long neglected contrivance, and now we hear of remarkable kite experiments in many different countries. It is, however, of my own particular improvements that I am asked to write.

My first object was to get an idea of the capabilities of a kite for lifting weights. Naturally the lift depends on the strength of the wind; and I soon found that the wind varies so greatly in strength, that it is very difficult to get accurate working figures. One day I had a kite of some twenty square feet up, and found that I could put stone after stone into the little bag hanging beneath, up to a total weight of six pounds, and not overweight the kite. I felt quite triumphant. On this basis, three-tenths pound per square foot, a kite of 500 square feet should lift a man. Thus encouraged, I worked all the harder. But I soon found that the kite is an awkward customer to deal with when you get on the wrong side of him. He can be very bad tempered, and often refuses to do what he is told. I had to devise new methods of construction in order to keep portable so huge an apparatus as I required. First, the tail required consideration (for I had been brought up to believe that a kite must have a long appendage of string with bits of paper tied along it at intervals). This tail was the bother of my life. The papers got wet and tore off. I substituted bits of stick. Then I thought it was not heavy enough, and added weights. Next, I imagined it did not offer enough resistance to the wind, and I put on canvas cones. And, then, oh dear! the bother when that tail became entangled. Well, one day it was

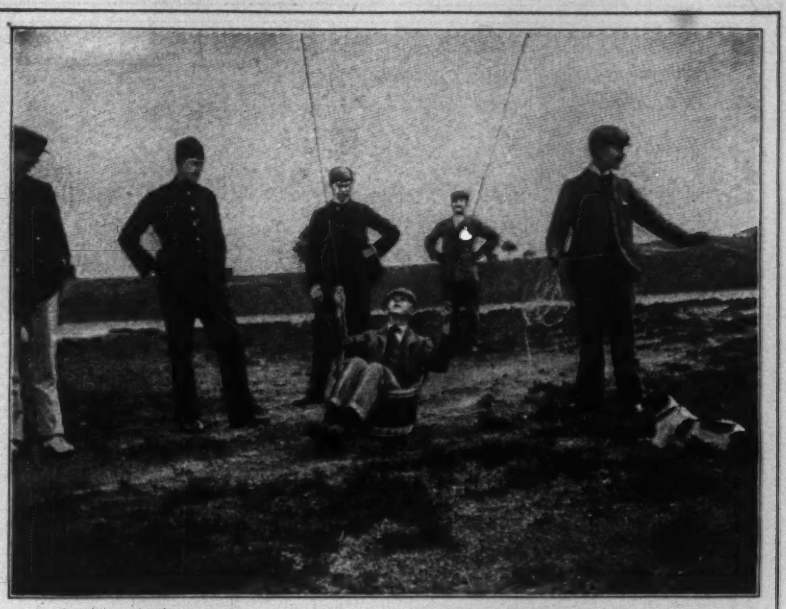
The start.

blowing very hard, and the kite would not fly steadily. I added more and more to the tail, till finally I put a great bush on the end of it. The kite went up, then dived over, and then circled round and round, the bush alternately sweeping the ground and the sky, until it nearly swept me off the face of the earth. At last I got the kite down, and sorrowfully took the whole tail off, determined to add still more length and weight. But a sudden gust came, and took the kite right out of my hands. Up it went, indecently tailless, and flitted about like a bat, though on the whole much steadier than it had been with the ponderous string of brushwood hanging from it. From that day to this I have rarely put a tail on a kite.

That was one great result. I went on improving details, but made no important step until March, 1893, when, after trying a great many unsatisfactory arrangements for steering the kite out of the wind course, I hit upon the plan of having two flying lines, one on each side of the center. In this way, I found, I could not only steer my kite to a remarkable extent on either side of the wind course; but in a gusty, variable wind, I could, by fastening the two lines at a distance apart, keep the kite floating perfectly steady. I then returned to weight-lifting. After many trials, I was one day delighted to get a kite of about one hundred square feet to lift a weight of fifty-six pounds clear off the ground. I now made the kites bigger and bigger until, in May, 1894, I had a huge contrivance of bamboo and canvas, thirty-six feet high, with an area of about 500 square feet. To get a sailmaker to piece together the lightest canvas for the cover was easy enough, but how to make the frame was the difficulty. To calculate the strain would be a very nice way to begin, but what wind was I to allow for? If

A lull in the wind. Captain Baden-Powell in the basket.

I made provision for a gale, my apparatus would weigh so much that no light breeze could lift it. So I began the other way. I got some light bamboos, lashed them together, and stretched the canvas on the framework. It rose majestically, quietly doubled up and collapsed, and sank to the ground a wreck. So I made a stronger framework, and sent the kite up by two cords, with a basket suspended between them: the same device as that shown in the two pictures on this page.



"Will it lift a man?"

The result was satisfactory as far as it went, but that wasn't far. I smashed dollars' and dollars' worth of bamboo. Again and again, when I thought I had made a really good piece of apparatus, some little detail would go wrong; the kite would rise up in the wind, turn sideways, and come plump down against the ground, smashing every bone in its body. To me it was heart-rending to see, but to mere spectators it proved most entertaining. They roared with laughter.

However, we progressed; and so satisfactory did our work at last become that one day—it was June 27, 1894—we decided on putting it to the crucial test. The question, not so much with me, for I was very confident, but with the assistants and lookers-on, was, "Will it lift a man?" The weather was not favorable. The wind came and went: a strong puff, and then a lull. As it seemed so light, I was kind enough to allow my youngest and lightest brother officer to take the seat of honor in the basket, and see if he could be lifted. The kite was meanwhile flying perhaps fifty feet overhead.

"Up it went, man and all."

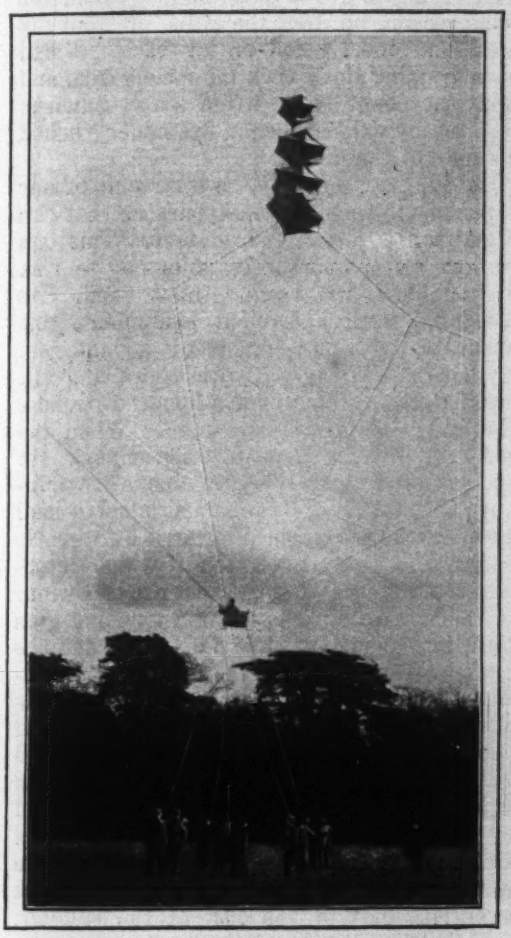
In the basket leaving the ground, but still held by bystanders.

Suddenly the wind freshened. There was a creak of the basket, and up it went, man and all, while we retained hold of the cords to prevent his being carried too high. My machine had really lifted a man. I then got into the basket. It lifted me, too!

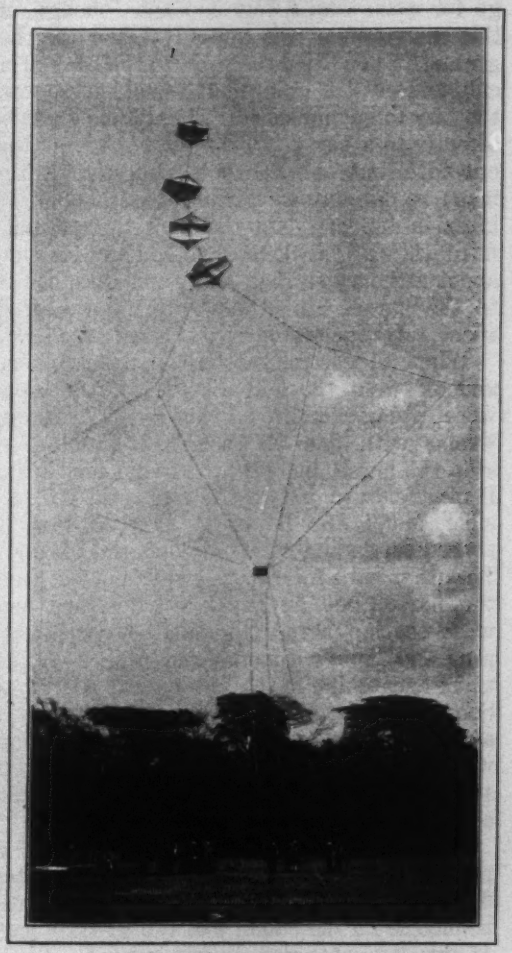
Again we persevered, and gradually the kite improved and grew more tractable. I now found that numerous difficulties arose from having so big an apparatus, not the least being that it proved much too powerful in a strong wind. So I returned to smaller kites, and fixed several together, their number depending on the wind force.

I had come to the conclusion that the best shape, considering lightness, convenience of folding up, power to lift, and ease of making, was one in which the frame consisted of three poles of equal length, one placed upright and called the "backbone," the other two put across the "backbone" at right angles, at a distance from either end of it equal to about one-sixth of its length. The shape was thus nearly hexagonal. This form, for want of a better name, I christened "Levitor." The most convenient size was that in which poles not more than twelve feet long were used. This made the area of the kite about 120 square feet.

From just lifting a man, I got to lifting him easily. Once a kite takes hold of a man, it may lift him to any height. If it was capable of lifting a man during the puffs ten or twelve feet (in the intervals letting



In the basket, forty feet from the ground.



Empty basket about seventy-five feet from the ground.

him down with a bump), why not 300 or 400 feet? But what about that bump? At first I took care that no one should ascend to a greater height than he could safely fall, however much the kite might want to take him higher. I tried to arrange that the lowest kite should act as a parachute in the event of the wind's dropping or the rope's breaking. This I tested while a good fat sand-bag was the occupant of the car. All I can say is that I am glad it *was* a sand-bag, and not a man. I thenceforward adopted a regular parachute, but the objection to this was that it wouldn't open until it had fallen about fifty feet; so if my man chanced to be up no more than that height, and an accident occurred, the parachute was not of much use, and even such a detail as a drop of fifty feet *I* didn't care to leave unprovided for. I next arranged a framework to the parachute to keep it permanently distended.

Things were now going so well that I decided on a public exhibition, and I took the apparatus down to Ipswich to show to the *savants* of the British Association. There were many delays at starting. I had no experienced assistant. But when we got to business, the five kites did their work well. With the parachute spread above my head and a balloon-like car to stand in, I went up to the end of the tether, one hundred feet. Numerous trips to this height were also made by others. Since then a number of satisfactory ascents have been made.

Anybody can understand a kite's lifting in a strong wind, but to be really useful it ought to lift also in a calm. You may say that the whole principle of a kite depends upon wind; but does not the smallest schoolboy know otherwise? If he wants his kite to go up, what does he do? Why, he *runs* with it. So I got about twenty men, one very calm day, and set them to run, but the difficulty was that the men got out of breath and couldn't

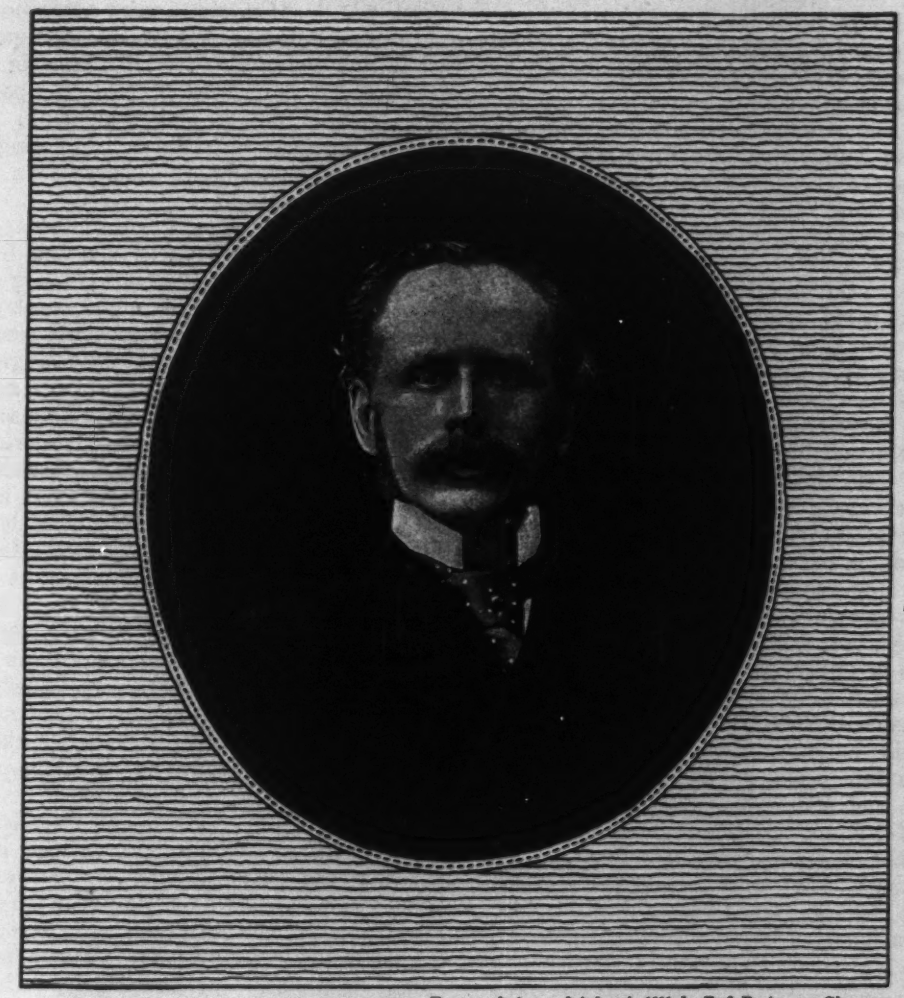
go for more than a few seconds—though in this time a man was actually lifted off the ground. Then I tied the rope to the back of a cab, and set *that* going, but the old horse was too lazy to get up speed. Next I fixed a kite directly to a horse. This did very well for one kite, but one was not enough to lift a man; so one day we arranged a number of kites in tandem, laid them on the ground, fixed the car in place, and laid out a rope about a thousand feet long, and attached it to the horse. In order to get the desired space, this rope was carried over an oak fence.

When all was ready, the signal was given, and off went the horse. Just as the kites were going to lift, I noticed something wrong with one of them. I shouted to stop the horse, but the groom did not hear. I ran forward to set the kite right if possible, but I only pulled it over so that it turned turtle and scraped along the ground. The other kites followed. I yelled out to stop the horse, but he became frightened and went tearing across the field, the car dragging and bumping along, and the kites continually catching in the ground and breaking. Soon the car came to the fence. There was a crash and a bang, some yards of fencing were hurled to the ground, and the horse, thus suddenly checked, turned a somersault and threw his rider like an arrow from a bow.

Another day I very nearly experienced a new sensation. There was a set of kites flying low. A long light line was suspended from the cable, and the greater part of this lay entangled on the ground. I was busy trying to get it disentangled when, for some reason, up went the kites, up went my foot, and down I fell on my back. I had been dragged along thus for some yards, and was just about to be lifted a few hundred feet by my ankle, when a bystander rushed up and cut the cord.

To sum up, we have, as the result of our experiments thus far, an apparatus that can lift a man several hundred feet. This can be done safely and surely, so as not to risk life or limb, and even without wind. As compared with a balloon equipment, this apparatus presents important advantages. My entire "kiteage," with ropes and all, weighs only a little over a hundred pounds, and can be carried by two men. When the order is given to ascend, I can unpack, set up, and send up the kites in about five minutes. I now require no manual labor to haul down, as the kites can be lowered by a gentle pull on the "regulating line," which determines the angle they present to the wind. If the apparatus catches in a tree and gets torn, it makes but little difference, and the injury is easily remedied. If it were a balloon to which the mishap befel, the gas would be lost, three wagon loads more would be required to refill it, and it would need very careful patching before it could be used again. The same advantage would be held by the kite if a hostile bullet had penetrated either apparatus. And then, finally, the kite would involve, originally, probably not the twentieth part of the cost of the balloon; perhaps not a hundredth part.

Captain Baden-Powell folding up a kite.



From a photograph taken in 1891, by T. & R. Annan, Glasgow.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

HENRY DRUMMOND AS HIS FRIENDS KNEW HIM.

By George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D.

Editor's Note.—The introductory chapter to the authorized life of Professor Drummond, by Dr. George Adam Smith (recently published by the Doubleday and McClure Company), is such a beautiful survey and presentation of the character of the man, that we venture to reproduce the following pages. Dr. Smith is one of eight or ten friends who, in their student days and with Professor Drummond as the uniting spirit, came into a special intimacy which continued unimpaired to the time of Professor Drummond's death. The chapter is, therefore, truly a portrayal of the man "as his friends knew him," and a worthy introduction to a noble biography.

IT is now eighteen months since Henry Drummond died—time enough for the fading of those fond extravagances into which fresh grief will weave a dead friend's qualities. And yet, I suppose, there are hundreds of men and women who are still sure—and will always be sure—that his was the most Christlike life they ever knew. In that belief they are fortified not only by the record of the great influence which God gave him over men, for such is sometimes misleading; but by the testimony of those who worked at his side while he wielded it; and by the evidence of the friends who knew him longest and who were most intimately acquainted with the growth of his character.

In his brief life we saw him pass through

two of the greatest trials to which character can be exposed. We watched him, our fellow-student and not yet twenty-three, surprised by a sudden and a fierce fame. Crowds of men and women in all the great cities of our land hung upon his lips, innumerable lives opened their secrets to him, and made him aware of his power over them. When his first book was published, he, being then about thirty-three, found another world at his feet; the great of the land thronged him; his social opportunities were boundless; and he was urged by the chief statesman of our time to a political career. This is the kind of trial which one has seen wither some of the finest characters, and distract others from the simplicity and resolution of their youth. He passed through it unscathed; it neither warped his spirit nor turned him from his accepted vocation as a teacher of religion.

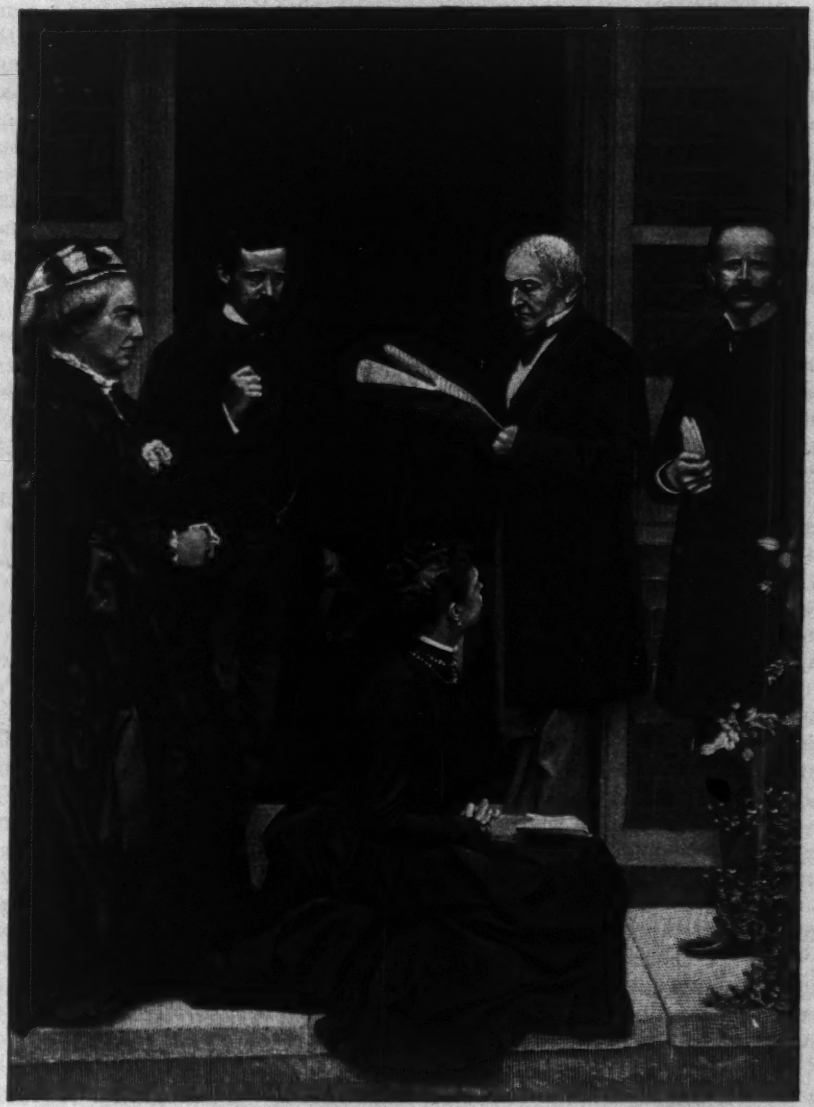
Again, in the end of his life, he was plunged to the opposite extreme. For two long years he not only suffered weakness and excruciating pain, but, what must have been more trying to a spirit like his, accustomed all his manhood to be giving, helping, and leading, he became absolutely dependent upon others. This also he bore unspoiled, and we who had known him from the beginning found him at the end the same humble, unselfish, and cheerful friend whom we loved when we sat together on the benches at college.

Perhaps the most conspicuous service which Henry Drummond rendered to his generation was to show them a Christianity which was perfectly natural. You met him somewhere, a graceful, well-dressed gentleman, tall and lithe, with a swing in his walk and a brightness on his face, who seemed to carry no cares and to know neither presumption nor timidity. You spoke, and found him keen for any of a hundred interests. He fished, he shot, he skated as few can, he played cricket; he would go any distance to see a fire or a foot-ball match. He had a new story, a new puzzle, or a new joke every time he met you. Was it on the street? He drew you to watch two message boys meet, grin, knock each other's hats off, lay down their baskets, and enjoy a friendly chaffer of marbles. Was it in the train? He had dredged from the book-stall every paper and magazine that was new to him; or he would read you a fresh tale of his favorite, Bret Harte. "Had you seen the 'Apostle of the Tules'; or Frederic Harrison's article in the 'Nineteenth Century' on 'Ruskin as a Master of English Prose,' or Q's 'Conspiracy aboard the Midas,' or the Badminton 'Cricket'?" If it was a rainy afternoon in a country house, he described a new game, and in five minutes everybody was in the thick of it. If it was a children's party, they clamored for his sleight-of-hand. He smoked, he played billiards; lounging in the sun, he could be the laziest man you ever saw.

If you were alone with him, he was sure to find out what interested you and listen by the hour. The keen brown eyes got at your heart, and you felt you could speak your best to them. Sometimes you would remember that he was Drummond the evangelist, Drummond the author of books which measured their circulation by scores of thousands. Yet there was no assumption of superiority nor any ambition to gain influence—nothing but the interest of one healthy human being in another. If the talk slipped among deeper things, he was as untroubled and as unforced as before; there was never a glimpse of a phylactery nor a smudge of unction about his religion. He was one of the purest, most unselfish, most reverent souls you ever knew, but you would not have called him saint. The name he went by among younger men was "The Prince"; there was a distinction and a radiance upon him that compelled the title.

That he had "a genius for friendship" goes without saying, for he was rich in the humility, the patience, and the powers of trust which such a genius implies. Yet his love had, too, the rarer and more strenuous temper which requires "the common aspiration," is jealous for a friend's growth, and has the nerve to criticise. It is the measure of what he felt friendship to be that he has defined religion in the terms of it. With such gifts, his friendship came to many men and women—women, to all of whom his chivalry and to some his gratitude and admiration were among the most beautiful features of his character. There was but one thing which any of his friends could have felt as a want—others respected it as the height and crown of his friendship—and that was this:

The longer you knew him, the fact which most impressed you was that he seldom talked about himself, and no matter how deep the talk might go, never about that inner self which, for praise or for sympathy, is in many men so clamant, and in all more or less perceptible. Through the radiance of his presence and the familiarity of his talk there sometimes stole out, upon those who were becoming his friends, the sense of a



GROUP, SHOWING PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, WITH LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN, AND MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.

From a copyrighted photograph taken in 1888 at Lord Aberdeen's place, Dollis Hill, London, by Lombardi and Co., London.

great loneliness and silence behind, as when you catch a snow-peak across the summer fragrance and music of a Swiss meadow. For he always kept silence concerning his own religious struggles. He never asked even his most intimate friends for sympathy nor seemed to carry any wound, however slight, that needed their fingers for its healing.

Now many people, seeing his enjoyment of life and apparent freedom from struggle —seeing also that spontaneousness of virtue which distinguished him—have judged that it was easy for the man to be good. He appeared to have few cares in life and no sorrows; till near the end he never, except in Africa, suffered a day's illness, and had certainly less drudgery than falls to most men of his strength and gifts. So they were apt to take his religion to be mere sunshine and the effect of an unclouded sky. They classed him among those who are born good, who are good in their blood.

We may admit that, by his birth, Henry Drummond did inherit virtue. Few men who have done good in the world have not been born to the capacity for it. It takes more than one generation to make a consummate

individual, and the life that leaps upon the world like a cataract is often fed from some remote and lonely tarn of which the world never hears the name. Henry Drummond's forbears were men who lived a clean and honest life in the open air, who thought seriously, and had a conscience of service to the community. As he inherited from one of them his quick eye for analogies between the physical and the spiritual laws of God, so it was his parents and grandparents who earned for him some, at least, of the ease and winsomeness of his piety.

But such good fortune exempts no man from a share of that discipline and temptation without which neither character is achieved, nor influence over others. Our friend knew nothing of poverty or of friendlessness; till his last illness he never suffered pain; and death did not enter his family till he was thirty-six. And, as we have said, he was seldom overworked. Yet at twenty-two he had laid upon him the responsibility of one of the greatest religious movements of our time, and when that was over there followed a period of uncertainty about his future vocation of which he wrote: "I do not know what affliction is, but a strange thought comes to me sometimes that 'waiting' has the same kind of effect upon one that affliction has." Nor can we believe that he was spared those fiercer contests which every son of man has to endure upon the battlefield of his own heart. No one who heard his addresses upon Temptation and Sin can doubt that he spoke them from experience. We shall find one record, which he has left behind, of his sense of sin and of the awful peril of character.

We must look, then, for the secret of his freedom from himself in other directions, and I think we find it in two conspicuous features of his life and teaching.

The first of these was his absorbed interest in others—an interest natural to his unselfish temper, but trained and fed by the opportunities of the great mission of his youth, which made him the confidant of so many hundreds of other lives. He had learned the secret of St. Paul—"not to look upon his own things, but also upon the things of others"—that sovereign way of escape from the self-absorption and panic which temptation so often breeds in the best of characters. No man felt temptation more fiercely, or from the pressure of it has sent up cries of keener agony, than St. Paul, who buffeted his own body and kept it under. But how did he rise above the despair? By remembering that "temptation is common to man," by throwing his heart upon the fight which men were everywhere waging about him, and by forgetting his own fears and temptations in interest and sympathy for others. Such souls are engrossed spectators of the drama of life; they are purged by its pity, and ennobled by the contemplation of its issues. But a great sense of honor, too, is bred within them, as they spring shoulder to shoulder with so many struggling comrades—a sense of honor that lifts them free of the baser temptations—and they are too interested in the fate of their fellows, and too busy with the salvation of others, to brood or grow morbid about themselves. Of such was our friend.

But Drummond had been taught another secret of the Apostle. St. Paul everywhere links our life in Christ to the great cosmic processes. "For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible; all things were created by Him and for Him . . . and ye are complete in Him who is the head of every principle and potency." To Henry Drummond, Christianity was the crown of the evolution of the whole universe. The drama which absorbed him is upon a stage infinitely wider than the moral life of man. The soul in its battle against evil, in its service for Christ, is no accident or exception thrown upon a world all hostile to its feeble spirit. But the forces it represents are the primal forces of the Universe; the great laws which modern science has unveiled sweeping through life from the beginning work upon the side of the man who seeks the things that are above. I think it is in this belief, informed by a wide knowledge of science, but still more indebted to an original vision of nature, that, at least in part, we find the secret of the serenity, the healthy objectiveness, and the courage of Henry Drummond's faith.

It was certainly on such grounds that in the prime of his teaching he sought to win the reason of men for religion. This was always his first aim. He had an ill-will—one might say a horror—at rousing the emotions before he had secured the conviction of the intellect. I do not mean that he was a logician, for his logic—witness the introduction to his first book—was often his weak point. But he always began by the presentation of facts, by the unfolding of laws; and trust in these and obedience to them was, in his teaching, religion. He felt that they lay open to the common sense and natural conscience of man. Those were

blind or fools who did not follow them. Yet he never thought of these laws as impersonal, for the greatest were love and the will that men should be holy, and he spoke of their power and of their tenderness as they who sing, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." He had an open vision of love wrought into the very foundation of the world; all along the evolution of life he saw that the will of God was our sanctification.

In these two, then, his interest in other men, and his trust in the great laws of the universe, we find the double secret of the detachment—that distance from self at which he always seemed to stand.

But we should greatly mistake the man and his teaching if we did not perceive that the source and the return of all his interest in men and of all his trust in God was Jesus Christ. Of this his own words are most eloquent:

> The power to set the heart right, to renew the springs of action, comes from Christ. The sense of the infinite worth of the single soul, and the recoverableness of a man at his worst, are the gifts of Christ. The freedom from guilt, the forgiveness of sins, come from Christ's cross; the hope of immortality springs from Christ's grave. Personal conversion means for life a personal religion, a personal trust in God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to His cause. These, brought about how you will, are supreme things to aim at, supreme losses if they are missed.

That was the conclusion of all his doctrine. There was no word of Christ's more often upon his lips than this: "Abide in Me and I in you, for without Me ye can do nothing."

The preceding paragraphs have passed imperceptibly from the man himself to his teaching. And this is right, for with Henry Drummond the two were one. So far as it be possible in any human being, in him they were without contradiction or discrepancy. He never talked beyond his experience; in action he never seemed to fall behind his faith. Mr. Moody, who has had as much opportunity as, perhaps, any man of our generation in the study of character, especially among religious people, has said: "No words of mine can better describe his life or character than those in which he has presented to us 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' Some men take an occasional journey into the thirteenth of First Corinthians, but Henry Drummond was a man who lived there constantly, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings. As you read what he terms the analysis of love, you find that all its ingredients were interwoven into his daily life, making him one of the most lovable men I have ever known. Was it courtesy you looked for he was a perfect gentleman. Was it kindness, he was always preferring another. Was it humility, he was simple and not courting favor. It could be said of him truthfully, as it was said of the early apostles, 'that men took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.' Nor was this love and kindness only shown to those who were close friends. His face was an index to his inner life. It was genial and kind, and made him, like his Master, a favorite with children. . . . Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master or sought to do His will more fully." And again: "No man has ever been with me for any length of time that I did not see something that was unlike Christ, and I often see it in myself, but not in Henry Drummond. All the time we were together he was a Christ-like man and often a rebuke to me."

With this testimony let us take that of Sir Archibald Geikie, D.C.L., F.R.S., the Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom. When he became the first Professor of Geology in Edinburgh, Drummond was his first student. They traveled together in Great Britain, and on a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and in later years they met at intervals. Sir Archibald had, therefore, every opportunity of judging his friend's character, and this is what he writes of him:

> In later years, having resigned my Professorship for an appointment in London, I met him much more seldom. But he came to see me from time to time, always the same gentle and kindly being. His success never spoiled him in the very least degree. It was no small matter to be able to preserve his simplicity and frankness amidst so much that might have fostered vanity and insincerity in a less noble nature than his. I have never met with a man in whom transparent integrity, high moral purpose, sweetness of disposition, and exuberant helpfulness were more happily combined with wide culture, poetic imagination, and scientific sympathies than they were in Henry Drummond. Most deeply do I grieve over his early death.

Now there was one portion of Christ's spirit and Christ's burden which those who observed Henry Drummond only in his cheerful intercourse with men, upon the ways of the world, would, perhaps, deem it impossible that he should have shared. His first religious ministry was neither of books, nor of public speech. As we shall see, soon after he had read to his fellow-students his paper on "Spiritual Diagnosis," in which he blamed the lack of personal dealing as the great fault of the organized religion of his time, he was drawn to work in the inquiry rooms

of the revival of 1873–75. And in these he dealt, face to face, with hundreds of men and women at the crises of their lives. When that work was over, his experience, his fidelity, and his sympathy continued to be about him, as it were, the walls of a quiet and healing confessional, into which wounded men and women crept from the world, dared

To unlock the heart and let it speak,

dared to tell him the worst about themselves. It is safe to say that no man in our generation can have heard confession more constantly than Drummond did. And this responsibility, about which he was ever as silent as about his own inner struggles, was a heavy burden and a sore grief to him. If some of the letters he received be specimens of the confidence poured into his ears, we can understand him saying, as he did to one friend: "Such tales of woe I've heard in Moody's inquiry-room that I have felt I must go and change my very clothes after the contact;" or to another, when he had come from talking privately with some students: "Oh, I am sick with the sins of these men! How can God bear it!" And yet it is surely proof of the purity of the man and of the power of the gospel he believed in that, thus knowing the human heart, and bearing the full burden of men's sins, he should, nevertheless have believed (to use his own words) "in the recoverableness of a man at his worst," and have carried with him wherever he went the air of health and of victory.

To such love and such experience there naturally came an influence of the widest and most penetrating kind. Very few men in our day can have touched the springs of so many lives. Like all his friends, I knew that hundreds of men and women had gone to him, and by him had been inspired with new hope of their betterment and new faith in God. But even then I was prepared neither for the quality nor for the extent of influence which his correspondence reveals. First by his addresses and his conversation, and then with the vastly increased range which his books gave him, he attracted to himself the doubting and the sinful hearts of his generation. . . . Men and women sought him who were of every rank of life and of almost every nation under the sun. They turned instinctively to him, not for counsel merely, but for the good news of God and for the inspiration which men seek only from the purest and most loving of their kind. He was prophet and he was priest to hosts of individuals. Upon the strength of his personality or (if they did not know him) of the *spirit* of his writings, they accepted the weakest of his logic, the most patent of his fallacies. They claimed from him the solution of every problem. They brought him alike their mental and their physical troubles. Surest test of a man's love and holiness, they believed in his prayers as a remedy for their diseases and a sure mediation between their sinful souls and God. It is with a certain hesitation that one asserts so much as this, yet the evidence in his correspondence is indubitable; and as the members of some great churches are taught to direct their prayers to the famous saints of Christendom, so untaught and naturally, as we shall see, more than one have, since his death, found themselves praying to Henry Drummond.

To write an adequate life of such a man is, of course, an impossibility; a friend has said it would be "like writing the history of a fragrance." One can describe and make assertions about his influence, but those can hardly appreciate who did not know himself. . . .

Nor can his biographer hope to satisfy his intimate friends, men and women of all stages of religious experience, of many schools of thought, and of all ranks and callings in life, to whom his sympathy and versatility, as well as the pure liberty of his healthy spirit, must necessarily have shown very different aspects of his character and opinions. For such, all that a biographer can do is to provide pegs, on which they may hang, and perhaps, render somewhat more stable and balanced, their own private portraits of their friend. . . .

But the biographer of Henry Drummond can, at least, describe the influences which molded him, trace the growth of his character and the development of his opinions, and give a record of the actual work he did, and of the movements which he started or enforced. Among the first of these the religious movement in Great Britain from 1873 to 1875 stands supreme, and deserves the most thorough treatment. The history of this has never been written. The present generation do not know how large it was, and with what results upon the life of our nation. As for Drummond, it made him the man he was in his prime: in his expertness in dealing with men, in his power as a speaker, nay, even in some principles of his faith, he is inexplicable without it. . . .

As to the growth or change of his opinions,

that also it is needful to trace in detail, not only that we may do justice to himself, but because certain of the lines of that growth follow some of the most interesting religious and intellectual developments of our time. Here was a young man trained in an evangelical family, and in the school of the older orthodoxy, who consecrated his youth to the service of Christ, and never all his life lost his faith in Christ as his Lord and Saviour, or in Christ's Divinity, or in the power of His Atonement, but who grew away from many of the doctrines which, when he was young, were still regarded by the churches as equally well assured and indispensable to the creed of a Christian: such as, for instance, belief in the literal inspiration and equal divinity of all parts of the Bible. In his later life Drummond so explicitly avowed his adherence to an interpretation of Scripture very different from this, that it is not only right that the latter should be described in his own words, but that also the narrower positions from which he started on his career should be set plainly before us. . . .

Parallel to this change in his views of Scripture and contributory to it, is the very interesting growth of the influence wrought upon his religious opinions by physical science and that discovery of natural laws in which his generation has been so active. But besides these two developments there is a third, which is also characteristic of our time. To Drummond, in his youth, religion was an affair of the individual; he was impatient (if such a temper could, at any time, be imputed to him) with the new attempts in Scotland and England to emphasize its social character. It is true he never abated by one jot his insistence upon the personal origin of all religion; yet he so greatly extended his sympathy and his experience, he so developed the civic conscience, as to become one of the principal exponents in our day of the social duties of religion. Thus his career is typical of the influence upon the older Christian orthodoxy of the three great intellectual movements of our time—historical criticism, physical science, and socialism (in the broad and unsectarian meaning of that much-abused term).

Again, Henry Drummond was a traveler, with keen powers of observation; a scientific training, and a great sympathy with human life on its lowest levels and outside edges. He visited the Far West of America at a time when Indian wars were still common and the white man was represented only by soldiers, hunters, and miners of gold. He visited Central Africa at a time when the only white men there were missionaries and a few traders, and of that region he made practically the first detailed scientific examination. He visited the New Hebrides, when the effects of Christianity upon the savages of these islands were beginning to be obvious; he bought clubs and poisoned spears from men who were still cannibals; he worshiped with those who had been cannibals and were now members of his own church. . . .

Finally, Henry Drummond was a writer of books, which brought him no little fame in the world. This biography is written by one of a circle of life-long friends, and with their affections upon its words; yet it was among them that some of his books received the most severe criticism, and therefore I have deemed it not inconsistent with the spirit of the biography to introduce an adverse judgment upon the substance of one of his volumes. As to the style in which all are written, if the saying be anywhere true that the style is the man, it is true here. The even and limpid pages of his books are the expression of his equable and transparent temper. And as we have seen that his character was the outcome of a genuine discipline, so we shall find evidence that his style was the fruit of hard labor and an unsparing will.

But all these talents and experiences were only parts of a rare and radiant whole, of which any biography, however fully it may record them, can with them all offer only an imperfect reflection. So complete a life happens but once in a generation. "It is no very uncommon thing in the world," says Sir Richard Steele, "to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honor to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder."

SHERIFF OF ELBERT.

By Chauncey Thomas.

KIOWA is the county-seat of Elbert County, Colorado. It is on the divide, about fifty miles southeast of Denver. It is six miles east of the rails of the "Gulf" line. Twenty years ago the stage coach left Denver every morning, and rolled away over the Smoky Hill stage road up the valley of famous Cherry Creek to the Twenty-Mile House. From here it went on to Kiowa, where there was another stage station. The "bull-whackers" and "mule-skinners" who navigated the prairie "schooners" of the days of "Pike's Peak, or Bust" always stopped at Kiowa to wash the alkali dust down their throats with many a glass of villainous "bug-juice." That was in the long ago. To-day, Kiowa is the center of a cattle and potato raising country. Butter, beef, and "spuds" now take the place of the canned goods, buffalo hump, and whisky of the days of Indians and stage coaches. Kiowa twenty years ago was one great saloon. To-day, the county-seat of Elbert County has but one place of liquid enjoyment, the White Dog, owned by Paddy Maloney, an old ex-"mule-skinner."

It was the night of November 5, 1898. In the White Dog were all the male population of Kiowa then awake. It was about nine o'clock in the evening. Those in the White Dog numbered some twenty men and half-grown boys. In the center of the room was a roaring stove. November nights are cold on the divide. Over in one corner, around the only table in the room, were four of the party playing seven-up. Around the stove the rest of the crowd were seated.

Only two subjects were under discussion that evening, the coming election, and "Lone Jim, the hold-up." The latter had been making a record for himself in Denver. The evening papers from the city said that he had left the scenes of his daring, single-handed crimes on a "Gulf" blind baggage. Being off the railroad, the male population of Kiowa felt reasonably safe. The subject led the graybeards to telling stories of "Black Bart, the po-8," and his memorable lone-hand stage robberies. The younger generation, whose experiences had been confined to stealing watermelons, satisfied themselves, if not their elders, by stoutly telling of the desperate resistance such characters would meet with if any of them should be so foolhardy as to attack the speakers. Then rival sides hotly discussed the pro's and con's as to which man, in the chase of Lone Jim, would do the best work, if called upon, "Curly," "Ten Cent Charlie," or Bob Steele, the three candidates for sheriff of Elbert County, at the near-by election. Curly and Ten Cent Charlie, being known in Kiowa, had the most friends in the White Dog. Bob Steele, however, had a reputation that went even beyond the boundaries of Elbert County. Some loudly claimed that the man lacked nerve, and was a coward, and a bluff at heart. On the other hand, some few favored the unknown, because it was said of him that "he was a clean man, cool as a cucumber, a dead shot, and no man could buy him, or make him run." The election would be close. Kiowa's vote would decide it. Curly was Kiowa's favorite, and his election was considered to be practically certain.

The clatter of hurrying hoofs came faintly from the distance, rapidly growing nearer. A galloping horse was brought to a standstill before the White Dog. "Spud Tommie," eighteen years old, arose to open the door, but before his lazy actions resulted in anything definite, the door opened, and a man stood in the doorway. He was of medium height, heavy set, and had very square shoulders, and the bowed legs of a cow-boy. A pair of worn, high-heeled boots, armed with a pair of heavy spurs, a pair of corduroy trousers tucked into the boots, a brown sweater, a black leather sheepskin lined coat, a typical cow-man's white hat, and a pair of buckskin gauntlets made the stranger's costume. A plain leather belt held up the corduroys. The man was apparently unarmed. From his right wrist hung a rawhide quirt. Coming so suddenly from the outer darkness into the comparative brilliancy of the three kerosene lamps of the White Dog, the stranger shaded his eyes with his right hand as he closed the door with his left. While he held his hand thus

to his face the quirt swung to and fro like a pendulum. Walking to the stove, and turning his back to the lights, he rested one foot on the edge of the box of sawdust in which stood the stove.

"Cold out, Pardner?" inquired Paddy, his commercial instincts aroused as he scented a probable customer.

"Rather."

The sudden coming of the stranger had cast a strange influence over the group in the White Dog. The old-timers and boys eyed him with interest not without suspicion. Standing as he did, the man seemed to be posing for Remington. His face was a typical Western one. The eyes were large, gray in color, very keen and restless, and deeply shaded by straight brows and long lashes. The jaws were wide and heavy, the chin and thin straight nose were prominent, the cheek bones were high, as was the forehead; the ears and lips were thin and fine, while heavy brown locks escaped from the confining hatband. The face was a strong one, but one not to be easily read. It was clean-shaven and darkly tanned. The hands and feet were small and womanish.

The single word thus far spoken by the stranger had been uttered hardly above a whisper. "Gentlemen, have something," suddenly came from him now.

Paddy flew to his place behind the bar, and beamed. Such orders were rare in the White Dog. Those around the stove made a rush for the bar equaled only by the stampede of the four card-players from the corner. The stranger was the last one to face Paddy, and took his place at the end of the line. Glass after glass, some filled and some empty, accompanied by uncorked bottles, were placed upon the bar before grinning Kiowa. All the glasses remained untouched until the stranger, the last to be served, gave the signal by picking up his own glass. Etiquette is as strict in Kiowa, in some things, as it is at the court of Peking.

"Here goes, gentlemen," murmured the stranger as he emptied his glass of whisky at a gulp, entirely ignoring the soothing water. Every one in the White Dog, except the stranger, smiled, then simultaneously raised his glass to his lips, threw back his head, and gazed at the smoky rafters like one of a well-drilled squad of soldiers.

"Hands up!"

The words came like rifle shots. The voice was low and cat-like; there was almost a purr in it, but cleaving through it was an icy, steel-like chill that meant business. The men of Kiowa could not believe their own ears. Down came the glasses, the heads, and the eyes of the men and boys of Kiowa. The stranger stood several feet away from the crowd on a beer keg, around the corner of the bar. In each white hand was a short barreled, 45-Colt's six-shooter at full cock. Kiowa looked, could not believe, and remained motionless and dumb.

"Quick, I tell you. Put up your paws. I'll bore the first man who makes a break."

Up went every hand in the White Dog, except one of Paddy's. The plucky Irishman was covertly reaching for his 38-Smith and Wesson under the bar.

"Stop that; want to die?" snarled the stranger, and Paddy had one of the ugly revolvers shoved under his nose. The muzzle smelt of burnt powder. Paddy promptly raised his other hand almost a yard above his bald head.

"Are you Lone Jim?" chattered the ashen and trembling Spud Tommie.

"Dry up," was the laconic response as the second six-shooter revolved until the frightened youngster was unconsciously counting the bullets in the cylinder.

"Take it away! Don't shoot! I'll give up," sputtered Spud.

The stranger laughed. So did Old Man Mitch, who used to drive the Leadville stage. This was the first hold-up he had enjoyed for many a year.

"Now then, Mr. Bartender, get out there at the end of the line with the rest of them, and face the bar. Every one stand still and keep quiet." Paddy promptly lined up, being careful not to lower his hands.

Stepping lightly behind the silent and motionless line, the stranger slipped one revolver into his side coat pocket, and with his free hand rapidly patted each hip and coat pocket, each waistband, and under the left arm-pit of every man in the line. From Spud Tommie he took a vicious-looking nickel-plated, cheap bulldog revolver, and a home-made slung-shot. With a snort of contempt he tossed them under the deserted card-table. Poor Spud almost fainted. It had been Spud who had told just what Lone Jimmy might expect if he attacked him. All the rest of the line were unarmed.

"Now then, turn around, lower your arms, and march. Go out that door in single file. I'll kill the first one who turns, remember!" said the stranger with a grim smile.

Out of the door and up the main street, now deserted, with Paddy in the lead and Spud in the rear, marched the wondering line. "Going to take us out of town so he

can get away all right. Good head he's got," said Old Man Mitch to himself. For ten minutes did the stranger parade the sleeping town with the habitues of the White Dog.

"Curse it, I've forgotten the cash drawer," the line heard the stranger mutter suddenly. Then back through the town and into the saloon he marched them, and lined them up as before in front of the bar. Those two ugly (recently fired) six-shooters still covered the crowd.

"Gentlemen, have something," once more said the stranger.

A faint, doubtful smile crept into Paddy's eyes. Then he remembered that properly he, Paddy, was paying for all this himself, and the ghost of a smile instantly vanished.

"Quick, Paddy, give 'em the same as before." Paddy was too badly frightened to do that exactly, but he managed to serve each one with whisky straight, forgetting the water. "Wish this was strychnine dope," was his mental comment as he filled the stranger's glass.

To the astonishment of every one in the White Dog, the stranger laid his artillery on the bar, and handed Paddy a five-dollar gold piece. "Gentlemen, a thousand pardons. I don't want your money, your watches, nor your jewels so rich and rare. I'm not Lone Jimmy. I want your votes. My opponents have been telling you that I lacked nerve enough to be sheriff of this county. Gentlemen, drink to the health of Bob Steele, as the next sheriff of Elbert County."

Bob Steele is sheriff of Elbert.

THE NEW STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AMONG NATIONS.

By Brooks Adams.

Editor's Note.—Mr. Brooks Adams's predilection for political studies is particularly interesting as marking the persistence of a long ancestral tendency. He is the youngest of the four sons of Charles Francis Adams, Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James throughout the trying time of the Civil War; and, by consequence, is the grandson of President John Quincy Adams and the great-grandson of President John Adams. He was born at Quincy, Massachusetts (the family seat of the Adamses since about 1636), in 1848; graduated from Harvard in 1870; and for some years thereafter practiced law at Boston.

THE phase of civilization through which mankind is now passing opened in 1870. For many years previous to the German victory a regular quickening of competition, caused by a steady acceleration of movement, had been undermining the equilibrium reached at Waterloo; but the new era only began after the collapse of France. Within the generation which has followed that catastrophe the same forces, acting with gathering energy, have profoundly altered the conditions of life, and promise portentous changes in the future. Everywhere society tends to become organized in greater and denser masses, the more vigorous and economical mass destroying the less active and the more wasteful. Thus Latin Europe has rotted from end to end of the Continent, China is disintegrating, and England seems destined to lose her preëminence as the heart of the world's industry and finance. On the other hand, Germany has grown to be the center of an entirely new economic system, Russia is rapidly absorbing all northern Asia as far as the Yangtse River, and the United States has been converted from the most pacific of nations into an armed and aggressive community.

Where these changes will lead is beyond prediction, but their advance may be followed from year to year, and, judging by the past, some estimate may be formed of the difficulties which confront America, and of the power of the combination of adversaries who may possibly assail her.

Up to 1873, England as a manufacturer stood without a rival, and she sold her wares at such a profit that, after exhausting domestic investments, a large surplus remained, which she placed abroad, chiefly in Argentina, Australia, India, and America. The money so placed served in no small degree as the basis for the development of these countries. The first and most striking effect of the sharpened competition which followed 1870 was the advent of a period of falling prices, which soon began to work extensive complications. Agriculture suffered first, and in Great Britain, by 1879, farming had ceased to pay. Thenceforward the islands produced less and less food, the population buying their provisions abroad. Thus it

happened that at the moment when the profit on exports withered under competition, a drain set in to pay for bread and meat, which increased with the growth of the nation. Apparently the balance of trade, which England still held on other commodities, and the income from foreign investments proved insufficient to meet this drain; for, to pay their debts, the British proceeded to realize on their loans, and the liquidation which followed precipitated a crisis probably without a parallel. Its course seems to have been somewhat as follows:

Until 1876, the United Kingdom easily imported all the gold she needed both to maintain an expanding currency and to supply her arts; but in 1877 the tide turned, and the next decade showed a net export of upward of $11,000,000, to say nothing of what went into the melting pot. This loss represented coin directly withdrawn from circulation. A severe contraction followed, prices fell nearly forty per cent., and by 1886 distress had grown so sharp that, to obtain relief, sales were made of foreign securities. As these progressed, gold imports began again; in 1890 they even reached $45,000,000; but the strain of payment ruined the debtors. In 1890, Argentina collapsed, and carried down the Barings; in 1891, Australia followed; while in 1893, the United States was shaken to its center. Last of all has come the turn of India. There, within three years, society has seemed at moments on the brink of dissolution.

To speculate upon the final consequences of this financial revolution would be futile; but one of its immediate effects seems to be the displacement of the economic center of the world, thus engendering an unstable equilibrium which threatens war. All the energetic races have been plunged into a contest for the possession of the only markets left open capable of absorbing surplus manufactures, since all are forced to encourage exports to maintain themselves. A good illustration is the case of the United States. The pressure of creditors has acted like a bounty on exports.

From 1848 to 1876, with the exception of three years—1858, 1862, and 1874—the imports of the United States exceeded the exports. The total excess of exports of those three years amounted only to about $29,000,000, while the excess of imports of the single year 1869 reached $131,000,000. In 1876, England began contraction, and instantaneously the figures were reversed. Of the last twenty-two years, but three—1888, 1889, and 1893—have shown an excess of imports, which altogether came, in round numbers, to $50,000,000, while the excess of exports mounted forthwith to prodigious figures: in 1877 to $151,000,000, in 1878 to $257,000,000, in 1879 to $264,000,000, and for the first eleven months of 1898, without reckoning silver, the balance touched the huge sum of $538,000,000, or, taken altogether, nearly $2,000,000 for every working day of the year.

A change so vast and so sudden is, perhaps, without precedent. Meanwhile the needs of Great Britain appear to increase. Last year her trade deficit reached £157,000,000 (a sum larger than any one has ever computed as the return of her foreign investments and the earnings of her shipping), and the first ten months of this year (1898) exceed the corresponding months of last by upward of £17,000,000. For the first time, the sale of our securities has not sufficed to balance the account, and the recent large inflow of gold may possibly foreshadow the exhaustion of the American floating debt abroad.

Be this as it may, no one can fail to perceive how the pressure of creditors has stimulated the export of manufactures from the United States. About the year 1887, our people were peremptorily called upon to pay their debts at a faster rate than their yearly earnings permitted. The decrease in the value of agricultural products made it impossible for these to be sold in sufficient quantities to fill the gap; enough gold to cover the deficit was not to be had; nothing remained but insolvency or forcing down the price of manufactures until we could undersell our creditors on their own ground. Impossible as such a feat once seemed, this has been done. Our iron and steel, in particular, are now the cheapest in the world, and, accordingly, are received even in London in payment of balances. India has been subjected to the same suction, and the growth of the Indian exports is almost as remarkable as the growth of the exports of the United States.

How long English accumulations will last is immaterial, since, in one form or another, they will doubtless suffice for the immediate future. The upshot of the whole matter, therefore, is that America has been irresistibly impelled to produce a large industrial surplus—a surplus, should no change occur, which will be larger in a few years than anything ever before known. Upon the existence of this surplus hinges the future, for the United States must provide sure and adequate outlets for her products, or be in

danger of gluts more dangerous to her society than many panics such as 1873 and 1893.

Although falling prices may discourage new enterprises, they certainly stimulate production in factories already established, until they have to be closed by actual loss. A cotton mill, for example, which clears but a mill a yard must, roughly speaking, sell, to earn its dividend, double the number of yards that would be necessary were its profit two mills. Accordingly, large sales and small returns are accepted as an axiom of modern trade. A fall in prices, therefore, stimulates production, and production reacts on prices; the tendency being to dislocate the whole social system of any people where a surplus exists, unless a vent can be found abroad to sustain the market. The decline of the West India Islands offers a striking example of the operation of this process.

Even before the Franco-German War, Prussia tried to foster the export of beet sugar by drawbacks which amounted to a bounty; but the effect on commerce only became marked after the consolidation of the empire, and serious about the year 1881. Between 1881 and 1896, however, unrefined cane sugar fell, in London, from 21.09 shillings to 10.85 shillings the hundredweight, and refined suffered in proportion. The supply, on the other hand, swelled enormously. The total production of raw sugar was 3,799,000 tons in 1882, and 7,278,000 tons at the outbreak of the Cuban insurrection in 1894. The chief outlet for the cane sugar of the British West Indies had always been England, and when the Germans flooded the English market, so grave a glut ensued that Lord Salisbury's government sent a commission to the islands to examine their condition. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the report which followed is among the most interesting public documents of modern times.

The commissioners found that, as the price of sugar sank, the production grew until the outbreak in Cuba, when the cane fell off a million tons; yet this shrinkage of the cane only encouraged fresh exports of beet, and values continued to diminish until, in 1896, Germany doubled her bounties. The effect of this policy upon the West Indies was disastrous. From prosperity the islands sank into misery.

The report states that, in view of all the circumstances attending the production of sugar, "the West Indies is threatened with such a reduction" of the industry "in the immediate future as may not, in some of the colonies, differ very greatly from extinction, and must seriously affect them all," with the exception of such as no longer plant the cane. "The consequences are likely to be of a very serious character. The immediate result would be a great want of employment for the laboring classes, and the rates of wages, which have already fallen, would in all probability be still further reduced. The public revenue would fall off, and the governments of some of Your Majesty's possessions would be unable to meet the absolutely necessary public expenditure, including interest on debt." * The Chairman, Sir Henry Norman, went much further. The inhabitants of British Guiana and of the Barbados would "be without the means of purchasing imported articles of food, or of paying taxes." "The planters would be ruined: . . . the tradesmen, artisans, and labouring classes will suffer privation, and probably become discontented and restless, and the revenue will be so crippled as to render it impossible to carry on the government, even on the most economical scale, in any condition at all approaching to efficiency." † Even in the case of Jamaica, with other industries to fall back on, "there will be much distress, and (her) resources . . . will be severely taxed." When a man like General Norman could write thus of some of the best administered communities in the world, the condition of Cuba may be imagined.

In Cuba the crisis became acute in 1894, when sugar fell in London from fourteen to twelve shillings the hundredweight, followed the next year by a fall of two shillings more. The old system of planting collapsed, the relations of capital and labor were dislocated, the exactions of Spain made the life of the agriculturists impossible, and the revolt, which had long been expected, began. The revolt involved the United States with Spain, and thus the inroads of Germany on the London sugar market precipitated the recent war.

If, however, the stoppage of the outlet of the export trade of so petty a portion of the earth's surface as the West Indies produced the catastrophes of the last four years, the future course of the United States, with its vast and growing surplus, becomes the most momentous question of the age. No theory has ever proved more fallacious than the dogma that the cheapest goods command the world's market. The whole protective system of modern times demonstrates the contrary, for this system is principally designed to control international commerce. No coun-

* Report of the West India Royal Commission, page 7.
† *Ibid.*, page 73.

try has gone further in this direction than America, and, doubtless, exclusion has proved effective as long as home consumption has exceeded home production. From the moment, however, that production exceeds consumption all conditions are changed. Then the surplus must seek a vent abroad, and there are clear indications that a great coalition is coming into being whose aim is to exclude the United States from those countries which should be her natural outlet.

From the dawn of time, commerce has flowed from east to west in the track of the migrations of the races. The last of these great migrations began at the close of the Middle Ages, when Europeans succeeded in crossing the ocean which had theretofore stopped them. Of the four chief nations bordering the Atlantic, the Spanish, French, Dutch, and English, the advantage at first lay with the Spanish. Spain, however, lacked energy; her fate was sealed in the maritime wars which culminated with the Armada, since when she has served as a prey to her rivals. The French proved more determined. For three generations they fought stubbornly, though fruitlessly. They lost Canada on the Heights of Abraham, their navy at the Nile and Trafalgar, and from 1805 transit by sea to them was closed. In that age water offered the only ready path toward expansion; but the French persevered even when driven from the ocean. Turning suddenly to the eastward, they marched toward Asia. They reached Moscow. There they halted, and from that day their decline began. They were forced slowly back within their own borders, and since Waterloo the Anglo-Saxons have taken what pleased them of the vacant portions of the world.

For nearly half a century continental Europe, shut in between the sea and the impassable wastes of Asia, lay stifling, until at length the railroad made communication by land relatively practicable. Then prodigious changes set in. As the railroad system approached maturity Paris ceased to be the chief seat of continental energy, and the convulsion of 1870 marked the passage of the Rhine by the focus of industry and finance. The war indemnity exacted by Germany of France transported beyond the Rhine, almost in a mass, 1,000 millions of dollars (5,000 millions of francs). This alone was almost enough to establish in Germany a financial preponderance, and other causes operated to the same end. The march eastward cannot be mistaken. Perhaps pig-iron is as good as any gage of industrial activity, and in the production of pig-iron France has not held her own.

Between 1880 and 1896, the French output of pig advanced from 1,725,290 tons to 2,333,702, or at the rate of about two per cent. a year. The German, on the other hand, swelled from 2,729,038 tons to 6,372,816, an annual increment of fourteen per cent., while the Russian rose from 80,144,000 pounds in 1894 to 113,982,000 in 1897, an average of ten and one-half per cent.

A like phenomenon has appeared in transportation. In 1870, Cologne was doubtless the chief railway base for northern Europe east of the Rhine; now Breslau is its rival; and the railway system which then ended at Nizhni-Novgorod approaches Peking, and is projected as far as Han-kau.

A displacement of energy has occurred proportionate to this movement. France alone is estimated to have lent Russia upwards of $400,000,000 for the Siberian railroad and other enterprises within the last ten years. All that Germany can spare of money, ability, and enterprise is swept into the current; and thus northern Europe and Asia, from the Bay of Biscay to the Yellow Sea, is solidifying into an economic mass whose heart lies at Berlin.

The capacity of this mass for absorbing adjacent populations is, seemingly, limitless. A few years ago Manchuria was pure Chinese; now it is Russian; Peking is following Manchuria, and with Peking goes Shan-si, with the richest coal and iron deposits of the world. Already the vast monster, stretching its tentacles far southward, is grasping Han-kau, the Chicago of the Yangtse valley.

Whether it be upon the Rhine or the Amur, the policy of this eastern civilization is the same. It is the old policy of Napoleon—the policy of exclusion. No better example could be found than the aggressions of Germany, who, since the consolidation of 1870, has deliberately ruined the West Indies by forcing her bounty-fed sugar on foreigners, while seeking by every device to exclude foreign products from her markets. Had the West Indies themselves, or Great Britain, their protector, been able to coerce Germany into abandoning her abnormal exports, the islands of the Gulf of Mexico would be as rich and happy as of yore. The same danger, on a vaster scale, threatens every exporting nation which allows its outlets to be closed, and a little consideration will suffice to show that, in the case of the United States, this danger is both real and near.

Speaking broadly, a century ago, the

whole earth, outside of Europe and portions of Asia, lay open to colonization or conquest. In 1757, Clive won the battle of Plassey, and in 1760, the "industrial revolution" began in England. From 1760 to 1870, an expansion took place without a parallel in human experience, and after the defeat of France the Anglo-Saxons were substantially unopposed. This movement reached its limit between 1850 and 1870, with the opening up of California and Australia; but during the whole period all the originality and energy of mankind failed to meet the demand caused by the creation of the gigantic system of manufactures, of mining, and of credit which then came into being. Consumption outran production, men seriously believed that a general glut was impossible, the margin of profit was broad, and waste counted for less, in the success or failure of enterprises, than activity and daring.

By 1870 the most tempting regions of the earth had been occupied, for the Anglo-Saxons had reached the Pacific. The rate of expansion accordingly began to decline, and as it declined masses grew denser, competition sharpened, and prices fell. At length, as the century draws to a close, it is recognized that the survival of individuals, corporations, and governments is determined by an economic struggle which tests their administrative efficiency more severely than private war ever tested courage. The last step of the advance was taken in the war with Spain. Then the Americans crossed the Pacific, and the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race met on the coast of China, having girdled the earth.

In the favored line, running from east to west, all the choicest territory has been occupied, besides most of what is accessible in the southern hemisphere. Eastern Asia now appears, without much doubt, to be the only district likely soon to be able to absorb any great increase of manufactures, and accordingly eastern Asia is the prize for which all the energetic nations are grasping. If the continental coalition wins, that coveted region will be closed to its rivals.

Should it be so closed, the pressure caused by the stoppage of the current which has so long run westward might shake American society to its foundation, and would probably make the scale of life to which our people are habituated impossible.

From its infancy civilization has advanced by two processes—the individual and the collective. In a very general way the Eastern races have tended toward collective systems, and the Western toward individual. The effect of these instincts is plainly visible in architecture. For example, there has never been a magnificent palace or tomb in England, while the remains of the royal dwellings of Assyria and Susiana are stupendous, the dwelling of a Byzantine emperor resembled a city in itself, and the Egyptian pyramids continue wonders of the world.

The Anglo-Saxon has been the most individual of races, and it reached high fortune under conditions which fostered individuality to a supreme degree. Such conditions prevailed when the world was vacant and steam began to make rapid movement possible; but all must perceive that, as masses solidify, the qualities of the pioneer will cease to be those that command success.

As expansion ceases, as competition quickens, and as prices fall, men consolidate in larger and denser masses, because, other things being equal, the administration of the largest mass is the cheapest. This tendency is already marked in every walk of life, particularly in those huge agglomerations called trusts. Hitherto the effect of the trust has not been to raise prices to the consumer, nor has it been to stimulate production. On the contrary, the trust has been organized to adjust the supply to the demand. Trusts must be profitable, therefore, because they economize wages and rent; and it is this economy of labor and elimination of waste which is the characteristic of modern civilization. But the concentration whose result is an elimination of waste is nothing but a movement toward collectivism, and the relative rise of the peoples who excel in the collective methods has been accordingly contemporaneous with the advent of the great trusts in the West.

Perhaps the best example of the success of the collective method is the centralization of Germany and the organization of Russia. From its very birth, the Prussian Kingdom has been subjected to a pressure seldom equaled. Under this pressure the people consolidated in a singularly compact mass, developing a corporate administration powerful enough to succeed very generally in subordinating individual to general interests. It is to this quality that Prussia has owed her comparative gain on England.

All agree that the industrial success of Germany is largely due to the establishment of cheap and uniform rates of transportation, through state ownership of railways; while the industrial progress of Russia would have been impossible had not the government

been both railroad and mine owner, besides being banker and money-lender, and ready at any moment to promote industries, such as iron works, whenever individuals could not act advantageously.

England, on the other hand, has held her own neither as a manufacturer, as an exporter, nor as an agriculturalist. Whereas in 1873 her exports amounted to £255,000,000, in 1897 they reached only £234,350,000. The loss on her agriculture has been estimated at $250,000,000 yearly. It is probably larger. The British adverse trade balance is chiefly due to importations of food which might be raised at home. That adverse balance has grown from £60,282,000 in 1873 to £157,055,000 in 1897.

If the English farmers be asked why their farms do not pay; why grazing, for which their pastures are peculiarly adapted, proves unprofitable, they have but one answer. They explain that high and unequal railroad rates make it possible to transport produce more cheaply from Chicago to London than from Somersetshire or Yorkshire to London. The same complaint is made by the iron trade. The inference is that, had England been able to act as energetically in her corporate capacity as Germany, had she subdued the opposition of individual interests and secured the German rates of transportation, her position as a competitor would be changed.

Applying the same measure to the United States, the same weak spot appears. The national characteristic is waste, and each year, as the margin of profit narrows, waste grows more dangerous. Under an exact administration one corporation will prosper, while its neighbor is ruined by slight leakage; and what holds true of the private enterprise holds equally true of those greatest of human ventures called governments.

Our national corporation was created to meet the wants of a scanty agricultural population at a time when movement was slow. It has now to deal with masses surpassing, probably, in bulk, any in the world. In consequence it operates slowly and imperfectly, or fails to operate at all. The Pennsylvania Railroad might as reasonably attempt to handle the traffic of 1898 with the staff of 1860 as the United States to deal with its affairs under Mr. McKinley with the appliances which barely sufficed for Jefferson or Jackson. We have just seen our army put in field without a general staff, much after the method of 1812, and we have witnessed the consequences. We know what would have happened had we been opposed by a vigorous enemy. We wonder daily at our treasury struggling with enormous banking transactions, without banking facilities; while our foregin service is so helpless, in its most important function of obtaining secret information, that the government relied on daily papers for news of the Spanish fleet.

In short, in America there is no administration in the modern sense of the word. Every progressive nation is superior to us in organization, since every such nation has been reorganized since we began. That America has prospered under these conditions is due altogether to the liberal margin of profit obtainable in the United States, which has made extreme activity and individuality counterbalance waste. This margin of profit, due to expansion caused by the acquisition of Louisiana and California, carried the country buoyantly until, under the pressure of English realization, it was stimulated into producing an industrial surplus. The time has now come when that surplus must be sold abroad, or a glut must be risked like that which has overtaken the West Indies. To-day the nation has to elect whether to continue to expand, cost what it may, or to resign itself to the approach of a relatively stationary period, when competition will force it to abandon the individual for the collective mode of life. Here the experience of the French is instructive. When defeated in their attempts at expansion, they betook themselves to economizing as few Western peoples have ever done. They relieved competition in the wage market by reducing the birth-rate until the population ceased to multiply; while in their families they habitually practised a frugality unknown to Anglo-Saxons. They succeeded in preserving their physical well-being, but at the cost of their national vitality. As a nation they have grown old, and are devoured by the gangrene which attacks every stagnant society and from which no patient recovers.

Parsimony is alien to our habits, and would hardly become a national trait under pressure less severe than that under which Germany slowly consolidated after Jena, or under which France began to sink after Moscow. But if we are not prepared to reduce our scale of life to the German or perhaps the Russian standard, if we are not prepared to accept the collective methods of administration with all that they imply, we must be prepared to fight our adversary, and we must arm in earnest.

Whether we like it or not, we are forced

to compete for the seat of international exchanges, or, in other words, for the seat of empire. The prize is the most dazzling for which any people can contend, but it has usually been won only by the destruction of the chief competitor of the victor. Rome rose on the ruins of Carthage, and England on the collapse of Spain and France.

For upwards of a thousand years the tendency of the economic center of the world has been to move westward, and the Spanish war has only been the shock caused by its passing the Atlantic and seeking a new equilibrium. Probably, within a generation, the United States will have faced about, and its great interests will cover the Pacific, which it will hold like an inland sea. The natural focus of such a Pacific system would be Manila. Lying where all the paths of trade converge, from north and south, east and west, it is the military and commercial key to eastern Asia. Entrenched there, and backing on Europe, with force enough to prevent our competitors from closing the Chinese mainland against us by discrimination, there is no reason why the United States should not become a greater seat of wealth and power than ever was England, Rome, or Constantinople.

But to maintain such an empire presupposes an organization perfect in proportion to the weight it must support and the friction it must endure; and it is the perfecting of this organization, both military and civil, which must be the task of the next fifty years. For there is no possibility of self-deception. Our adversary is deadly and determined. Such are his jealousy of our power and his fear of our expansion, that to cripple us he would have gladly joined with Spain. But for the victory of Manila and the attitude of England, his fleets would last spring have been off our coasts. If we yield before him, he will stifle us.

If the coalition of France, Germany, and Russia succeeds in occupying and organizing the interior of China, if this coalition can control its trade and discriminate against our exports, it will have good prospects of throwing back a considerable surplus on our hands, for us to digest as best we can. In that event, America's possible destiny might be to approach the semi-stationary period of France, meanwhile entering into a competition with our rivals in regard to the cost of domestic life, of industrial production, and of public administration. In such a competition success can only be won by surpassing the enemy in his own method, or in that concentration which reduces waste to a minimum. Such a concentration might, conceivably, be effected by the growth and amalgamation of great trusts until they absorbed the government, or it might be brought about by the central corporation, called the government, absorbing the trusts. In either event, the result would be approximately the same. The Eastern and Western continents would be competing for the most perfect system of state socialism.

STALKY AND CO.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

With Illustrations by L. Raven-Hill.

V.

A LITTLE PREP.

THE Easter term was but a month old when Stettson major, a day-boy, contracted diphtheria, and the Head was very angry. He decreed a new and narrower set of bounds—the infection had been traced to an outlying farmhouse—urged the prefects severely to lick all trespassers, and promised extra attentions from his own hand. There were no words bad enough for Stettson major, quarantined at his mother's house, who had lowered the school average of health. This he said in the gymnasium after prayers. Then he wrote some two hundred letters to as many anxious parents and

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guardians, and bade the school carry on. The trouble did not spread, but, one night, a dog-cart drove to the Head's door, and in the morning the Head had gone, leaving all things in charge of Mr. King, senior housemaster. The Head often ran up to town, where the school devoutly believed he bribed officials for early proofs of the Army Examination papers; but this absence was unusually prolonged.

"Downy old bird," said Stalky to the Allies, one wet afternoon, in the study. "He must have gone on a bend an' been locked up, under a false name."

"What for?" Beetle entered joyously into the libel.

"Forty shillin's or a month for—hackin' the chucker-out of the Pavvy on the shins. Bates always has a spree when he goes to town. Wish he was back, though. I'm about sick o' King's 'whips an' scorpions' an' lectures on public-school spirit—yah!—and scholarship!"

"'Crass an' materialized brutality of the middle-classes—readin' solely for marks. Not a scholar in the whole school,'" McTurk quoted, pensively boring holes in the mantelpiece with a hot poker.

"That's rather a sickly way of spending an afternoon. Stinks, too! Let's come out an' smoke. Here's a treat." Stalky held up a long cheroot. "Bagged that from my pater last holidays. I'm a bit shy of it, though: it's heftier than a pipe. We'll smoke it palaver-fashion. Hand it round, eh? Let's lie up behind the old harrow on the Monkey-farm Road."

"Out of bounds. Bounds beastly strict these days, too. Besides, we shall cat." Beetle sniffed the cheroot critically. "It's a regular Pomposo Stinkadore."

"You can; I shan't. What d'you say, Turkey?"

"Oh, may's well, I s'pose."

"Chuck on your cap, then. It's two to one. Beetle, out you come!"

They saw a group of boys by the notice-board in the corridor; little Foxy, the school sergeant, among them.

"More bounds, I expect," said Stalky. "Hullo, Foxibus, who are you in mournin' for?" There was a broad band of crape round Foxy's arm.

"He was in my old regiment," said Foxy, jerking his head towards the notices, where a newspaper cutting was thumb-tacked between call-over lists.

"By gum!" quoth Stalky, uncovering as he read. "It's old Duncan—Fat-Sow Duncan—killed on duty at something or other Kotal. 'Rallyin' his men with conspicuous gallantry!' He would, of course. The body was recovered. That's all right. They cut 'em up sometimes, don't they, Foxy?"

"Horrid," said the Sergeant briefly.

"Poor old Fat-Sow! I was a fag when he left. How many does that make to us, Foxy?"

"Mr. Duncan, he is the ninth. He come here when he was no bigger than little Grey tertius. My old regiment, too. Yiss, nine to us, Mr. Corkran, up to date."

The boys went out into the wet, walking swiftly.

"Wonder how it feels—to be shot and all that," said Stalky, as they splashed down a lane. "Where did it happen, Beetle?"

"Oh, out in India somewhere. We're always rowin' there. But look here, Stalky, what *is* the good o' sittin' under a hedge an' cattin'? It's be-eastly cold. It's be-eastly wet, and we'll be collared as sure as a gun."

"Shut up! Did you ever know your Uncle Stalky get you into a mess yet?" Like many other leaders, Stalky did not dwell on past defeats.

They pushed through a dripping hedge, landed among water-logged clods, and sat down on a rust-coated harrow. The cheroot burned with sputterings of saltpeter. They smoked it gingerly, each passing to the other between closed forefinger and thumb.

"Good job we hadn't one apiece, ain't it?" said Stalky, shivering through set teeth. To prove his words he immediately laid all before them, and they followed his example. . . .

"I told you," moaned Beetle, sweating clammy drops. "Oh, Stalky, you *are* a fool!"

"*Je cat, tu cat, il cat. Nous cattons!*" McTurk handed up his contribution and lay hopelessly on the cold iron.

"Something's wrong with the beastly thing. I say, Beetle, have you been droppin' ink on it?"

But Beetle was in no case to answer. Limp and empty, they sprawled across the harrow, the rust marking their ulsters in red squares and the abandoned cheroot-end reeking under their very cold noses. Then—they had heard nothing—the Head himself stood before them—the Head who should have been in town bribing examiners—the Head fantastically attired in old tweeds and a deer-stalker!

"Ah," he said, fingering his moustache. "Very good. I might have guessed who it was. You will go back to the College and

give my compliments to Mr. King and ask him to give you an extra-special licking. You will then do me five hundred lines. I shall be back to-morrow. Five hundred lines by five o'clock to-morrow. You are also gated for a week. This is not exactly the time for breaking bounds. *Extra* special, please."

He disappeared over the hedge as lightly as he had come. There was a murmur of women's voices in the deep lane.

"Oh, you Prooshian brute!" said McTurk as the voices died away. "Stalky, it's all your silly fault."

"Kill him! Kill him!" gasped Beetle.

"I ca-an't. I'm going to cat again . . . I don't mind *that*, but King'll gloat over us horrid. Extra special, ooh!"

Stalky made no answer—not even a soft one. They went to College and received that for which they had been sent. King enjoyed himself most thoroughly, for by virtue of their seniority the boys were exempt from his hand, save under special order. Luckily, he was no expert in the gentle art.

"'Strange, how desire doth outrun performance,'" said Beetle irreverently, quoting from some Shakespeare play that they were cramming that term. They regained their study and settled down to the imposition.

"You're quite right, Beetle." Stalky spoke in silky and propitiating tones. "Now, if the Head had sent us up to a prefect, we'd have got something to remember!"

"Look here," McTurk began with a cold venom, "we aren't going to row you about this business, because it's too bad for a row; but we want you to understand you're jolly well excommunicated, Stalky. You're plain ass."

"How was I to know that the Head 'ud collar us? What was he doin' in those ghastly clothes, too?"

"Don't try to raise a side-issue," Beetle grunted severely.

"Well, it was all Stettson major's fault. If he hadn't gone an' got diphtheria 'twouldn't have happened. But don't you think it rather rummy—the Head droppin' on us that way?"

"Shut up! You're dead!" said Beetle. "We've chopped your spurs off your beastly heels. We've cocked your shield upside down and—and I don't think you ought to be allowed to brew for a month."

"Oh, stop jawin' at me. I want——"

"Stop? Why—why, we're gated for a week." McTurk almost howled as the agony of the situation overcame him. "A lickin' from King; five hundred lines; *and* a gating. D'you expect us to kiss you, Stalky, you beast?"

"Drop rottin' for a minute. I want to find out about the Head bein' where he was."

"Well, you *have*. You found him quite well and fit. Found him making love to Stettson major's mother. That was her in the lane—I heard her. And *so* we were ordered a licking before a day-boy's mother. Bony old widow, too," said McTurk. "Anything else you'd like to find out?"

"I don't care. I swear I'll get even with him some day," Stalky growled.

"Looks like it," said McTurk. "Extra special, week's gatin' and five hundred . . . and now you're goin' to row about it! Help scrag him, Beetle!" Stalky had thrown his Virgil at them.

The Head returned next day without explanation, to find the lines waiting for him and the school a little relaxed under Mr. King's viceroyalty. Mr. King had been talking at and round and over the boys' heads, in a lofty and promiscuous style, of public-school spirit and the traditions of ancient seats; for he always improved an occasion. Beyond waking in two hundred and fifty young hearts a lively hatred of all other foundations, he accomplished little—so little, indeed, that when, two days after the Head's return, he chanced to come across Stalky and Co., gated but ever resourceful, playing marbles in the corridor, he said that he was not surprised—not in the least surprised. This was what he had expected from persons of their *morale*.

"But there isn't any rule against marbles, sir. Very interestin' game," said Beetle, his knees white with chalk and dust. Then he received two hundred lines for insolence, besides an order to go to the nearest prefect for judgment and slaughter.

This is what happened behind the closed doors of Flint's study, and Flint was then Head of the Games:—

"Oh, I say, Flint. King has sent me to you for playin' marbles in the corridor an' shoutin' 'alley tor' an' 'knuckle down.'"

"What does he suppose I have to do with that?" was the answer.

"Dunno. Well?" Beetle grinned wickedly. "What am I to tell him? He's rather wrathy about it."

"If the Head chooses to put a notice in the corridor forbiddin' marbles, I can do something; but I can't move on a house-master's report. He knows that as well as I do."

The sense of this oracle Beetle conveyed,

all unsweetened, to King, who hastened to interview Flint.

Now Flint had been seven and a half years at the College, counting six months with a London crammer, from whose roof he had returned, homesick, to the Head for the final Army polish. There were four or five other seniors who had gone through much the same mill, not to mention boys, rejected by other establishments on account of a certain overwhelmingness, whom the Head had wrought into very fair shape. It was not a Sixth to be handled without gloves, as King found.

"Am I to understand it is your intention to allow board-school games under your study windows, Flint? If so, I can only say——" He said much, and Flint listened politely.

"Well, sir, if the Head sees fit to call a prefects' meeting we are bound to take the matter up. But the tradition of the school is that the prefects can't move in any matter affecting the whole school without the Head's direct order."

Much more was then delivered, both sides a little losing their temper.

After tea, at an informal gathering of prefects in his study, Flint related the adventure.

"He's been playin' for this for a week, and now he's got it. You know as well as I do that if he hadn't been gassing at us the way he has, that young devil Beetle wouldn't have dreamed of marbles."

"We know that," said Perowne, "but that isn't the question. On Flint's showin' King has called us names enough to justify a first-class row. Crammers' rejections, ill-regulated hobble-de-hoys, wasn't it? Now it's impossible for prefects——"

"Rot," said Flint. "King's the best classical cram we've got; and 'tisn't fair to bother the Head with a row. He's up to his eyes with extra-tu. and army work as it is. Besides, as I told King, we *aren't* a public school. We're a limited liability company payin' four per cent. My father's a shareholder, too."

"What's that got to do with it?" said Venner, a red-headed boy of eighteen.

"Well, seems to me that we should be interferin' with ourselves. We've got to get into the Army or—get out. Haven't we? King's hired by the Council to teach us. All the rest's flumdiddle. Can't you see?"

It might have been because he felt the air was a little thunderous that the Head took his after-dinner cheroot to Flint's study; but he so often began an evening in a prefect's room that nobody suspected when he drifted in pensively, after the knocks that etiquette demanded.

"Prefects' meeting?" A cock of one wise eyebrow.

"Not exactly, sir; we're just talking things over. Won't you take the easy chair?"

"Thanks. Luxurious infants, you are." He dropped into Flint's big half-couch and puffed for awhile in silence. "Well, since you're all here, I may confess that I'm the mute with the bowstring."

The young faces grew serious. The phrase meant that certain of their number would be withdrawn from all further games for extra-tuition. It might also mean future success at Sandhurst; but it was present ruin for the First Fifteen.

"Yes, I've come for my pound of flesh. I ought to have had you out before the Exeter match; but it's our sacred duty to beat Exeter."

"Isn't the Old Boys' match sacred, too, sir?" said Perowne. The Old Boys' match was the event of the Easter term.

"We'll hope they aren't in training. Now for the list. First I want Flint. It's the Euclid that does it. You must work deductions with me. Perowne, extra mechanical drawing. Dawson goes to Mr. King for extra Latin, and Venner to me for German. Have I damaged the First Fifteen much?" He smiled sweetly.

"Ruined it, I'm afraid, sir," said Flint. "Can't you let us off till the end of the term?"

"Impossible. It will be a tight squeeze for Sandhurst this year."

"And all to be cut up by those vile Afghans, too," said Dawson. "Wouldn't think there'd be so much competition, would you?"

"Oh, that reminds me. Crandall is coming down with the Old Boys—I've asked twenty of them, but we shan't get more than a weak team. I don't know whether he'll be much use, though. He was rather knocked about, recovering poor old Duncan's body."

"Crandall major—the Gunner?" Perowne asked.

"No, the minor—'Toffee' Crandall—in a native infantry regiment. He was almost before your time, Perowne."

"The papers didn't say anything about *him*. We read about Fat-Sow, of course. What's Crandall done, sir?"

"I've brought over an Indian paper that his mother sent me. It was rather a—hefty, I think you say—piece of work. Shall I read it?"

The Head knew how to read. When he had finished the quarter-column of close type everybody thanked him politely.

"Good for the old Coll. !" said Perowne. "Pity he wasn't in time to save Fat-Sow, though. That's nine to us, isn't it, in the last three years ?"

"Yes . . . And I took old Duncan off all games for extra-tu. five years ago this term," said the Head. "By the way, who do you hand over the Games to, Flint ?"

"Haven't thought yet. Who'd you recommend, sir ?"

"No, thank you. I've heard it casually hinted behind my back that the Prooshian Bates is a downy bird, but he isn't going to make himself responsible for a new Head of the Games. Settle it among yourselves. Good night."

"And that's the man," said Flint, when the door shut, "that you want to bother with a dame's school row."

"I was only pullin' your fat leg," Perowne returned, hastily. "You're so easy to draw, Flint."

"Well, never mind that. The Head's knocked the First Fifteen to bits, and we've got to pick up the pieces, or the Old Boys will have a walk-over. Let's promote all the Second Fifteen and make Big Side play up. There's heaps of talent somewhere that we can polish up between now and the match."

The case was represented so urgently to the school that even Stalky and McTurk, who affected to despise football, played one Big-Side game seriously. They were forthwith promoted ere their ardor had time to cool, and the dignity of their Caps demanded that they should keep some show of virtue. The match-team was worked at least four days out of seven, and the school saw hope ahead.

With the last week of the term the Old Boys began to arrive, and their welcome was nicely proportioned to their worth. Gentlemen cadets from Sandhurst and Woolwich, who had only left a year ago, but who carried enormous side, were greeted with a cheerful "Hullo ! What's the Shop like ?" from those who had shared their studies. Militia subalterns had more consideration, but it was understood they were not precisely of the true metal. Recreants who, failing for the Army, had gone into business or banks were received for old sake's sake, but in no way made too much of. But when the real subalterns, officers and gentlemen full-blown — who had been to the ends of the earth and back again and so carried no side—came on the scene strolling about with the Head, the school divided right and left in admiring silence. And when one laid hands on Flint, even upon the Head of the Games, crying, "Good Heavens ! What do you mean by growing in this way ? You were a beastly little fag when I left," visible haloes encircled Flint. They would walk to and fro in the corridor with the little red school-sergeant, telling news of old regiments ; they would burst into form-rooms sniffing well-remembered smells of ink and whitewash ; they would find nephews and cousins in the lower forms and present them with enormous wealth ; or they would invade the gymnasium and make Foxy show off the new stock on the bars.

Chiefly, though, they talked with the Head, who was father-confessor and agent-general to them all ; for what they shouted in their unthinking youth, they proved in their thoughtless manhood—to wit, that the Prooshian Bates was "a downy bird." Young blood who had stumbled into an entanglement with a pastry-cook's daughter at Plymouth ; experience who had come into a small legacy but mistrusted lawyers ; ambition halting at cross-roads, anxious to take the one that would lead him farthest ; extravagance pursued by the money-lender ; arrogance in the thick of a regimental row —each carried his trouble to the Head ; and Chiron showed him, in language quite unfit for little boys, a quiet and safe way round, out or under. So they overflowed his house, smoked his cigars, and drank his health as they had drunk it all the earth over when two or three of the old School had foregathered.

"Don't stop smoking for a minute," said the Head. "The more you're out of training the better for us. I've demoralized the First Fifteen with extra-tu."

"Ah, but we're a scratch lot. Have you told 'em we shall need a substitute even if Crandall can play ?" said a Lieutenant of Engineers with a D.S.O. to his credit.

"He wrote me he'd play, so he can't have been much hurt. He's coming down to-morrow morning."

"Crandall minor that was, and brought off poor Duncan's body ?" The Head nodded. "Where are you going to put him ? We've turned you out of house and home already, Head Sahib." This was a Squadron-Commander of Bengal Lancers, home on leave.

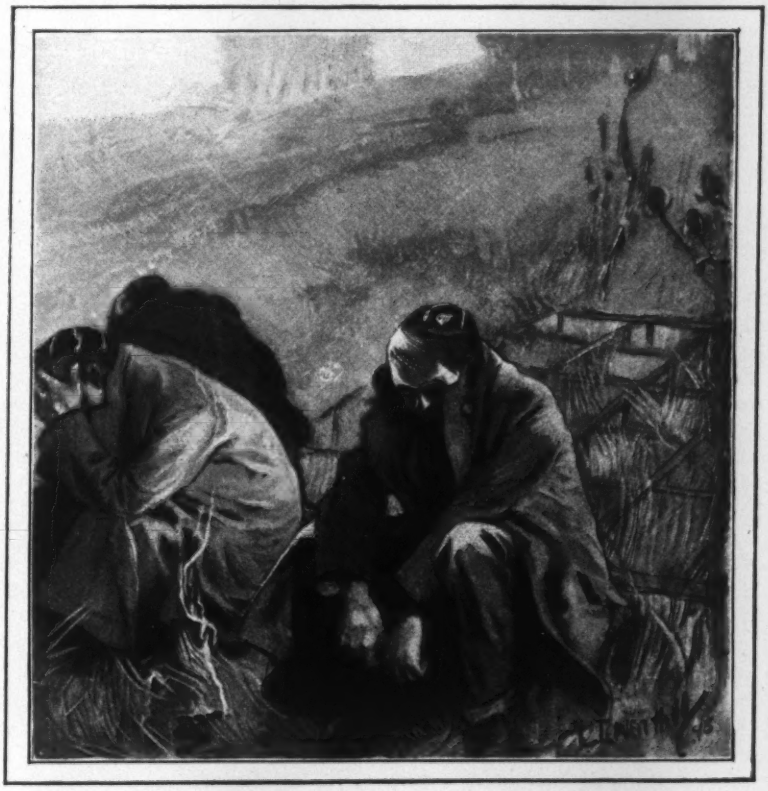
"I'm afraid he'll have to go up to his old dormitory. You know old boys can claim that privilege. Yes, I think leetle Crandall minor must bed down there once more."

"Bates Sahib"—a Gunner flung a heavy

arm round the Head's neck—"you've got something up your sleeve. Confess! I know that twinkle."

"Can't you see, you cuckoo?" a Submarine Miner interrupted. "Crandall goes up to the dormitory as an object-lesson, for executed a public "gloat" up and down the enemy's big form-room, departing in a haze of ink-pots.

"What d'you take any notice of these rotters for?" said Stalky, playing substitute for the Old Boys, magnificent in black jersey,



"'SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE BEASTLY THING.'"

moral effect and so forth. Isn't that true, Head Sahib?"

"It is. You know too much, Purvis. I licked you for that in '79."

"You did, sir, and it's my private belief you chalked the cane."

"N-no. But I've a very straight eye. Perhaps that misled you."

That opened the flood-gates of fresh memories, and they all told tales out of school.

When Crandall minor that was—Lieutenant R. Crandall of an ordinary native corps—arrived from Exeter on the morning of the match, he was cheered along the whole front of the College, for the prefects had repeated the sense of that which the Head had read them in Flint's study. When Prout's house understood that he would claim his Old Boy's right to a bed for one night, Beetle ran into King's next door and white knickers, and black stockings. "I talked to *him* up in the dormitory when he was changin'. Pulled his sweater down for him. He's cut about all over the arms—horrid purply ones. He's goin' to tell us about it to-night. I asked him to when I was lacin' his boots."

"Well, you *have* got cheek," said Beetle, enviously.

"Slipped out before I thought. But he wasn't a bit angry. He's no end of a chap. I swear I'm goin' to play up like beans. Tell Turkey!"

The technique of that match belongs to a bygone age. Scrimmages were tight and enduring; hacking was direct and to the purpose; and around the scrimmage stood the School, crying, "Put down your heads and shove!" Toward the end everybody lost all sense of decency, and mothers of

day-boys too close to the touch-line heard language not included in the bills. No one was actually carried off the field, but both sides felt happier when time was called, and Beetle helped Stalky and McTurk into their overcoats. The two had met in the many-legged heart of things, and as Stalky said had "done each other proud." As they swaggered woodenly behind the teams—substitutes do not rank as equals of hairy men—they passed a pony-carriage near the wall, and a husky voice cried, "Well played. Oh, played indeed!" It was Stettson major, white-cheeked and hollow-eyed, who had fought his way to the ground under escort of an impatient coachman.

"The Head fantastically attired."

"Hullo, Stettson," said Stalky, checking. "Is it safe to come near you yet?"

"Oh, yes. I'm all right. They wouldn't let me out before, but I had to come to the match. Your mouth looks pretty plummy."

"Turkey trod on it accidental-done-a-purpose. Well, I'm glad you're better, because we owe you something. You and your membranes got us into a sweet mess, young man."

"I heard of that," said the boy, giggling. "The Head told me."

"Dooce he did! When?"

"Oh, come on up to Coll. My shin'll stiffen if we stay jawin' here."

"Shut up, Turkey. I want to find out about this. Well?"

"He was stayin' at our house all the time I was ill."

"What for? Neglectin' the Coll. that way? Thought he was in town."

"I was off my head, you know, and they said I kept on callin' for him."

"Cheek! You're only a day-boy."

"He came just the same, and he about saved my life. I was all bunged up one night—just goin' to croak, the doctor said—and they stuck a tube or somethin' in my throat, and the Head sucked out the stuff."

"Ugh! Shot if *I* would!"

"He ought to have got diphtheria himself, the doctor said. So he stayed on at our house instead of going back. I'd ha' croaked in another twenty minutes, the doctor says."

Here the coachman, being under orders, whipped up and nearly ran over the three.

"My Hat!" said Beetle. "That's pretty average heroic."

"Pretty average!" McTurk's knee in the small of his back cannoned him into Stalky, who punted him back. "*You* ought to be hung!"

"And the Head ought to get the V.C.," said Stalky. "Why, he might have been dead *and* buried by now. But he wasn't. But he didn't. Ho! ho! He just nipped through the hedge like a lusty old blackbird. Extra-special, five hundred lines an' gated for a week—all sereno."

"I've read o' somethin' like that in a book," said Beetle. "Gummy, what a chap! Just think of it!"

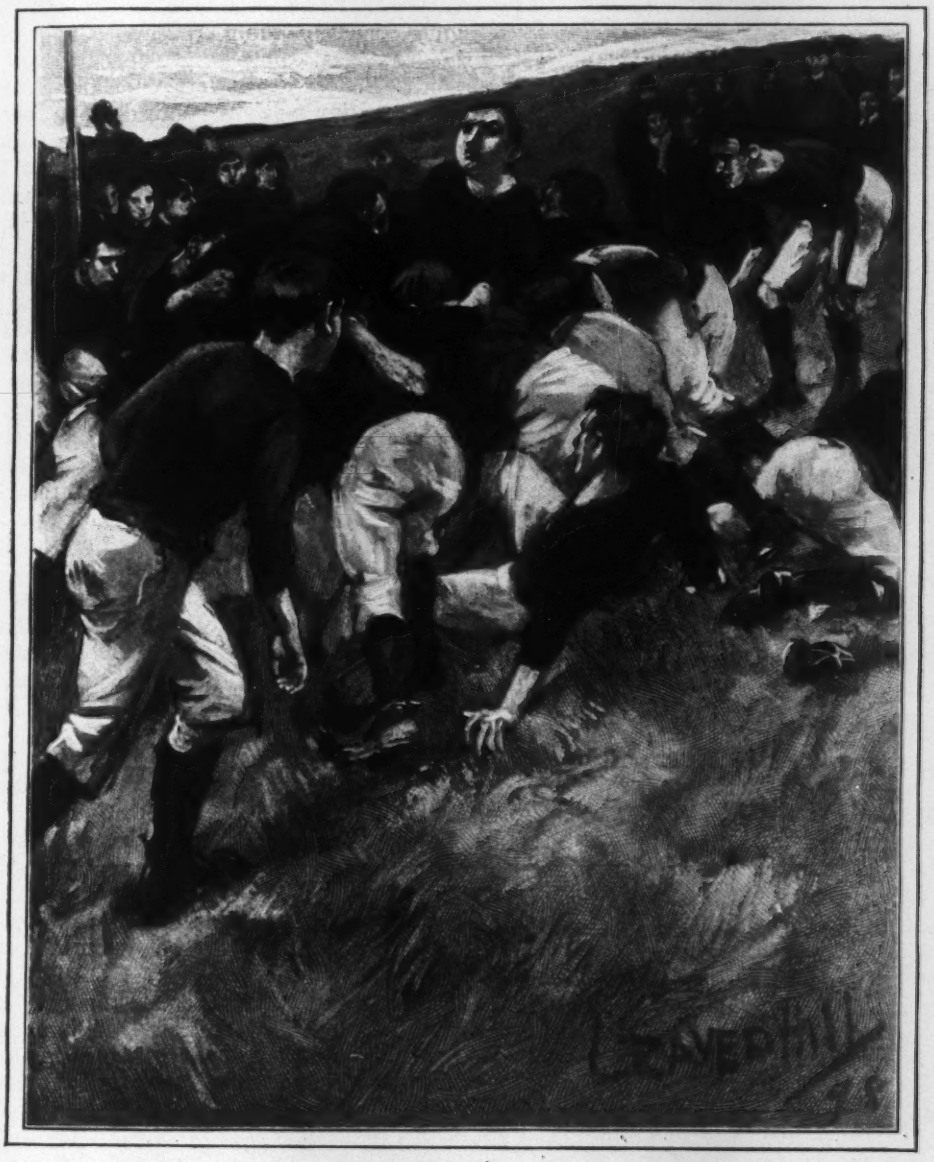
"I'm thinking," said McTurk; and he delivered a wild Irish yell that made the team turn round.

"Shut your fat mouth," said Stalky, dancing with impatience. "Leave it to your Uncle Stalky, and he'll have the Head on toast. If you say a word, Beetle, till I give you leave, I swear I'll slay you. *Habeo Capitem crinibus minimis.* I've got him by the short hairs! Now look as if nothing had happened."

There was no need of guile. The School was too busy cheering the drawn match. It hung round the lavatories regardless of muddy boots while the team washed. It cheered Crandall minor whenever it caught sight of him, and it cheered more wildly than ever after prayers, because the Old Boys in evening dress, visibly twirling their mustaches, attended, and instead of standing with the masters, ranged themselves along the wall immediately before the prefects; and the Head called them over, too—majors, minors, and tertiuses, after their old names.

"Yes, it's all very fine," he said to his guests after dinner, "but the boys are

getting a little out of hand. There will be trouble and sorrow later, I'm afraid. You'd better turn in early, Crandall. The dormitory will be sitting up for you. I don't



THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

know to what dizzy heights you may climb in your profession, but I do know you'll never get such absolute adoration as you're getting now."

"Confound the adoration. I want to finish my cigar, sir."

"It's all pure gold. Go where glory waits, Crandall—minor."

The setting of that apotheosis was a ten-bed attic dormitory, communicating through doorless openings with three others. The gas flickered over the raw pine washstands. There was an incessant whistling of drafts, and outside the blindless windows the sea beat on the Pebbleridge.

"Same old bed—same old mattress, I believe," said Crandall, yawning. "Same old everything. Oh, but I'm lame! I'd no notion you chaps could play like this." He caressed a battered shin. "You've given us all something to remember you by."

It needed a few minutes to put them at

their ease; and, in some way they could not understand, they were more easy when Crandall turned round and said his prayers—a ceremony he had neglected for some years.

"Oh, I *am* sorry. I've forgotten to put out the gas."

"Please don't bother," said the prefect of the dormitory. "Worthington does that."

A nightgowned twelve-year-old, who had been waiting to show off, leaped from his bed to the bracket and back again, by way of a washstand.

"How d'you manage when he's asleep?" said Crandall, chuckling.

"Shove a cold cleek down his neck."

"It was a wet sponge when *I* was junior in the dormitory. . . . Hullo! What's happening?"

The darkness had filled with whispers, the sound of trailing rugs, bare feet on bare boards, protests, giggles, and threats such as:

"Be quiet, you ass! . . . Squattez-vous on the floor, then! . . . I swear you aren't going to sit on *my* bed! . . . Mind the tooth-glass," etc.

"Sta—Corkran said," the prefect began, his tone showing his sense of Stalky's insolence, "that perhaps you'd tell us about that business with Duncan's body."

"Yes—yes—yes," ran the keen whispers. "Tell us."

"There's nothing to tell. What on earth are you chaps hoppin' about in the cold for?"

"Never mind us," said the voices. "Tell about Fat-Sow."

So Crandall turned on his pillow and spoke to the generation he could not see.

"Well, about three months ago he was commanding a treasure-guard—a cart full of rupees to pay troops with—five thousand rupees in silver. He was comin' to a place called Fort Pearson, near Kalabagh."

"I was born there," squeaked a small fag. "It was called after my uncle."

"Shut up—you and your uncle! Never mind *him*, Crandall."

"Well, ne'er mind. The Afridis found out that this treasure was on the move, and they ambushed the whole show a couple of miles before he got to the fort, and cut up the escort. Duncan was wounded, and the escort hooked it. There weren't more than twenty Sepoys all told, and there were any amount of Afridis. As things turned out, I was in charge at Fort Pearson. Fact was, I'd heard the firing and was just going to see about it, when Duncan's men came up. So we all turned back together. They told me something about an officer, but I couldn't get the hang of things till I saw a chap under the wheels of the cart out in the open, propped up on one arm, blazing away with a revolver. You see, the escort had abandoned the cart, and the Afridis—they're an awfully suspicious gang—thought the retreat was a trap—sort of draw, you know—and the cart was the bait. So they had left poor old Duncan alone. Minute they spotted how few *we* were, it was a race across the flat who should reach old Duncan first. We ran, and they ran, and we won, and after a little hackin' about they pulled off. I never knew it was one of us till I was right on top of him. There are heaps of Duncans in the service, and of course the name didn't remind me. He wasn't changed at all hardly. He'd been shot through the lungs, poor old man, and he was pretty thirsty. I gave him a drink and sat down beside him, and—funny thing, too—he said, 'Hullo, Toffee!' and I said, 'Hullo, Fat-Sow! hope you aren't hurt,' or something of the kind. But he died in a minute or two—never lifted his head off my knees. . . . I say, you chaps out there will get your death of cold. Better go to bed."

"All right. In a minute. But your cuts—your cuts. How did you get wounded?"

"That was when we were taking the body back to the Fort. They came on again, and there was a bit of a scrimmage."

"Did you kill anyone?"

"Yes. Shouldn't wonder. Good night."

"Good night. Thank you, Crandall. Thanks awf'ly, Crandall. Good night."

The unseen crowds withdrew. His own dormitory rustled into bed and lay silent for a while.

"I say, Crandall"—Stalky's voice was tuned to a wholly foreign reverence.

"Well, what?"

"Suppose a chap found another chap croaking with diphtheria—all bunged up with it—and they stuck a tube in his throat and the chap sucked the stuff out, what would you say?"

"Um," said Crandall, reflectively. "I've only heard of one case, and that was a doctor. He did it for a woman."

"Oh, this wasn't a woman. It was just a boy."

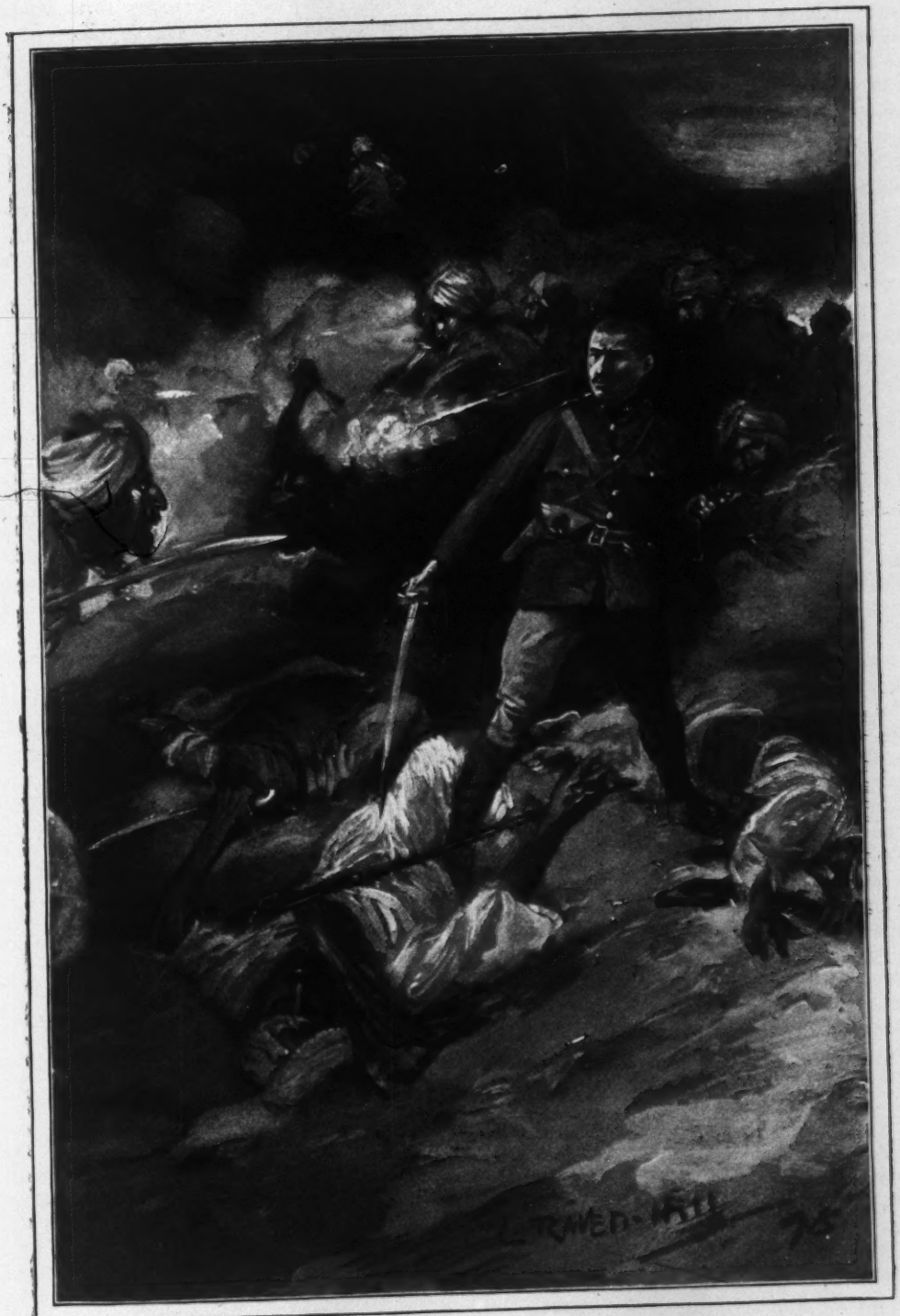
"Makes it all the finer, then. It's about the bravest thing a man could do. Why?"

"Oh, I heard of a chap doin' it. That's all."

"Then he's a brave man."

"Would *you* funk it?"

"Ra-ther. Anybody would. Fancy dying of diphtheria in cold blood."



"'THERE WAS A BIT OF A SCRIMMAGE.'"

"Well—ah! Er! Look here!" The sentence ended in a grunt, for Stalky had leaped out of bed and with McTurk was sitting on the head of Beetle, who would have sprung the mine there and then.

Next day, which was the last of the term and given up to a few wholly unimportant examinations, began with wrath and war. Mr. King had discovered that nearly all his house—it lay, as you know, next door but one to Prout's in the long range of buildings—had unlocked the doors between the dormitories and had gone in to listen to a story told by Crandall. He went to the Head, clamorous, injured, appealing; for he never approved of allowing so-called young men of the world to contaminate the morals of boyhood. Very good, said the Head. He would attend to it.

"Well, I'm awf'ly sorry," said Crandall guiltily. "I don't think I told 'em anything they oughtn't to hear. Don't let them get into trouble on my account."

"Tck!" the Head answered, with the ghost of a wink. "It isn't the boys that make trouble; it's the masters. However, Prout and King don't approve of dormitory gatherings on this scale, and one must back up the house-masters. Moreover, it's hopeless to punish two houses only, so late in the term. We must be fair and include everybody. Let's see. They have a holiday task for the Easters, which, of course, none of them will ever look at. We will give the whole school, except prefects and study-boys, regular prep. to-night; and the Common-room will have to supply a master to take it. We must be fair to all."

"Prep. on the last night of the term. Whew!" said Crandall, thinking of his own wild youth. "I fancy there will be larks."

The school, frolicking among packed trunks, whooping down the corridor, and "gloating" in form-rooms, received the news with amazement and rage. No school in the world did prep. on the last night of the term. This thing was monstrous, tyrannical, subversive of law, religion, and morality. They would go into the form-rooms, and they would take their degraded holiday task with them, but—here they smiled and speculated what manner of man the Common-room would send up against them. The lot fell on Mason, new, credulous, and enthusiastic, who loved youth. No other master was anxious to take that "prep.," for the school lacked the steadying influence of tradition; and men accustomed to the ordered routine of ancient foundations found it occasionally insubordinate. The four long form-rooms, in which all below the rank of study-boys worked, received him with thunders of applause. Ere he had coughed twice they favored him with a metrical summary of the marriage-laws of Great Britain, as recorded by the High Priest of the Israelites and commented on by the leader of the host. The lower forms reminded him that it was the last day, and that therefore he must "take it all in play." When he dashed off to rebuke them, the Lower Fourth and Upper Third began with one accord to be sick, loudly and realistically. Mr. Mason tried, of all vain things under heaven, to argue with them, and a bold soul at a back desk bade him "take fifty lines for not 'olding up 'is 'and before speaking." As one who prided himself upon the precision of his English this cut Mason to the quick, and while he was trying to discover the offender, the Upper and Lower Second, three form-rooms away, turned out the gas and threw ink-pots. It was a pleasant and stimulating "prep." The study-boys and prefects heard the echoes of it far off, and the Common-room at dessert smiled.

Stalky waited, watch in hand, till half-past eight.

"If it goes on much longer the Head will come up," said he. "We'll tell the studies first, and then the form-rooms. Look sharp!"

He allowed no time for Beetle to be dramatic or McTurk to drawl. They poured into study after study, told their tale, and went again so soon as they saw they were understood, waiting for no comment; while the noise of that unholy "prep." grew and deepened. By the door of Flint's study they met Mason flying towards the corridor.

"Gone to fetch the Head. Hurry up! Come on!"

They broke into Number Twelve form-room abreast and panting.

"The Head! The Head! The Head!" That call stilled the tumult for a minute, and Stalky leaping to a desk shouted, "He went and sucked the diphtheria stuff out of Stettson major's throat when we thought he was in town. Stop rotting, you asses! Stettson major would have croaked if the Head hadn't done it. The Head might have died himself. Crandall says it's the bravest thing any livin' man can do, and"—his voice cracked—"the Head don't know we know!"

McTurk and Beetle, jumping from desk to desk, drove the news home among the junior forms. There was a pause, and then, Mason behind him, the Head entered. It

was in the established order of things that no boy should speak or move under his eye. He expected the hush of awe. He was received with cheers—steady, ceaseless cheering. Being a wise man he went away, and the forms were silent and a little frightened.

"It's all right," said Stalky. "He can't do much. 'Tisn't as if you'd pulled the desks up like we did when old Carleton took prep. once. There's no damage except to Mason's feelin's. Keep it up! Hear 'em cheering in the studies!" He rocketed out with a yell, to find Flint and the prefects lifting the roof off the corridor.

When the Head of a limited liability company, paying four per cent., is cheered on his saintly way to prayers, not only by four form-rooms of boys waiting punishment, but by heads of games and prefects, he can either ask for an explanation or go his road with dignity, while the senior house-master glares like an excited cat and points out to a white and trembling mathematical master that certain methods—not his, thank God—usually produce certain results. Out of delicacy the Old Boys did not attend that call-over; and it was to the school drawn up in the gymnasium that the Head spoke icily.

"It is not often that I do not understand you; but I confess I do not to-night. Some of you, after your idiotic performances at prep., seem to think me a fit person to cheer. I am going to show you that I am not."

Crash—crash—crash—came the triple cheer that disproved it, and the Head lowered under the gas.

"That is enough. You will gain nothing. The little boys (the Lower School did not like that form of address) will do me three hundred lines apiece in the holidays. I shall take no further notice of them. The Upper School will do me one thousand lines apiece in the holidays, to be shown up the evening of the day they come back. And further——"

"Gummy, what a glutton!" Stalky whispered.

"For your behavior towards Mr. Mason I intend to lick the whole of the Upper School to-morrow when I give you your journey-money. This will include the three study-boys I found dancing on the form-room desks

"'IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.'"

when I came up. Prefects will stay after call-over."

The school filed out in silence, but gathered in groups by the gymnasium door waiting what might befall.

"And now, Flint," said the Head, "will you be good enough to give me some explanation of your conduct?"

"Well, sir," said Flint desperately, "if you save a chap's life at the risk of your own when he's dying of diphtheria, and the Coll. finds it out, wha-what *can* you expect, sir?"

"Um, I see. Then that noise was not meant for—ah, cheek. I can connive at immorality, but I cannot stand impudence. However, it does not excuse their insolence to Mr. Mason. I'll forego the lines this once, remember; but the lickings hold good."

When this news was made public, the school, lost in wonder and admiration, gasped at the Head as he went to his house. Here was a man to be reverenced. On the rare occasions when he caned he did it very scientifically, and the execution of a hundred boys would be epic—immense.

"It's all right, Head Sahib. *We* know," said Crandall, as the Head slipped off his gown with a grunt in his smoking-room. "I found out just now from our substitute. He was gettin' my opinion on your performance last night in the dormitory. I didn't know it was *you* he was talkin' about. Crafty young animal. Freckled chap with eyes—Corkran, I think his name is."

"Oh, I know *him*, thank you," said the Head, and reflectively: "Ye-es, I should have included them even if I hadn't seen 'em."

"If the old Coll. weren't a little above themselves already, we'd chair you down the corridor," said the Engineer. "Oh, Bates, how *could* you,? You might have caught it yourself, and where would we have been, then?"

"I always knew you were worth twenty of us any day. Now I'm sure of it," said the Squadron Commander, looking round for contradictions.

"He isn't fit to manage a school, though. Promise you'll never do it again, Bates Sahib. We—we can't go away comfy in our minds if you take these risks," said the Gunner.

"Bates Sahib, you aren't ever goin' to cane the whole Upper School, are you?" said Crandall.

"I can connive at immorality, as I said, but I can't stand impudence. Mason's lot is quite hard enough even when I back him. Besides, the men in the golf-club heard them singing 'Aaron and Moses.' I shall have complaints about that from the parents of day-boys. Decency must be preserved."

"We're coming to help," said all the guests.

. . . . .

The Upper School were caned one after the other, their overcoats over their arms, the brakes waiting in the road below to take them to the station, their journey-money on the table. The Head began with Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle. He dealt faithfully with them.

"And here's your journey-money. Good-by, and pleasant holidays."

"Good-by. Thank you, sir. Good-by."

They shook hands.

"Desire don't outrun performance—*much*—this mornin'. We got the cream of it," said Stalky. "Now wait till a few chaps come out, and we'll really cheer him."

"Don't wait on our account, please," said Crandall, speaking for the Old Boys. "We're going to begin now."

It was very well so long as the cheering was confined to the corridor, but when it spread to the gymnasium, when the boys awaiting their turn cheered, the Head gave it up in despair, and the remnant flung themselves upon him to shake hands.

Then they seriously devoted themselves to cheering till the brakes were hustled off the premises in dumb-show.

"Didn't I say I'd get even with him?" said Stalky on the box-seat, as they swung into the narrow Northam street. "Now all together, takin' time from your Uncle Stalky:

It's a way we have in the Army,
It's a way we have in the Navy,
It's a way we have at the Public Schools,
Which nobody can deny!"